Twice-a-Month

# Maclean's

Canada's National Magazine

April
15th



10¢

In This Issue:

E. Phillips Oppenheim — Grattan O'Leary — Leslie Gordon Barnard — "R. T. L."

Maclean's Magazine April 15, 1933




*Rx For cars that are showing their age*
*Drive up to a pump that is marked with the Ethyl emblem and say "Fill 'er up with Ethyl." Repeat treatment regularly. Pinking motor will recover its contented purr. Harmful knock will disappear and added power will displace sluggishness.*

HERE is a prescription for the doctor pictured above—and for everyone else who has to make his car do a while longer. Just remember:

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* * *

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# A MARK OF DISTINCTION






THE DUNLOP *"FORT"* TIRE boasts a more distinguished patronage and a greater reputation for dependability than has ever been accorded to any other tire.

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*"The World's Finest Tire"*

Some Distinguished Users of
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*His Majesty King George V*
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*Captain Sir Malcolm Campbell*

All of the OI OFFICIAL WORLD'S AUTO SPEED RECORDS WERE MADE ON DUNLOP TIRES

**DUNLOP** (REINFORCED) ***FORT tire***

# In the Editor's Confidence



NORMAN REILLY RAINE

¶ SOME TWELVE years ago a young Canadian with red hair and strong chin decided that, compared with the war, the newspaper business was a bit tame. Therefore he abandoned the newspaper business to its fate and made up his mind to be an author. Being an exceedingly practical person it immediately occurred to him that it would be a sheer waste of time to write stories if he couldn't sell them. That being so, the logical thing to do was to find out why magazine editors bought some stories and didn't buy others. So he marched into the editorial chambers of *Maclean's* and convinced the then editor that in exchange for a small remuneration it would be a grand thing if he were added to the staff as a sort of part-time student of wheels going round. The rest of his time he spent writing. In 1923, he decided that what he needed was background—something to write about. So he sailed from Vancouver as assistant purser of a C.G.M.M. tramp, and for two years wandered all over the world.

Returning to Toronto he burst into *Maclean's* with a series of short stories so vividly done that the editors of some of the largest publications in the United States sat up and took notice. Today Norman Reilly Raine is one of the most prominent names in the magazine world. Two years ago the Metro Goldwyn Corporation bought the picture rights to "Tug Boat Annie," and Raine was transferred to Hollywood to work out the scenario for Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery. Illness of Miss Dressler has so far deferred production but in the meantime, as a story consultant, Raine has done work on a number of feature pictures. A week or two ago, "Hangman's Whip," a play from his pen, was produced on Broadway, and Paramount have purchased the movie rights.

Luck? Luck nothing. Self imposed training and years of good hard slogging have put him where he is today.

A week or two ago he came back to see all his old playmates. We were discussing Hollywood when Horace, the composing room messenger, walked in with a proof. "Say," enquired Horace, his eyes popping, "did you ever go to one of them wild parties?"

"Let me tell you something," said Raine.

When he had finished we said "Norman hasten to a typewriter and set that all down." The result is, "A Writer Looks at Hollywood" on page nine of this issue.

### From One Editor to Another

¶ SOME MONTHS ago Joseph L. Rutledge took us to see Charles Daly's arms. We don't mean his upper limbs, but his amazing collection of guns, pistols, spears, swords and knives; a collection that can hardly be excelled anywhere else in the world. For two hours we gazed at and handled Mr. Daly's treasures, and then, being open and above board, we said to Rutledge, "Joe, there's a thumping good magazine article in this." We had noticed a certain look in his eye, for he is editor of *The Canadian Magazine*.

"Yes," said Joe, "I think so, and I've known Mr. Daly a long time." He said this with a sort of shrewd emphasis.

"You're a sportsman, Joe," we said. "We'll toss for it. If *Maclean's* gets it, you write it. If *Canadian* gets it, we'll write it."

The upshot of the whole thing was that on page eleven you will find a remarkably interesting article "Arms and the Man" written by Joseph L. Rutledge.

### Reciprocity—and Medicine

¶ ON PAGE fifteen, our old friend, the Politician with a Notebook, tells how, in the House of Commons, "Admiral Bill" Duff was the unwitting cause of Mr. Bennett's pronouncement regarding the principle of reciprocity with the United States, and what lay back of it. On page nineteen, Grattan O'Leary, in Cavalcade style, presents a brief but lively record of the reciprocity issue from its birth, in very exciting and unusual circumstances, down to the present day of very exciting and unusual circumstances. It is quite a dramatic chronicle.

In many of the pioneer districts of the Dominion, the securing of medical attention in cases of injury, sickness and childbirth is a matter of utmost difficulty. In many of our towns and cities, doctors are finding it difficult to make ends meet. Even those who are well established and have more work than they can comfortably handle find it impossible to collect their bills. More and more the question of State Medicine is being discussed where doctors meet. On page ten, Dr. H. B. Adlee discusses the matter in a rather unusual manner. Whether you prescribe pills or take them, you will find his article intensely interesting.

### Steers, Tigers, Boats

¶ IT'S A long time since we had a real Western ranch yarn, with steers being snitched from their owners, a lovely girl who is showing the folks back home that she can run a ranch, and a tall, lean sun-tanned man who can vault lightly into saddles. In fact, it is much too long a time. Therefore we are indebted to Ernest Haycox for doing such a good job with "Lady Out West," which opens on page seven.

From page twenty we hear the voice of Paul Annixter saying, "Steers! All right in their way, perhaps, but what about tigers?" Whereupon parting the jungle grass, he reveals a thrilling battle between two massive adversaries just one of a series in "The Lives of a Bengal Tiger." It seems to us that John F. Clymer has managed to get considerable ill-feeling into the illustrations, too.

Being passionately fond of boats, we find ourselves nodding our head benevolently in the direction of the two young people who, in Leslie Gordon Barnard's story, "Day of Departure," (Pier sixteen) decide to get married, buy a tub of a motor cruiser and live on it instead of in a house. Such a proceeding will strike a lot of people as being sheer idiocy. Inasmuch as you have paid your ten cents for he it from us to start an argument. But it's a refreshing story.

### Next Issue

¶ IF, WHILE strolling by a flower bed in your garden you were suddenly reduced in size so that in relation to your height and girth a flower stalk would have the proportions of a Douglas fir, you would see extraordinary things. You would be in a jungle in which savage creatures battle for their existence with a ruthlessness equal to that depicted in Mr. Annixter's tiger story in this issue. In our next number, C. R. K. Allen will magnify the worms, insects and bugs which live among your flowers. And if at the moment you think there isn't an exciting story in a beetle, just wait and see how you feel in a couple of weeks.

In going aboard a train you have, perhaps, passed the express car and noticed calm looking men gazing out of the door apparently without a care in the world. You don't know what is going on behind them. For all you know there may be a lion in one of the boxes, or a giraffe, or millions of bees. All sorts of strange cargoes are carried by express, and W. T. Webb will tell you all about it.

Again, for all you know, you may have among old papers a Canadian stamp that is worth heaps of money. A postage stamp can be a most exciting thing, as Paul Montgomery will demonstrate.

H. Napier Moore


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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

H. NAPIER MOORE, *Editor* — GEO. H. TYNDALL, *Business Manager*


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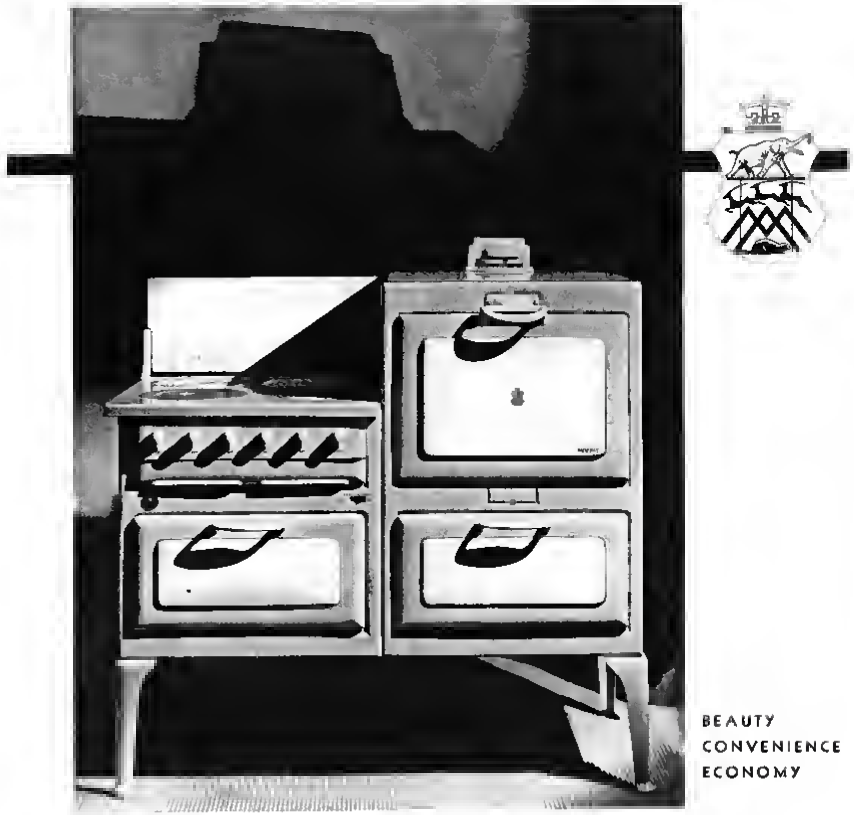
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ECONOMY

This gleaming "New Beauty" Moffat Electric Range is waiting for a home . . . *in your kitchen*. Wouldn't you just love to own it? So compact in design . . . so modernly styled and proportioned . . . so immaculate in finish . . . so bright and colorful. Think of the joy of cooking with such a range. What conveniences! What simplicity! What roominess! What certainty of results! What time and effort saved! And best of all—this wonderful "New Beauty" model can be yours at a price no higher than that of an ordinary range. Talk to your Moffat dealer about it and ask him to show you its many unusual and appealing features—the oversize well-equipped oven . . . the clear vision utility and warming drawers . . . the Cook Quik element . . . the Therm-O-Matic oven heat control.

New Beauty MOFFATS Electric Ranges

RM610

MADE IN CANADA BY MOFFATS LIMITED, WESTON, ONTARIO




# Advertisers Who Give the Greatest Value

ADVERTISERS who continually and consistently give the buying public the greatest value are, with few exceptions, magazine advertisers. There is a very definite reason for this.

Everybody knows that a manufacturer who has nation-wide distribution and sells his products through thousands of stores needs only a small profit on each sale to be very successful. This profit is often only a fraction of a cent.

In a big successful business every modern improvement in manufacturing methods and distribution practice must be employed. Waste must be reduced to a minimum. The advertising must be effective in order to increase the volume of sales and thereby lower the cost of the product to the consumer.

It is readily understood and unquestioningly acknowledged that the leading Canadian magazines are read largely by people above the average in intelligence and purchasing power. Through these magazines at a minimum cost the manufacturer is able to reach nearly all who are likely to buy his products without wasting a lot of money to reach those who are not.

That, briefly, is why advertisers who give the greatest value are, in most cases, magazine advertisers and it is a sound economic reason for buying products that are advertised in magazines when you want to get the most for your money.

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THIS YEAR *Serve this finer* ham*



*...for* Easter

More and more Canadian housewives are choosing Swift's Premium Ham for Easter feasting! There's a good reason: this famous ham is now Ovenized.

It's called "Ovenized", because now Premium Ham is smoked in special "ovens". Here an exclusive Swift method gives a more subtle blending of fragrant hardwood smoke with the natural qualities of the ham. The result is a rare combination of *tang* and *mellowness*. A flavour and tenderness never achieved before. And more economical in the cooking, too!

You'll enjoy Swift's Premium Ham for Easter dinner. For many another dinner, lunch, and breakfast, too. It's equally delicious whether baked whole or broiled in slices. Only make sure that you get Swift's — because only Swift's Premium Ham has this new "Ovenized" goodness.



* *Finer because it's Ovenized!* Ovenizing is an improved method of smoking which has made Swift's Premium Ham better in 4 ways: Richer in Flavour, More Tender, Finer in Colour, Firmer — which means less shrinkage when you cook it. Please make sure that it's Swift's Premium you get — the name Swift is repeated in tiny brown dots down the full length of the ham.

## Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

now *Ovenized*

# RUBBING is RUIN




Change to CHIPSO
It soaks dirt out!

**"Chipso helps clothes wear longer!"**

Sister watched me
RUBBING out my wash.
"May, I can't stand seeing
you at that washboard
It's bad for you and
It's hard on your clothes.
You'd be saved all this
if you'd soak your wash
in CHIPSO SUDS!"

* * *

Right she was!
I never saw REAL SUDS
until I tried CHIPSO
Dirt slides out when
clothes go into CHIPSO suds
And you've said
GOODBY to RUBBING!

* * *

You'll soon see that
CHIPSO is SAFER, too—
see how quickly
it SMOOTHS your HANDS!

**"No bleeding colors with my safe Chipso"**



Two months ago my neighbor
and I bought identical dresses
for our GIRLS who are chums.
My Alice's dress still
looks BRIGHT as NEW
because I use CHIPSO!
But little Eloise's dress has faded.
It is fully 3 shades PALER

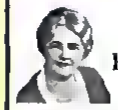
* * *

My neighbor was disgusted
"I'm changing to CHIPSO,"
she said. "It's SAFER!
Those SUDS look marvelous
in your WASHER—and
your clothes are LOVELY!"

* * *

I bank on CHIPSO for DISHES too
It cuts GREASE as FAST
and it's like silk on your HANDS!

**"It takes Chipso to hustle a wash through!"**



I've done our family wash
for TWENTY YEARS and
I've never seen anything
like CHIPSO'S WONDERFUL SUDS!

* * *

Pour out those QUICK-MELTING
and rich CHIPSO FLAKES—
and you'll get the BIGGEST SUDS
that you've ever seen!
They'll SOAK out STAINS and SOIL
in just a few minutes!

* * *

Yet, CHIPSO is so SAFE and RICH
that I'm tubbing our nicest
SILK STOCKINGS and UNDIES.
So I'm strong for CHIPSO—
SAFE enough for costly SILKS—
RICH enough to SOAK out heavy dirt!

MADE IN CANADA




CLOTHES COST MONEY **Chipso**

MAKES CLOTHES WEAR LONGER




Editor: H. NAPIER MOORE **Maclean's** Associate Editor: W. A. IRWIN
APRIL 15 1933



Lee hit out savagely.

# Lady Out West

By ERNEST HAYCOX

THERE WAS a last long streaming of rays, so hotly vivid as to have the effect of artillery a thunder and then the sun fell below the western range with a final explosive borealis. At once the violent earth swung to the other extreme stillness and transparency rushed over the prairie and the tawny grasses began to absorb the faint purple of twilight. Seated on the steps of the nester shanty Lee Post let his cigaret te droop between rawboned fingers, gently speaking.

"Another day gone out to the sound of trumpets. It's a pretty thew Cary."

Sometimes he surprised her. Sometimes the quiet observations he made were like the ground swells of a strong deeply hidden feeling for he was otherwise so slow and level headed so seldom speaking. She saw him bent forward his rather generous features modified to a sharp attentiveness. Small weather wrinkles sprang around his eyes as they clung to the dimming flame of day. Patches of sweat still darkened his shirt from recent riding and the tall torso toughly spare, was quite still. Cary said:

"Stay for supper Lee."

He stood up with an Indianlike lack of effort.

"No-o" he drawled. Be dark by the time I ride past the Sudden ranch. If it was later Mrs. Sudden would peek out of her window and say 'Aha!'"

"The gentleman" said Cary Kittredge humorously, "still guards me from scandal."

"Talk is a light thing and carries far."

As if there were no scandal in the country already."

Lee Post chuckled and his straight mouth curved into its characteristic wry grin.

"Sure. Gossip out here is a whip that keeps the worst of us hallways decent. But don't forget—local folks are forgiven their sins. You're a stranger and the talk would bite you harder."

"After three years, I'm still a stranger?" asked the girl wistfully.

Lee Post dropped his smoke, ground it beneath a heel and said "Yeah," thoughtfully. Cary Kittredge had her back to the shanty wall, and she made a picture there in the gunpowder twilight. A man's shirt lifted snugly around her small military shoulders; she was straightly supple. Even with the rough work of the homestead she had a neatness and a certain crisp style about her. She didn't fuse with the easy-going life of the district. Behind her Lee guessed, were strict and individualistic people. It showed through. Cary's face was fine, steadily held, resolute. And undecided, not too compromising. She didn't smile enough, though her lips were made for it and her hair was a fresh gold.

"Why?" pressed Cary.

"It isn't," said Lee Post very slowly as if wishing to get his words straight, "that you set yourself up to be any better. You only keep the manners you were born with, but those come from a different sort of life than ours. Folks are critical of what they don't understand. They'd be happy to tack scandal on you—just to prove you were like everybody else."

"So I have not been sufficiently grateful," observed Cary with a little malice, "for the privilege of living among them."

"You won't take help, for a fact."

"I never have asked for favors," said the girl. "I'm on my own."

"People like to do favors," was Lee's gentle observation, "if for no other purpose than to create an obligation. It's the way we've been brought up. Barn raisings, round ups, basket socials. Can I do some of your chores for you before I drift?"

"No. This is my battle, Lee."

"Is it as much of a battle?" queried Lee Post. "There's time to work and a time to be useless."

Cary Kittredge laughed and the echo of it made a little melody in the forming shadows.

"It is hard to acquire a habit for something you've never had, Lee."

"Tomorrow a little beyond noon," said Lee.

"I'm not so sure I ought to go. There's such a lot of work."

Lee Post said nothing but she saw his face settle at once revealing his thought by the very absence of expression. She added, rather quickly:

"All right. I'll go. Would I be more popular, Lee, if I changed my ways?"

"You can't," said the man.

Cary answered softly: "I think you are wrong." He stood with his head lowered toward her, a soberly questioning look to his eyes, and against the last of the light his body cut a rugged mean silhouette. She thought he was about to speak and for an instant a cool sensation went through her but he only said: "Idiot," and walked to his pony. A moment later the rhythmic drum of the beast dwindled out along the flats. It was always like this at his going, a sense of letdown and the feeling of judgment suspended. What might have been said was not said; nothing but doubt remained behind him. Cary shook her head and murmured irritably:

"Now we can take up the work again just where it was left off."

Lee Post cantered eastward into the deepening dark keenly aware of the land and its pleasantness. The earth gave up its heat in rising waves that brought out the pungency of dust and sage; a small wind crossed the flats, at once chilly. In the south a quarter moon hung suspended very pale against the black drop of the horizon. He crossed the plank bridge of Dry River, came against the low outline of Tucker's Ridge and swung to another road. Henry Sudden's ranch lights cut round yellow spokes through the heavy shadows and the hound pack began to speak. Lee Post said to himself: "They saw me go to her place; they better see me come back," and rode down the yard. Old Henry Sudden's blocky body reared away from a wash basin and his bald head made a pallid semicircle. He said, in his vast out-of-doors rancher's bellow:

"Git down, Lee and come to supper."

"Got to get home," drawled Lee. "Been doing nothin' much all day."

"Sa-I saw," shouted Henry Sudden. He passed a towel across his hands and flung it behind him. A body crossed the light from inside the house and Henry Sudden lowered his voice bringing it to what he considered a presumably confidential pitch.

"Never mind what the womenfolk say about Cary Kittredge. She has got spunk and git-up and go. But she don't like us and never will. No sir, Lee. The man that marries her will have to rise up early and work late. She wants somebody that can tie her own energy. Somebody that'll make a fortune and become a politician. If the fellow ain't ambitious she'll make him ambitious—and do his thinkin' for him. She'll light a fire under him and drive him to glory—or to drink." A husky chuckle welled up. "If you want to trot in fast harness, there's the girl for you, Lee. But I doubt if you do. Sometimes a man likes the liberty of steppin' to spit and think."

"Saw some of your herd near the quicksand crossin'," remarked Lee noncommittally and wheeled off. Beyond the Sudden place he turned into a draw with a small creek tinkling down its bottom, went three climbing miles to a small summit and entered his own gate. He did his chores by lantern light, cooked a bachelor's meal and afterward sat on the porch and luxuriously stared at the outline of rough country through a cloud of tobacco smoke. Fifty Herefords grazed off yonder on a full section of his owning and he reflected with a slow stirring of pride he could almost visualize each day's work that had gone into the making of this small ranch. He had started from nothing but he was now the possessor of property. Yet a forming discontent damped the glow of satisfaction; the red cigarette tip made an oval in the dark.

"You can't hurry the year and its fruits," he mused. "She'll never be satisfied with me. Doubt if she realizes that in a land of muscle power everything's got to be taken at a steady stride. The sorry fact is, I'd better forget the fool dreams I nourish."

CARY remembering to be annoyed, crossed the backyard with a pail and a lantern. Time had so many ways of reminding her that it swiftly passed and Soo-Boss stood petulantly at the inner corral gate. "Bound to the machine that feeds me," said Cary increasingly aggrieved. She stalled and milked the cow, threw half a scoop of corn into its box. She lugged the heavy pail to the house, poured the milk in shallow pans, rinsed the pail before the milk scum would congeal. She started a fire, filled the teakettle. "Never let anybody tell me this is a free life," muttered Cary and went back to close the chicken house against her most persistent enemy which was brother skunk. Fin down the length of the outer pasture she saw the brindle steer sulking. It was an invariable game he played but this night she spent a full twenty minutes herding him to the inner corral and hailed to see the fun of it. Paused a moment she said lorebodingly to the beast:

"One of these days you're going to pay me for all the steps I've taken. My interest in your safety, you darn fool, is purely mercenary."

It was nine o'clock before the finished her supper dishes and she was weary clean through. Yet the resentment of the afternoon made a kind of indigestible knot in her stomach and would not let her rest. There was a letter half-finished these two days on her table. "If I don't complete it now," she moodily told herself, "it will be there for ages." Re-reading the beginning pleasantries to her far-off girlhood friend she took up the writing with a last dutch energy.

"This Paradise has flaws, Ellen. All that keeps me going is the remembrance that great grandfather Kittredge marched through the Mexican war on a wooden leg. Both of mine are wooden when I finish a day! Should you come out here you'll probably find old lady Kittredge sitting on the front porch smoking a corncob. That is the climax of the day in these parts. To eat and smoke and ruminate. Reflection, though, is only for the prosperous. It is all I can manage to sense the time to do up my hair. No, I'm not sorry. I'm mad! I was told something this afternoon I already knew. The neighbors suspect me. I don't run over to borrow an egg or a cup of sugar. When I came here I knew I'd be regarded as a helpless Easterner. And I vowed I'd show them I could be reliant. Apparently they like that less than helplessness. I don't live up to their conventions, which aggravates them, no doubt. But it is too late to change styles now, and I won't. But don't follow my example and give up school teaching to homestead 160 acres in the Golden West."

When she finished she was simmering—and she bore down so hard on the pen that the ink sputtered a fine spray over the hastily. Cary. It was a distinct achievement to get that letter done. However an inner detachment kept her from sealing the flap of the envelope. She knew she'd tear the thing in pieces and write another. It was a point of pride; not in a thousand years would she admit that her venture palled.

One cool morn closed the day. Throwing a coat about her shoulders, she went to the porch for a last look at the shadowed, tranquil prairie. At this hour she liked to feel herself relax to reflect that her chores were done and her little domain tucked away for the night. Usually the hushed isolation of the evening lifted her from her strict preoccupations to the point where she could again feel the fine fire of her early enthusiasm. Tonight her ruffled spirit was not so easily unsalled. Lee Post's tall still clung to the shadows. She had known all that he told her. Fin coming from him it was depressing; for it indicated that he believed what she

Continued on page 47



*Illustrated by C. Vaughan*

She put out a hand and Lee took it. It was only a moment's scene.






*Decoration by Hal*

# A Writer Looks at Hollywood

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

LIGHTS BLAZE and glitter along the length of Hollywood Boulevard and at a point where the concussion is thickest the broad white pencils of searchlights sweep the sky with nervous stabbing. Klieg lights, focused upon a building's white façade, glare brighter than noonday and the martial notes of a military band quicken the steps of passers-by. There is the tramp of marching feet and the gaudy uniforms of an American Legion Post drum-and-bugle corps appear and halt smartly at the signal of the drum major in his impressive shako.

Another gala première of a superpicture attended by scores of world famous Hollywood stars? Perhaps. But probably not. Probably the opening of a new Chinese restaurant—four-course dinner, thirty-five cents—or the birth of a cleaning and dyeing shop where for fifty cents you may have the creases readjusted in your old tweed suit. For that is the way they do things in Hollywood.

Probably there is no other city in the world which presents such contradictions, such sharp contrasts, where the sublime and the ridiculous rub elbows quite so intimately, where the ideals of the movie-going public let down the bars and whoop themselves hoarse at man-killing wrestling bouts, and the soarings of humanity thrill-in the huge Hollywood Bowl to symphonies under the stars.

Another contrast which Hollywood presents is the word picture of life in the film colony as fed to the inflamed public imagination by fan magazines and casual outside visitors, and as it actually is lived on the lots and sound stages of the major studios. To picture the night orgies of the stars, where beautiful women are served up with or without dressing, in fountains of wine is thrilling, no doubt, but there is satisfaction of another sort when—after spending the day shooting scenes on a great sound stage, after hours of the hardest kind of physical work and emotional expenditure and scores of abortive rehearsals a successful 'take' is recorded and the weary players can go home to a quiet dinner a game of cards and bed.

It must be apparent that an industry with a payroll of one and a half million dollars a week that grew steadily in importance and profits up to the time of the depression cannot be composed entirely of fools. It may be true as has been said that the successful motion picture producer is he who has guessed wrong less often than his competitors, but it is also true that into all of those guesses right or wrong has gone much hard work, much sincere endeavor to give the movie public the kind of entertainment it thinks it wants. Bizarre and occasionally outrageous things do happen, but they are rare. And one cannot measure with the same conventional yardstick an ordinary commercial centre and a city like Hollywood which because of its specialized industry must draw to it in order to exist large numbers of rather extraordinary people.

### How Picture Stories are Chosen

WRITING, acting and directing are important parts of a finished film, but these form so small a part of the aggregate of work, intelligence and personnel that has gone into it, that the comparison is negligible. For each worker in one of the three arts mentioned there are hundreds of technicians, electricians, carpenters, painters, limnmths, scene painters, camera men, prop men, sound experts, costume people, make-up staffs and so on—each of whom has a delicate and important, even if prosaic, part to do before the picture is previewed, passed, and finally placed "in the can."

The steps taken by a story from the time it is bought by a studio to the time it is released for showing, follow a definite path. Each of the larger studios maintains a staff of trained readers whose sole job consists of reading current magazine and book fiction and plays. A story or play with definite picture possibilities is marked and sent to a synopsis writer who, after reading, attaches a synopsis—about 300 words—and passes it on to the assistant story-editor. If approved it goes to the story editor who reads the synopsis and if he likes the idea, the story.

The next step is to the head of the studio. If passed it is sent to a supervisor who is in charge of one or more production units. The supervisor requests the services of one or more staff writers and a story conference is held, attended by supervisor, writers and director. After one or many conferences, the definite line which the story is to take is decided upon and the writers hie themselves away to their cubicles and have a sleep to refresh themselves after the hectic arguments of the conference. This post-combative nap the writers occasionally and quaintly refer to as a brown study. Or sometimes they call it "coasting."

After due cogitation the story idea is set upon paper and given to the supervisor who, if he likes it, asks the writers to do a treatment. A treatment is an extended synopsis, writing in scenes and intending to thirty or fifty typewritten pages. It contains the full feature story with high lights of business and dialogue fully written out, so that the studio head as he reads it may have a running picture in his head of what the finished product is to be like. He says: "Lousy," or beams and grunts: "Great! Swell! Okay!" and, if delighted and incredulous writer hops off before the head changes his mind to write a full continuity-dialogue script. This is the document, generally running to about 130 typed pages, from which the picture actually will be shot.

The finished script, the writing of which may take from four weeks to three months again must have the approval of the studio head and this secured the script, a number of copies having been made, is turned over to the director. He breaks it down into scenes, and it is from this list of scenes that the shooting time is estimated and the shooting schedule made.

### Chucking up at Previews

IF IT IS NECESSARY for the company to go on location, the location manager takes a hand and decides where the outdoor scenes will be done. The interior sets are built and set up in the great sound stages. Costumes are made and fitted and the process of shooting the picture gets under way. It is at this point that the director becomes carnivorous and begins to cast inhand comments about the optimistic morons who made up his shooting schedule. But nobody listens to him.

Shooting time on the ordinary feature picture takes about six weeks, with an average cost to the larger studios of $300,000, sometimes a great deal more, sometimes a little less. At the end of each shooting day the day's work is exhibited in a projection room to the director, supervisor

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*Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE*

# The Future of Medicine

By BENGE ATLEE

THE FOLLOWING interview between Aesculapius, the Greek god of medicine and a young medical graduate, took place one night recently in the clinic grove at Epidaurus. While it sounds like something that might have taken place in the course of a dream, are not dreams portents?

*Y M G* Dr. Aesculapius!

*AES* Draw hither, son. I see you have joined the ranks of the healers.

*Y M G* Yes, august one.

*AES.* Then you have given some thought to the medical situation in your modern world?

*Y M G* I have spent seven years at a university studying medicine.

*AES* So has many a wretched practitioner. But are you aware of the dissatisfactions of the public with the medical service it is getting? Are you aware of your elder colleagues' dissatisfaction with their lot?

*Y M G.* I can't say I am. But I have been as busy studying—

*AES* Hearken then. Except on the richest, who can afford anything, and the poorest, for whom it is supplied gratis, the cost of medical treatment falls grievously. When a woman is delivered of her child or a man of his appendix in a house of small income, balancing the budget becomes a serious feat. There is, moreover, a growing feeling among the *hoi polloi* that much unnecessary surgery is being performed; that the maternal mortality rate in childbirth is woefully high; that your profession is giving too little lead in preventive medicine; that your guild is failing to heal such conditions as the chiropractor anticipath and faith healer can heal; that there is a great deal of unnecessary incompetence in your ranks; that the rural districts have not sufficient healers; that you are sadly tied up in the red tape of professional etiquette.

*Y M G* But is this our fault, master? Isn't the public getting all the medical service it is willing to pay for? If people exercised the same care in choosing a doctor as in choosing a motor car, if they were as interested in good hygiene as in good radio, these things wouldn't be.

As to rural practice, I am a young, ambitious university graduate. I don't want to spend the rest of my days in the sticks, where I shall surely deteriorate professionally and intellectually. As to the high cost of medical service, what about the high cost of medical education? Am I not entitled to a fair return on the time and money I have spent equipping myself to be a healer?

*AES.* I have never argued that the servant was unworthy of his hire. The present system bears down grievously on your guild also. You have to spend much time and thought on building up a practice that would be better spent in study and research. Because your income stops when you are not practising, you find great difficulty in getting away for postgraduate study. You are forced oftener than not, to work with insufficient equipment and help. You are kept so busy curing disease that you have little time to prevent it. Because you are rugged individualists, even when there are several of you in a single community, you cannot pool your resources in the way of purchasing equipment, but each man must reduplicate the insufficient tools that the other has. You do not readily consult with one another because, being rugged individualists, you feel it a confession of weakness to have to call in a colleague's help. Even your specialists, spurred by the economic urge, feel called upon to treat conditions not strictly within their specialty. Last, but not least, the public often expects you to perform miracles and applauds you when you fail.

But notwithstanding all this, notwithstanding that in the conquest of disease so far your guild has played a glorious and often noble and self-sacrificing part, the present unsatisfactory status of human healing must be improved. You may think that you are in the practice of medicine for your own good, by the wider view you are there in the public service. Everything in the present system that hampers your fullest professional development is handed on to the public in increased suffering, higher death rate, and economic loss.

### Benefits of Collectivism

*Y M G* BUT SURELY we are all tempting to improve our skill all the time. Look at the marvellous hospitals that are being built everywhere, even in the smallest towns. Look at the way the medical schools have improved their teaching in the last twenty years. Look at the thousands of them giving themselves up to medical research.

*AES* Far be it from me to belittle all that my son. My criticism is not so much of your manner as your method. I believe that the great recent advances of medical science and the complex needs of a modern world call for a renunciation of individualism in the practice of medicine and the adoption of collectivism. Your profession must organize. Great and pool its talent and equipment in a way it is not now doing. The practice of medicine has become too big for individualism. It must be wrought into a definite public service.

*Y M G* You surely don't suggest that we adopt the methods of Henry Ford?

*AES* Why not? Why are your automobiles built better and cheaper every year? Because of organization, special

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# ARMS *and the* MAN

By JOSEPH LISTER RUTLEDGE



Many famous weapons are in the Daly collection.

NOT MANY everyday citizens can pride themselves on having something that a king might envy. Charles Noé Daly can, and it makes him unique among the citizens of Toronto or for that matter of any Canadian city.

Mr. Daly, an American by birth but a Canadian by adoption, came to Canada in 1893, when Grover Cleveland appointed him American consul at Guelph. The consulship lasted twelve leisurely years, during which time he had ample opportunity to develop a hobby. There was a year or so of prospecting around Cobalt and the Iringes of James Bay, then the war. Following that, Mr. Daly moved to Toronto. Thus, for the best part of forty years, when he has not been in France, the happy hunting ground of all good collectors, he has been in Canada.

Though comparatively few Canadians know of the collections in La Plaza Apartments, Toronto, Mr. Daly has about him one of the finest in the world. There are larger collections and collections more complete in the portrayal of a specific type of arms, but, as an illustration of the development of arms from the rude hand cannons of the early fifteenth century to the weapons of today, his is unquestionably the most comprehensive one extant.

If there is any doubt in the matter, that statement can be corroborated by Stephen V. Grancsay, curator of arms and armor of The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, or Dr. Currelly of the Royal Ontario Museum, or by Mangère, the French Government expert on arms. For Mr. Daly is perhaps better known in Paris than he is in Toronto. He is a life member of that greatest of all arms clubs, the *Société des Amis du Musée de L'Armée*, whose home is the *Hôtel des Invalides* in Paris, and his collection is known wherever a few choice spirits gather to discuss the subject of arms.

Lest anyone should imagine that his is just a stray score of old guns hung above a mantel, it might be mentioned that when, a few years ago, Mr. Daly moved his collection from storage in New York and his apartment in Paris to his home in Toronto, he secured a document from the Canadian Government permitting him to import, "Fourteen small cannon, 169 guns and 931 pistols . . . more than 1,100 deadly weapons, every one of which would function if they had to, for then owner is as expert in their care and restoration as he is in knowledge of them. And he ought to be, for in refining his collection, upward of 4,000 pistols have passed through his hands.

### Envied by King George

MERE POSSESSION of many old weapons is hardly something that a king might envy, yet no less a person than His Majesty George V. has envied Mr. Daly. The subject of that envy was a pair of silver mounted dueling pistols made by Durce Egg, gunsmith to the earlier Georges. The pair was made for George IV. when Prince of Wales, and was donated by him, so the story goes, to Beau Brummell. Their history from that day until they reached the Daly collection is clouded in places, but their authenticity is assured. There is the *fleur de lis*, the prince's crest, inset in gold on the stock, and the silver butts also bear the prince's crest.

When he secured them, Mr. Daly did not know that they had an elder brother, a gun identical in every particular and made by the same craftsman. He came across the information in *A Century of Guns*, a book written by H. L. Branch whose family had been gunsmiths in London since 1795. There was a picture of the gun and a description stating that it was part of being George's private collection and under it a reproduction of Mr. Daly's pair of pistols.

With the honest zest of a collector desirous of sharing his pleasure with a kindred soul, Mr. Daly wrote to King George, enclosing a photograph of the pistols. In due course he received a reply from the king's secretary, expressing His Majesty's great interest and tactfully suggesting that the king would not be averse to seeing the family reunited.



Dressed fit to kill, Charles N. Daly wearing a gem from the collection—the breast plate pistol battery. His is carrying stirrup and knife pistols which go with the set.

Mr. Daly, who is a collector first and an adopted patriot only second, as tactfully overlooked the suggestion so the Beau Brummell pistols still hold an honored place in his collection, and only occasionally does he look, regretfully, at a picture of the king's gun. No harm in that, for if a king can envy a commoner, surely a commoner may envy a king.

### Unsuspected Finds

ONE NATURALLY wonders what starts the collecting ferment working in a man's blood. In Charles Daly's case, it began with an old musket that the family gardener obligingly sawed off to fit youthful shoulders. But the real beginning was a Revolutionary flintlock pistol picked up one day on the Bowery, New York. From that day his fate was sealed; he was to be a collector. And that original piece, notable because of that fact, is still a member of his collection.

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# Sometimes Juries Err

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM



"I sobbed out, 'Don't go back.'" He never stopped—kept right on.

*Illustrated by Dudley Gwyne Summers*

MALCOLM GOSSETT, hard boiled in all matters of sentiment except as regarded his beautiful young wife, was conscious of a sense almost of reverence as he was ushered into the presence of the great man whom he had come to visit. The latter's environment was sufficiently impressive. The butler who had escorted the caller into the room had the air and voice of a high ecclesiastic. The library itself, with its warm air of seclusion and the faint mingled odor of old Russian calf and roses, possessed a subtly distinctive atmosphere, and the famous judge who received his visitor with a courteous word of apology for remaining seated was notoriously one of the most attractive personalities of his day.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Gossett," the latter said, holding out his hand. "You will be so kind as to forgive my rising. I am not in the best of health just now."

"I hope your lordship won't disturb yourself," Gossett begged, taking the chair which his host had indicated. "I was sorry to see from the papers that you were a temporary invalid."

Lord Harlowe had certainly the wasted appearance of a man who was suffering from some disease. His face was almost waxlike in its pallor, but his voice—for the qualities of which he had always been famous—was still clear and pleasant, and the strength of his features remained.

"You were once attached to Scotland Yard, I believe, Mr. Gossett?" he said.

"For seven years."

"Were you by any chance ever interested in the case of Peter Morton?"

"The man who was sentenced to death for murder and then reprieved?"

The judge acquiesced.

"I am glad you remember that much of the case at any rate, Mr. Gossett," he said. "I am going, if you will permit me, to make a confession to you. It will perhaps make the remainder of our conversation more intelligible."

"As your lordship wishes," Gossett murmured.

"A legal career," the judge went on, "is supposed in course of time to strip a man's mind of any tendencies toward superstition or sentimentality. In my case it has never been so. I have all my life, trusting chiefly of course to my judgment, been influenced by what, for want of a better word, I must call inspiration. That is to say, there have been times when in dealing with a prisoner I have been largely influenced, not only by the proven facts of the case but by my own sentiments as to whether I believed the man guilty or not guilty."

"That is very interesting," Malcolm Gossett confessed.

"I am at the present moment," Lord Harlowe continued, "engaged in the task of writing my memoirs. I am there making frank admission of what many people would no doubt consider a weakness in my mentality. It exists, and that is all there is to be said about it. It never existed more strongly, Mr. Gossett, than it did in the case of Peter Morton.

THERE WERE curious differences of opinion concerning that case," Malcolm Gossett reflected, even at the Yard.

"The man was not an attractive personality," the judge went on. "I suppose it is difficult for a man to make the best of himself when he stands in the dock on trial for his life. Nevertheless, from the very first I was troubled with a haunting sense of the man's innocence. I must tell you, Mr. Gossett, that ever since I received my preferment as one of His Majesty's judges I have always had the shadow of one fear lurking in the back of my mind, and that was that some day in the course of my duties I might sentence to death an innocent man."

"It is a terrible responsibility," Gossett agreed.

"Toward the close of the trial of Peter Morton," Lord Harlowe continued, "I felt that fear more strongly than ever before in my life. When the time came for my summing up, I think everyone in the court was surprised at my earnestness. No one has ever accused me of partisanship; no one has ever accused me of not realizing that the summing up of a judge must be neither an appeal to the jury on behalf of the prisoner nor a demand for his conviction. I tried to realize that, even on that day. On the other hand, my summing up, the result of my personal convictions, was so much in favor of the prisoner that I never for a moment believed in the possibility of their not being shared by the jury. Yet, in my horror, after an absence of two hours, they brought in a verdict of 'Guilty.' I had no alternative. I had to assume the black cap and sentence Peter Morton to death."

"He was not hanged, though," Gossett murmured.

"As you remark, he was not hanged," Lord Harlowe assented. "That he was not, as is well known among my colleagues, was due to my own strenuous endeavors to obtain a reprieve. At the last minute, and yielding entirely to my persuasions, the Home Secretary changed the man's sentence to penal servitude and his reprieve was forwarded to the prisoner. Now let me tell you a curious thing, Mr. Gossett.

"All that you are saying is very interesting," Gossett acknowledged.

"Well, with the reprieve," the judge continued, "my personal interest in the case declined. I was spared even the chance of the great horror of my life. In the midst of a very strenuous life the fate of Peter Morton faded into the background of my thoughts. Now comes the time when, in writing my memoirs, I reach his case, and Mr. Gossett, I want you to sympathize with me as a human being and not from our official point of view when I tell you that directly I went into that case again, I felt a complete return of my convictions as to the man's innocence. Here is a strange thing for one of His Majesty's judges to admit to you, Mr. Gossett, but it is the truth. On paper the man would appear to be fairly condemned for the crime of murder. Today I am as convinced that he is innocent as I was during that awful moment when I was forced to sentence him to death."

Gossett was somewhat perplexed. The evidence in the case, so far as he remembered it, was fairly conclusive. He waited in silence to hear what further the judge had to say.

"A few nights ago," the latter concluded, "I dined with one of my greatest friends, George Littledale, the criminal lawyer. So far as I remember, we did not even mention the Peter Morton case, but we did continue one of our old arguments as to the position of a man, say a murderer, who has the whole of the detective force of Scotland Yard against him and nothing for him except a criminal lawyer without any staff or prestige. In connection with this argument Littledale at once mentioned your name. He told me that you had started for yourself as a private detective with the avowed object of acting chiefly for the accused person. I wrote you a letter the same night and asked you to come and see me. I have ventured to make out a cheque, Mr. Gossett, for five hundred pounds. I am going, if you will allow me, to commission you to once more investigate the immediate circumstances which practically decided Peter Morton's fate. If you come across any fresh facts you can rely upon my seeing that they are put before the proper authorities, and if anything should happen so that I am not available I know that Mr. Littledale will do what he can."

Lord Harlowe held out his hand. There was a slight air of exhaustion about his manner.

"You accept the commission, Mr. Gossett?"

"I accept it and shall do my very best to throw a different light upon the case," was the emphatic reply.

MALCOLM GOSSETT spent the best part of the following day reading from a Scotland Yard file the full account of the case *Rex versus Peter Morton*. When he had finished he half regretted the fact that he had already sent Lord Harlowe's cheque into the bank. There was scarcely a loophole anywhere. The case for the prosecution seemed castiron. Gossett, who had been somewhat impressed by Harlowe's calm and convincing air, could now that he had studied the affair carefully find no shadow of reason for it.

[illegible]

His summing up in the cold light of the facts disclosed seemed almost absurdly in favor of the prisoner, so much so indeed that Gossett found himself wondering whether the jury might not have been adversely affected by such an obvious attempt at misdirection. While [illegible] he was considering whether he would be justified in spending any of that five hundred pounds upon investigations which seemed foredoomed to failure, the telephone bell at his elbow rang. He took off the receiver and listened.

"Private secretary of Mr. George Littledale speaking. Mr. Littledale wants a word with Mr. Malcolm Gossett on most important business."

"Malcolm Gossett speaking."

"Wait one moment, please."

Presently Littledale's voice came booming over the wire.

"That you, Gossett?"

"Speaking."



"What is your wish?"

I'm sending you down a caller just tucked him into my own car. He'll be with you in a few minutes. Probably I shall look in myself afterward. Don't take any definite steps as regards him until you have seen me."

"You sound very mysterious," Gossett remarked.

Can't help it. It's a quaint piece of business. See you presently."

Malcolm Gossett had not very long to wait for his visitor. According to instructions, the latter was shown in immediately on his arrival. He was a man of medium height, thin, dark and obviously very nervous. He was dressed in an ordinary grey suit, but Gossett, who was observant, noticed with curiosity that everything about him from his necktie to his boots was new. He wore gloves which he apparently was not anxious to remove.

"You have come from Mr. Littledale?" Gossett enquired.

"Yes, he sent me here," was the quiet admission. "Where are your clerks?"

"I haven't any; only an office boy," Gossett confided. "Why do you want to know?"

The man laughed shortly in a hard, mirthless gesture. He had noticed the direction of Gossett's straying fingers.

"I'm not going to rob you if that's what you're afraid of," he said with a faint smile. "I'm not really a criminal, although I have just come from prison."

Gossett suddenly realized the meaning of the new clothes and gloved hands. Simultaneously he recognized the man.

"You're Peter Morton!" he exclaimed.

THE MAN frowned and looked nervously around.

"I should leave that name alone," he said sharply. "I have been 198 in Dartmoor for six years. They do their best to kill the human there, blood, bone and sinew."

Gossett leaned across his desk.

"I thought you were in for life," he said. "So I was."

"Then after all Harlowe was right. You've been pardoned."

The man grunted scornfully.

"I escaped," he confided. "I have been a free man for over a week, if you can call this skulking about the inmost London freedom."

Gossett shook his head.

"It's bad work as a rule, this," he said. "Can't think why we haven't heard about it. Was anyone—hurt?"

Peter Morton shook his head.

"I'm not that sort of a fool," he declared. "Probably no one before in the history of the prison ever escaped as I did. No one had the chance.

"I'll tell you about it," Gossett begged.

"I've never given any trouble," the other explained. "I'm not that sort. I had all the good marks possible. They used to send me with a warder to the farthest edge of a new road they were making. I was useful as I was a bit of a geologist. One day about a fortnight ago we were just setting down to have our lunch when the warder—Old Harry we called him—just toppled over from his seat and had a fit. I stayed with him and did everything I could; left had water for him, and waited until he recovered consciousness. When he came to we found he couldn't move. We'd always been rather pally, and it was he who really put it into my head to try and get away. I took off his outside clothes and left him with mine. He let me take what money he had and his pipe and tobacco, and he wished me luck. I certainly had it, too. I bought some more clothes at an outdoor market in a small town, and after that I've taken no particular pains at all to hide myself beyond shaving. I came up to London by train. I've been staying in a small hotel Paylar way, until this afternoon when it came up to see Mr. Littledale who has money of mine.

"Funny I haven't seen anything about it in the papers."

Mind if I smoke? Peter Morton asked. I'm simply crazy for tobacco these days.

Gossett handed over a box of cigarettes, and for a moment or two his visitor was silent through sheer bliss. Then he went on:

"They're too cunning to have those little paragraphs in the papers nowadays. Anyone who was trying to make a getaway was helped all the time by reading his own description and the sort of clothes he was supposed to have got hold of and what direction he was supposed to be making for. I knew Old Harry would give me a start because he was going to tell them that I'd made for the moors, which nearly all of them do. I didn't. I made for the nearest small town and the railway station.

"Had you ever thought of escaping?" Gossett asked.

"The idea never even occurred to me," Morton replied. "I'm no fighting man although I'm supposed to be a murderer, and I should never have thought about it then if Old Harry hadn't been grateful to me for doctoring him round and put it into my head."

You said just now that you were supposed to be a murderer," Gossett said gravely. "Didn't you kill Bealby?"

"I certainly did not," was the firm reply. "Then you're a very unlucky fellow," Gossett declared. "Why, you'd have been hanged if it hadn't been for your alibi!"

"I know," the other assented. "I couldn't make out why, but he knew I hadn't done it."

"Who was the murderer?" Gossett asked.

Peter Morton laughed in somewhat hollow fashion. It was curious that his speech and his gestures were alike—unsettled and uncertain. Six years of prison life and the complete cessation of all social amenities had left him in a sense floundering.

I doubt whether I shall ever tell you that," he announced. "I have to make a few enquiries first."

"If there is anything to be told which could prove your innocence, Gossett told him earnestly, "now is the time to do it. You may be in prison again before many hours have passed."

THE MAN shook his head. A strange, colorless creature he seemed to Gossett, uncomfortably poised in his easy-chair, smoking cigarettes furiously.

"No," he said. "I shan't go back to prison. I've made up my mind about that. I tried to buy some poison, but they were too inquisitive at the chemist's shop. I've got something else in my pocket that will do the trick though."

"Listen to me," Gossett begged. "Take my advice. Get it right out of your mind that you can stay free and escape capture. It couldn't be done. Sooner or later believe me—I've been in the Force and I know something about it—you'll feel a tap on the shoulder and the clink of handcuffs before you've had time to get your little plaything out of your pocket. I'm not an expert myself but I couldn't be in your company for five minutes without knowing that you'd been in prison lately. Some of it may wear off, of course, but don't be a minute believe that you can make a clean getaway."

"Of course—" Peter Morton began with a gathering scowl upon his face.

"Don't be an idiot, Gossett interrupted. "Mr. Littledale and I are privileged people. We are neither of us obliged to give you away and we certainly shan't. But for the very prestige of the prison, they'll get you back again. I can promise you that. On the other hand, you have a friend in a very unexpected quarter—the man we've spoken of before, the judge who tried you. Lord Harlowe. For some reason or other, he believes you innocent. Now, put us on the right track to prove it, or even to make your innocence seem plausible, and he will take the matter up with the Home Secretary."

"In which case," Peter Morton observed bitterly, "I might perhaps get a free pardon for a crime I never committed."

"If you never committed the murder and have kept back evidence incriminating someone else," Gossett said severely, "it serves you right, and a free pardon is more than you deserve, it quite as much any way."

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"Who killed Mr. Bealby?"





# BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

By A POLITICIAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

SO NUMEROUS are Ottawa events these days, with one trouble jostling another, it is difficult to keep up with them. No sooner does one sensation die down than another leaps to the headlines, or if not to the headlines to disturbance behind the scenes, to be whispered furtively in lobbies and clubs. The political barometer invariably points to "Stormy".

Precedents and tradition mean nothing. More than that, the area of government has been so enlarged that the ordinary citizen must needs be an encyclopedist with a passion of curiosity about all things everywhere at the same time to understand half of what happens. In the old days Prime Ministers sometimes called up Montreal or Toronto, consulted political leaders or bankers. In these turbulent days Mr. Bennett gets on the telephone regularly with London talks with Canadian delegates at Geneva keeps the line busy between Ottawa and Washington for two hours at a time.

The line between Ottawa and Washington is, in fact, being kept busy a great deal of the time. It has been kept that way ever since Henry Morgenthau, Jr., dropped in on Mr. Bennett one day, told him that he had been sent by Franklin Roosevelt to find out whether Canada would be prepared to talk reciprocity with the United States. If Canada would talk, said Mr. Morgenthau—Mr. Morgenthau by the way, is a big shot in the Democratic Party, being the son of the noted Jew who was President Wilson's ambassador at Constantinople—then Mr. Roosevelt would be delighted to have Mr. Bennett visit Washington to discuss things with him at the White House.

Mr. Bennett didn't say no, didn't say yes. Instead he treated Mr. Morgenthau with great courtesy, told him he would think the matter over, later on send Minister and Brother-in-law Herridge to Mr. Roosevelt to tell him what he thought. A few days later Mr. Herridge and Mr. Roosevelt sat down together at Hyde Park, New York, and talked reciprocity for an hour.

Mr. Herridge told Mr. Roosevelt that Mr. Bennett would visit Washington—but not just yet. Mr. Roosevelt, no mean politician himself, would understand how an ostentatious trip to Washington by Mr. Bennett might be misunderstood. People and politicians, not to mention reporters, would ask questions and some might even start digging up Mr. Bennett's speeches in the last election. A better plan would be for Mr. Bennett to drop down to Washington quietly for his Easter egg stay overnight with his brother-in-law, call—as he would have to call—at the White House. It would be—to the public—just a courtesy visit.

### The Premier's Dilemma

THAT APPARENTLY was okay with Mr. Roosevelt, and were it not for something that happened in Parliament, few would have known that such an important event was pending. The something in Parliament was a resolution by William Duff, Nova Scotia Liberal, calling for reciprocity. Mr. Duff, putting his resolution on the Order Paper, probably thought no more about it than that it would help him with his constituents even though it were rejected overwhelmingly, as he believed it would be. Mr. Duff, of course, didn't know about Henry Morgenthau. Neither did he sense the dilemma in which he was placing Mr. Bennett.

Mr. Bennett, unable to attack the principle of Mr. Duff's resolution—what would Mr. Roosevelt have thought?—did the sensible thing. On the morning of the day on which Mr. Duff's resolution was coming up, he called a caucus of his followers, broke to them the news of Mr. Roosevelt's gesture, hinted that they might treat Mr. Duff's resolution gingerly or tenderly. A few hours later the House heard Mr. Bennett state that the United States was Canada's "natural market," that a "fair offer" came from Mr. Roosevelt, he would gladly consider it. To the wastebasket instead of to *Hansard* went speeches of staunch Conservatives smiting reciprocity.

Not that Mr. Duff's resolution was accepted. Calling for immediate reciprocity action by Canada, Mr. Bennett was able to oppose it on the ground that it was premature. It and when it comes up again—it may come up before this sees print—there will be a Government amendment to deal with it without embarrassing Mr. Bennett or disturbing Mr. Roosevelt.

Thus, reciprocity, entombed for twenty years and its grave neglected, has had a resurrection. The extraordinary







*Cartoons by Eldridge*

thing is the way it is being received. Some few, of course, are digging up Mr. Bennett's 1911 speeches; also some of his Economic Conference speeches, asking how it is that the United States is our natural market in March when the Empire was our inevitable market in July, but in days like these when everything is changing and speeches don't much matter, nobody pays attention. The main thing everybody argues is to get markets, and as we have Lord Atholstan's *Montreal Star* and J. D. Ross's *Ottawa Journal* and Mr. William's *Toronto Mail and Empire* saying that the reciprocity which they damned with hell, book and candle in 1911 would be a grand thing in 1933—which it very well might be.

### Amalgamation Setback

MEANWHILE MR. BENNETT has on his hands a lot of financial problems—the budget, the railways, other things. The bill embodying the recommendations of the Duff Report, providing for a board of three trustees to run the National Railways, and for an arbitral board to pass upon disputes—actually to enforce economies—between the National and Canadian Pacific Railways will be passed into law may be the law ere this. Ironically enough the man who more than any other made its passage possible was Edward Beatty, ably assisted by Sir Herbert Holt.

Up to February when the House first met the idea of amalgamation was steadily gaining ground. Newspapers, politicians and public leaders everywhere were bewailing Canadian National losses, painting with alarm, chorusing that something must be done. The something they had in mind was amalgamation of the two railways with the Canadian Pacific on top and no reason exists for believing that the Government disagreed with them violently.

Then at the wrong moment—or the right one as the reader wills—came Mr. Beatty. Also Sir Herbert Holt. Mr. Beatty began his drive in Toronto. Sir Herbert followed.

*Continued on page 50*



# Day of Departure

By LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

*Illustrated by C. J. McCarthy*

GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE was strangely quiet and composed. There was no voice in it to herald so auspicious a day. The windows were open but no air stirred the curtains or draperies. Andrea, a sudden panic upon her, finished her packing and went downstairs. It seemed queer that there should be no apprehension, no sensitiveness in the place that had sheltered her so long. In the library the eyes of her father and mother—dim memories out of childhood—looked down on her from the panelled walls without reproach. Clocks ticked everywhere with normal pulse. Cook was singing over luncheon preparations. A lawn mower clicked across the grass at Davies', directly opposite. A butcher boy took a brown, smudgy parcel up the side drive to the Fenteu house. It was all so ridiculously usual.

The telephone startled her.

"It's for you, Miss Andrea."

"Yes, Jane."

Jane seemed to notice nothing; she went off with a duster casually in her hand.

It was Paul, of course.

"Yes. Yes, dear. Oh, Paul, you haven't found Joe yet? I knew it's not your fault—but hurry, hurry!"

Paul was to have closed the deal for the boat last night—for a further five dollars Joe would deliver it at Penville Locks. There was a rectory at Penville—such a dear place, embowered in plum blossoms just now. Andrea and Paul had driven out last week and it was in promise then. All the way back the had clung to him, afraid of her happiness—and worrying, of course, a bit about grandfather. One couldn't help that since he and Paul had quarrelled. Now the house seemed suddenly too full of reproach, as if the telephone call had startled it. The clocks ticked faster. And one's heart. Andrea went upstairs to grandfather's room. Its masculinity was pronounced, with a smell of leather and of tobacco; though grandmother looked down from the wall—grandmother as a girl, about one's own age. Curls and a sort of poke bonnet, and eyes eagerly crying out to life.



Andrea started him running with her.

He'd been different, thought Andrea. He walks around sometimes as if he didn't see me. It's Paul, of course. I can't help it. I wish I didn't love them both so much.

DOWN ON Joe Doestader's wharf Paul was thinking of Andrea's grandfather too. An obdurate old big business man, Henry Stoddard. Had too much his own way in life, thought Paul. It had probably been a fatal mistake to approach him on personal matters there in the great office with him seated at the huge cleared desk, grunting out:

"Well, what is it, Paul? Busy morning, but—sit down sit down. What've you and Andrea been up to now? Last time you came in, standing on one foot and then the other like a feverish stork, it was merely matrimony. You and she, no less, wanted to get married. What is it now? Not calling the deal off, are you?"

"No, sir."

"Because now's the time to do it. I should be bored stiff in a divorce court—and afterward would probably shoot you, which I take it would mean further court proceedings."

"It's just this, Mr. Stoddard. I—I appreciate more than I can tell you what you've done for me. You've kept me on here on the publicity end, when others were let out. And you've offered us quarters with you when we get married. But—"

"Ah," said Henry Stoddard, heavily, "so that's it? I guess it had to come. Don't fancy bunking in with the old man, eh? Can't blame you for wanting a nest all your own. Have you got a house in mind?"

"It's not—not a house, exactly."

"Uh? Apartment?"

"No, sir."

"Then what the deuce—?"

"It's a boat."

"A which?"

"A cabin cruiser. Mr. Stoddard. She's tied up right now down at Joe Doestader's. I can get her for a thousand; she's worth three or four times that at normal values. No end roomy—bunks for four. Diesel engines, electric light, refrigeration, roomy cockpit big enough for wickerware to lounge in."

"Are you trying to sell her to me?"

"No, but—"

"Then omit the details, please. Am I to understand that my granddaughter and her husband when married propose to live in some derelict tub by the waterside? Will you come to work in nautical costume?"

"But, Mr. Stoddard—we—you see I'm resigning my position here. Andrea and I—well, we'll be just cruising round here and there."

"Oh, here and there! Of course. Forgive my stupidity. Is it permitted me to ask how on this vagrebond enterprise, you propose to live? I might point out that my granddaughter—while fragile in appearance, has the general attitude toward food of a starved newsboy."

"I propose to write, sir."

"Write what? Cheques—or letters home soliciting aid?"

"Articles," said Paul crisply.

"You don't mean anyone's accepting—and paying—for them? Good lord! So the goose hangs high, eh? Only it's a wild goose, and you propose to take Andrea chasing it with you." His fingers beat a tattoo on the desk. "Well, why come to me?"

"We thought we ought to tell you."

"Thank you so much," said Henry Stoddard.

He rose and paced up and down, then brought up at a window that faced south. Beyond the roofs of buildings lay blue water. Such trees as the commercial district had not squeezed to death were already green. Spring haze clouded the horizon. He stood grimly facing this prospect.

"I'm sorry," said Paul at last, "that you feel this way about it. You've been no end good to us. But this isn't a snap decision. I've seen so many men who've been caught for life, who were never able to get loose again—never. I've seen it in their faces and in their walk. They're in a rut, and they can't get out. The nearest they ever get to adventure is in books. Andrea agrees with me, sir. We're going to take our chance. I'm sorry about the job, sir, but there'll be dozens ready to snap it up."

Paul was startled at the look on Henry Stoddard's face as he turned from the window. He had expected opposition, but not anything so bleak and so—confusing—as this expression indicated.

"Get out," shouted Henry Stoddard, "and take your adventures in idiocy with you. If you and Andrea have to eat chub and catfish and steal vegetables from the fields under cover of dusk, don't blame me. You make me sick, the two of you. You make me wish—" His voice softened then, cracked again. "Make your own bed," he said, "and then go lie in it. Tell Miss Jones to send Mr. Sandford in."

HERE, ON Joe Doestader's wharf this morning Paul remembered the interview again, every detail vivid. He'd never mentioned it to the old man again, but in turbulence of spirit put in his resignation, and went ahead with Andrea making plans.

Yesterday, sitting across from each other at *The Green Teapot*—they had faced the final act and decided that it must be done immediately, before, perhaps, one's courage failed.

"And can't you see," cried Andrea, "what we're doing? If this way will mean to your work? Can't you see the headlines? Grandaughter of Prominent Magnate Runs Away with Young Writer—Happy Couple Embark on Adventure in Motorboat Living—Will Contribute to Leading Journals. Don't you see?"

Paul said, quite readily, that he saw. He added that he thought she was going to make a wonderful wife for him. The world seemed to hang between them, suspended, leaving them breathless, as if it might fall and break to pieces before their eyes. He said they'd go right down and see Joe Doestader and close the deal.

There was no use wasting any more time.

But Joe was not at home. Mrs. Doestader, shrieking maledictions at two of her offspring who threatened to drown themselves in the washtub, put a red, harassed face around the door, and gave it as her opinion that Joe would be back sure in the morning, and if he didn't so much the worse for him. Mrs. Doestader stood watching them as they went off arm in arm. After a time she slammed the door very hard.

But this morning there was still no sign of Joe. Disconsolate impatient, Paul awaited his arrival. The cheque for $1 000 was ready in his pocket. That would leave of his savings, $100 in cash. By the time it was gone there would be other articles sold. They'd make out. Excitement grew in him, and the cause of it all lay tied to the wharf. He went over again to look at the boat.

There was enough star to the harbor waters to move her gently. Her lines—stubby, low, generous beam—would have shocked anyone demanding speed and class, but to a loving eye she was not devoid of a beauty of her own. Here was the beauty of honest building, of seaworthiness, of a keel familiar with the hiss of waves in fair weather and foul. Paul's heart went out of him again at sight of her. He saw her—himself and Andrea snugly aboard—nosing into unknown waters, free as the air to come and go at will, facing an adventure in the simple life. A freighter, tug-escorted, went by. On a barge in midstream a woman was hanging out washing, and two sun-browned children were playing with a dog on the after part. Gulls circled above. Their wings extended in flight seemed motionless; they dropped shrilling greedily when a dirty-coated steward on the freighter tossed scraps overside.

A youngster, so freckled his eyes seemed lost, appeared on the wharf. Paul recognized him as Doestader's eldest.

"Me mudder says me fodder'll be home in an hour. He just telephoned her."

Paul's face brightened.

"Tell him to wait here, he said. I'll be back ideely—though before he gets here. And here's a dime for you."

He went on up the market slip, crossed the cobbles and headed uptown. There were things one could do in an hour that would save time later.

By Cotton's drugstore, where one turned into Main Street, Paul ran into a man, apologized, then saw that it was Herb Dillon who had occupied a desk next him before his resignation.

"Hello, Paul," said Dillon. "Wise guy aren't you? Got out before the bust-up. Sandford's a little ray of sunshine goin' round telling the gang their jobs are safe enough, but personally I'm doing a bit of mental budgeting with the chekels I've got stored up in the hive. Anyway, I've a notion to throw my job in, then teeth by way of protest. Look here, you don't say you haven't heard? Why, it's all over town. Come on down street and have some coffee and I'll give you an earful."

Dillon poured out the liquid with a hand not quite steady. He was tremendously excited.

"I've got it from Len Sandford himself," said Herb Dillon. "He was in the board room, of course, all the time taking notes. He said old Henry was magnificent. Here were all the bigwigs of finance sitting round the board room like a jury. Len was over in one corner, watching. He said it was like a play, only better. 'Either you agree,' says old Etherington—you know the pot bellied old gent?—either you agree, he says, 'or we have no alternative. Don't be a condemned fool, Stoddard,' he says. The proposition's going through. You can't stop it any more than you can stop the tides. You might as well step aboard and benefit by it.'

"Old Henry looked pretty grey about the gills, Len said, but he just shook his head. 'Well,' says Etherington, 'I guess these demand notes of yours we hold come due at once, then.' Len says old Henry looked them all over, one by one, then he leans forward and says very quiet: 'Very well, gentlemen.' Then his voice gets deeper. 'It's men like you,' he tells them, 'that've brought us where we are today. It's men like you who breed revolution and all manner of distress. Big business, eh? Well, I've done big business most of my life. But I've done it clean. I've done it with a thought of the other fellow. I've never taken a fellow by the throat when he was down, and shaken the last cobs from him. And I don't propose to be a party to it now.'

"Len says Henry's hand was shaking as he opened a drawer and hauled out a memorandum and a chequebook. 'Well, gentlemen,' he says, 'I've sold pretty well every security I own to keep concerns going that would mean putting men out of work if they smashed. I've mortgaged my house to the hilt. What I've got left realizable is in that chequebook. But I've seen this coming. I am ready for it. How much do I owe you altogether, gentlemen?' he asks.

"Len said they were kind of quiet then, and a little fellow with a squeaky voice gives the figures. 'We agree on one point,' says Henry. 'That's what I make it.' So he snaps out his fountain pen and begins to write. He puts his signature to it, tears out the cheque and chucks it over to 'em. 'We're quits!' he says. 'I am through. You'll find Mr. Sandford here has all details in hand.' Then he looked round the board room once, stalked out, put on his hat and coat, and went home."

Joe Dillon produced a large handkerchief with red dots, and blew his nose. Paul sat silent. His voice, when it came at last, seemed not his own.

"Do you mean he's flat?"

"Pancake flat," Len says. Len ought to know. He says it was worth watching, having ten years of life to see the directors looking at one another after Henry got himself out from among them. Have another cup?"

"No, thanks," said Paul hastily. "I've got to be getting along."

He went out. The sun lay lazily on the pavements. For the moment no motors were in sight, but coming by were the two Miss Muscombes who lived next to the Stoddard place and still clung to the custom of an elder day. They were driving now in their victoria, with a beautifully matched team, and they bowed gently to Paul. Paul removed his hat and stood looking after them. It seemed as if for that instant time had been put back and he was a contemporary of Henry Stoddard in the eager days of the latter's youth.

ANDREA let him in.

"I knew you'd come," she said. "I've been watching from the window." She tried with her eyes, to atone for the whiteness of her face. She knew now she had been too secure in her world. She had to go on talking. "You've heard, of course? It'll travel? I can't get much out of grandad. But the servants all have it. He told me to tell them they'd be looked after."

"Where is he?"

In the library at his desk. He's going through some papers or something."

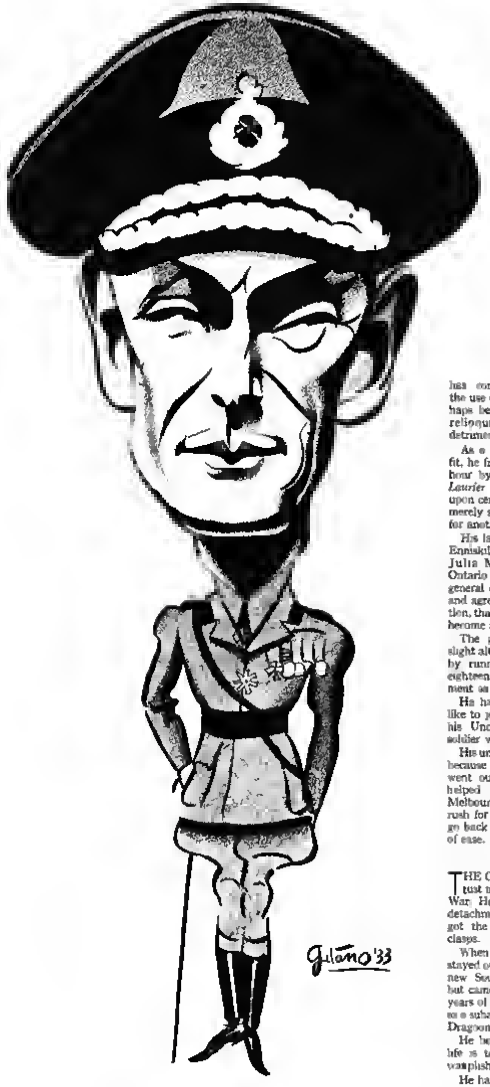
Paul looked at her. He said slowly: "I want to tell it to you just as I got it. It came right from Len Sandford. He was there."

There was an alcove in the hall—built-in seats of white enamelled wood—green ferns and a pot of saffron tulips. Andrea sat fingering a tulip that bent low on its transparent stem. She had grown them carefully from bulbs indoors here. She thought suddenly: "That's like me. I've always had everything done for me. I've never faced anything much before." She remembered how Paul had teased her once when she had called herself a modern. "You," he laughed, "are a modern? Oh, sure.

*Continued on page 46*



"What? No honeymoon?" cried old Henry.




# GENERAL MACBRIEN

By R. T. L.

MAJOR-GENERAL James Howden MacBrien C B C M G D S O lives on a farm near Ottawa eats apples for lunch has six children and is one of the three best looking men in Canada.

He is also head of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and probably the most complete soldier this country has produced.

At the beginning of his military career he decided that it was the duty of a soldier to keep physically fit and he has consistently abstained from the use of tobacco which may perhaps be regarded as the least unrelinquishable of the various instruments to a gentleman's health.

As a further method of keeping fit, he frequently occupies the noon hour by swimming in the *Château Laurier* pool with disturbing effect upon certain other inmates who are merely striving to rouse themselves for another day.

His father was an Irishman from Enniskillen and his mother was Julia Madden, of Port Perry, Ontario. They raised the future general on a farm near Port Perry and agreed, after careful consideration, that he should go to college and become a schoolteacher.

The general, however, made a slight alteration in this arrangement by running away at the age of eighteen and joining the 34th Regiment as a private.

His dad had the idea that he would like to join the army on account of his Uncle Australia, who was a soldier with three medals.

His uncle was christened Australia because the generous grandfather went out there as a young man, helped survey the townsite for Melbourne, took part in the first rush for gold and found enough to go back home to Ireland and a life of ease.

### Army Experience

THE GENERAL joined the army just in time for the South African War. He went along in 1900 with a detachment of the Mounties and got the Queen's Medal with five clasps.

When the war was over he stayed out there as a sergeant in the new South African Constabulary, but came back to Canada after four years of it and got his commission as a subaltern in the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

He believes the greatest thing in life is to know that you have accomplished what you set out to do.

He has never been able to go in much for clubs but has been president of the United Services in Montreal, a strictly teetotal institution on Sherbrooke Street next door to the Mount Royal Club, and sometimes referred to by the more moribund members of the latter as "The Little Scorpions" Club.

The general was twenty-nine when he got his commission in the Dragoons so he got married as well and was promptly shipped to Australia for two years in an exchange of officers.

His activities in Australia included the introduction of an afterdinner amusement known as cockfighting, thus being a form of wrestling in which the combatant gentlemen assume recumbent positions on the floor, lock arms, and endeavor to upset each other by using their legs as levers.

At this pastime he was acknowledged to be the undefeated champion of the Antipodes.

The general's office as Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is over a store on Rideau Street in Ottawa, the location being a matter of continued Governmental peculiarity rather than personal preference.

When the War began he was over in England taking a staff officers' course at Camberley, and was requisitioned by the War Office to help with mobilization.

As soon as the First Canadian Contingent reached England he was appointed to the staff as major, went out to France, spent far too much time in the front line to be a proper staff officer, and was made brigadier-general of the 12th Brigade in 1916.

Even this, however, failed to suppress his reprehensible habit of prowling around the front line with a sniper's rifle, in which respect he established an alltime record for brigadier-generals.

His official score for the War includes two wounds, six mentions in dispatches, a D S O and bar, a C B, a C M G and a Legion of Honor.

He thinks the Canadians hardest battle was Passchendaele, the most deadly weapon mustard gas, the most dangerous job, a junior infantry officer's, the best fighting age, twenty four to twenty-eight for infantry and twenty to twenty four for airmen.

### Expects Another War

HE KNOWS it is risky for a soldier to be clever but once ventured the epigrammatical profundity that security without peace is better than peace without security.

After the armistice he became a major-general and was kept in England for a year looking after Canadian demobilization.

By the time he finally got back to Canada in 1920 Sir Arthur Currie had had enough of Cabinet Ministers and was ready to become principal of McGill University, so the general succeeded him as Chief of Staff at Ottawa, which is the highest military office Miss Agnes Macphail has permitted the country to have.

The general worked hard at this, got a couple of trips to England and one to Japan and liked things quite well, but made the painfully definite discovery that the salary provided by the Government was not sufficient to raise a family and entertain in the manner expected of a Chief of Staff.

When he resigned in 1927 it was believed by some people that he might return to the old home farm at Port Perry and by others that he would join the fighting in China, but in place of these somewhat divergent alternatives he chose to go in for civil aviation.

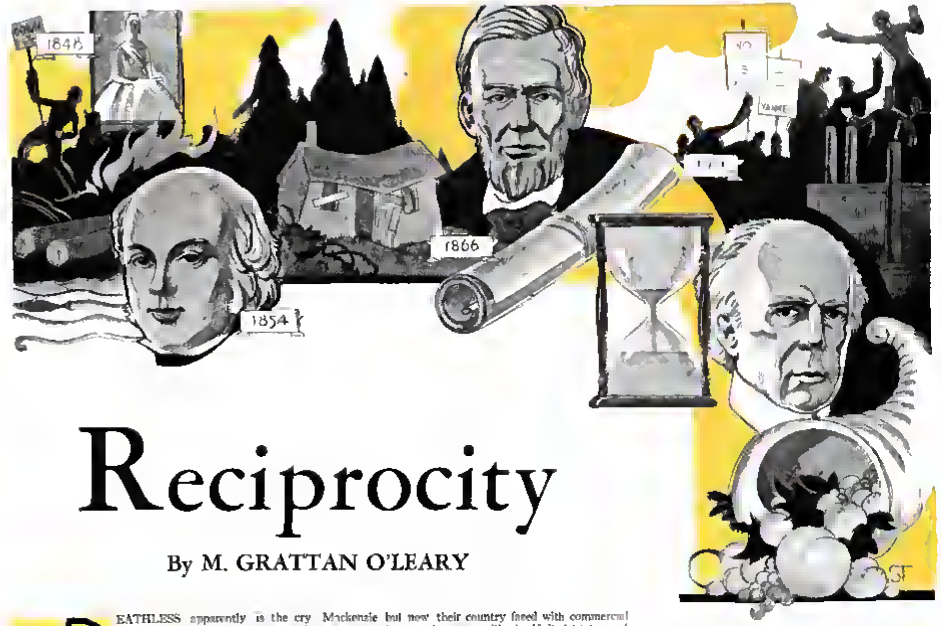
In this endeavor he acquired a Moth plane and piloted himself into every corner of the country. He also engaged in various mergers and combinations, became general manager of International Airways of Canada and president of the Aviation League.

These efforts continued until the middle of 1931 when he was made Commissioner of the Mounted, and it is probable that he is better off at this than at dealing with boards of directors and other deficients.

He will be fifty five years old this summer, was a soldier for thirty-one years, and is, privately, a little reluctant to realize that he is now a policeman.

No debutante who has seen him in his major-general's dress uniform has ever been quite the same.—*The End.*






# Reciprocity

By M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

*Decoration by Stanley Turner*

1933

DEATHLESS apparently is the cry for reciprocity. Reciprocity with the United States. Born of struggle against annexation, cradled in national distress and near rebellion, it has dominated our fiscal history for three quarters of a century, has been the cockpit of countless party battles, and now returns dramatically as a major issue.

Crippled therefore and checked in the full career of public and private enterprise, this possession of the British Crown, our country, stands before the world in humiliating contrast with its immediate neighbors, a nation fast sinking to decay.

What is reciprocity? What is the history of this question which, figuring largely in the record of our relations with the United States through seventy years, defies permanent rejection? A brief review may be useful.

Reciprocity's story goes back to the repeal of the Corn Laws in England in 1846. Up to that time Canada's chief markets were in the United Kingdom. Canadian wheat and flour entered British ports under nominal duties, so Canadians bought wheat in the United States, turned it into flour, shipped it to England profitably. Millers, merchants and shippers prospered, capital investments and exports mounted, Quebec and Montreal became ports of consequence.

Then the Corn Laws were repealed, and with them went Canada's prosperous business in flour and wheat and lumber—almost everything that made for the country's development. Making matters worse, the British navigation laws closed the St. Lawrence River to foreign ships, prevented Canadians from gaining new markets, intensified distress. Nearly half the merchants of the country were forced into bankruptcy. Within a few years commercial and agricultural activities were paleted, people fled from farms and crossed to the United States, cash became almost unavailable, and the population resorted to barter.

### Reciprocity Brings Prosperity

WHAT FOLLOWED is history. There were outbursts against Britain, the riots of 1848, the annexation manifesto of 1849. The burning down of the Parliament Buildings in Montreal was due primarily to hatred of the Rebellion Losses Bill, but back of the anger of the mob was resentment against England's commercial policy. Men of English blood, not Frenchmen, attacked the portrait of Queen Victoria—that portrait which, rescued by Sir Allan MacNab, now reposes in the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa—the smudge of flames still on it. And the same Englishmen, or men of the same blood—among them J. J. C. Abbott, who lived to become Prime Minister—were those who signed the annexation manifesto of 1848. A few years before they had stood against Papineau and Mackenzie, but now their country faced with commercial extinction they sought union with the United States and declared:

> "The reversal of the ancient policy of Great Britain, whereby she withdrew from her colonies their wonted protection in her markets, has produced the most disastrous effects upon Canada."

Two alternatives were before the country. One was annexation, the other reciprocity. The latter—fortunately perhaps for our British connection—came in 1854. It came with preservation of Canadian self respect. Frances Hincks, well aware of the United States' desire to use Canadian canals, wrote to Washington:

> "It is assumed by opponents of reciprocity in the United States that in the event of a reciprocity bill being rejected by the American Congress, Canada will maintain her present commercial policy and continue to foster the import trade from the United States. But I have no hesitation in stating that the advocates of a retaliation policy are rapidly gaining ground, and should a policy of retaliation be adopted the United States will have no just cause for complaint. Their rejection of reciprocity could be looked upon as a deliberate rejection of Canadian trade."

This note, coupled with a plain hint that Canadian canals would be closed to the United States, plus the skilful diplomacy of Lord Elgin, got results. After prolonged negotiations a fisheries dispute was adjusted satisfactorily, and a trade treaty provided for free interchange of a long list of natural products.

The treaty prospered Canada. Exports of lumber to the United States jumped from $700 000 in 1854 to nearly $5 000 000 in 1866, livestock exports grew from $73 000 to $5,000 000, and there were corresponding gains in flour, oats, barley, butter, wool and other products. Whereas the total trade between the two countries had been but $20 000 000 in 1854, it was $84 000 000 in 1866, and during the twelve years that the treaty was in operation Canada's exports to the United States were, in round figures, $267 000 000, her imports $363 000 000.

Then in 1866 came termination of the treaty. Under it the United States had sold Canada large quantities of manufactures, had exploited the fisheries of Canadian waters. Despite this, and notwithstanding that some of their ablest leaders, including President Lincoln, believed in the treaty, Americans took the ground that the agreement was too one-sided, insisted upon its abrogation. Their real reason was prejudice against Canadians for their supposed sympathy with the Confederate States during the Civil War—that and a belief that the repeal of the treaty would sooner or later force Canada into annexation. Sir Alexander Galt summed it up as follows:

> "If there was one thing more than another apart from the irritation growing out of the events of the late war which instigated them in abrogating the reciprocity treaty, it was the belief that they could compel us into a closer political alliance."

### Result of American Abrogation

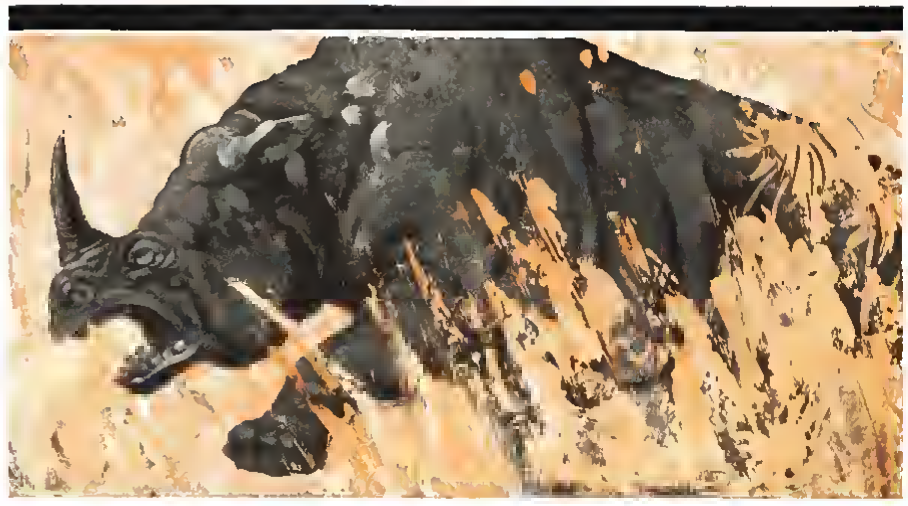
WITH RECIPROCITY gone, Canada once more experienced gloom and apprehension. No one sought to deny the advantages of free access to the American market, and while duties were raised against United States manufacturers and desperate efforts made to help agriculture through a home market, a few years saw both British and Canadian authorities laboring at Washington for reciprocity's revival. They labored in vain. The Republic had definitely set its face against reciprocal trade with Canada, and the story of the succeeding forty years is simply the story of Canadian pilgrimages to Washington, of vain and impotent diplomacy, of increasingly harsh tariff treatment by the United States. Here is the record chronologically:

An agreement made by Galt and Howland with the Ways and Means Committee of Congress in 1866 to accept a scheme of concurrent legislation instead of a treaty of reciprocity, resulted only in George Brown's resignation from the pre-Confederation Coalition Ministry.

In 1868, when the first tariff of the Dominion was adopted, the schedules contained a statutory offer of reciprocity in natural products, this offer remaining a feature of all Canadian tariffs down to 1894.

*Continued on page 34*



The old bull thundered over the spot on which Bagh had stood.



# Lives of a Bengal Tiger

By PAUL ANNIXTER

IT WAS AS HE LAY in wait near a water hole on an afternoon in his sixth year that Bagh made his great decision. His sire must get out of the. His mother too must move on to an adjoining range and keep her distance for the rest of that season at least.

The thing should have been done long before. The hunting thereabouts was getting worse from day to day, the spring holes a bit lower. The grass drier and the leaves scarcer. It was mid-February, therefore high summer in the Indian jungle, time of drouth famine, wild dogs and allied evils, and everywhere the game was drawing northward to survive. For a month now there had been scarcely food enough in the district for Bagh himself. For the old tusks, his parents, there was no more room in that part of India at all.

It should have been the other way around, of course. Bagh the son, the newcomer so to speak, should have removed himself, leaving his sire the rights of possession and privileges of priority. And so it would have been in leopard or lion land. Bagh, however, was no ordinary son at all, any more than the tribe of royal Bengals to which he belonged were ordinary felines. They were fiercer, swifter and more terrible for their size than any others of the cat tribe, and Bagh since the first month of his life had shown himself to be larger, fiercer and grimmer than any young tiger the Sunderbund had known in many a great thirst which was the way they reckoned time in those parts. When he had been five months old, for instance, Bagh had killed his sister in innocent play at the mouth of their lair. His mother had been absent at the time, and when his sire returned unexpectedly the latter flopped him down. Since then the sire had more than once wished he had finished off Bagh at the same time.

Having failed to do that little thing here was the situation. This afternoon it had been touched off, so to speak, when Bagh's perfect stalk of a sambhur hind—the only sambhur left in that part of the world, too, it seemed—had been frustrated by another wary hunter stalking the same meal. Hard upon the whistling snort that accompanied the dainty hind out of the picture and out of this story, both stalkers rose simultaneously from their grass coverts to peer, and thus we have them, father and son, facing each other at a distance of thirty feet.

THE ELDER TIGER had been quivering on the point of pursuing the hind, but at sight of his son he changed his mind. It was quite obvious that each beast had spoiled the other's stalk—the most unforgivable crime in the animal world. Given this beginning, the domestic argument that had long hung fire was precipitated on the spot, and a traveller had one been unfortunate enough to be passing through that sweltering stretch of jungle would have thought that at least half a dozen herds were doing one another in death violently there among the labyrinths of tawny grass. For minutes in fact the yells, screams and squallings that arose were beyond any description whatsoever.

But that was nothing. The battle hadn't even begun yet. Thus were simply circling slowly about giving one another dirty looks and telling all about what had been banking up in their chests for months past, doing their utmost to frighten each other off with a good dose of Bengal bluff. Though possessed of a courage fierce as flame, neither beast was going to fight till all other methods of gaining victory were exhausted, for the battling of full grown tigers is a frightful and awesome thing that ends in the death of one or both.

For four whole minutes they crouched glaring at each other with ears flat, eyes hell-pitted, necks arched as if straining against bearing reins—cast statues of ferocity. Times they thrust their heads downward and sideways with horrible cries, fangs clicking as if they champed at invisible flies. One could see the glisten of washed ivory on their long sabre fangs. At last as if it was timed by some invisible prompter their two mailed right paws whizzed up in exact unison, flickered in air—also in exact unison, so that one could have felt the electric effluvia of exploding nerve force—and remained poised again. Three times they boxed air thus. They were timing each other for some weakness, some infinitesimal flaw in their guardian reflexes, and finding none finding rather that they were utterly perfect fighting machines, so appallingly well matched that death must surely referee their clash. And be it known that when one speaks of timing in relation to the tiger it implies a speed that is at least a dimension beyond anything humans know—and most animals, too, tho the tiger being about the swiftest and most agile proposition that Nature has unloaded on the planet.

Abruptly as if he had been sitting on a mine the old one came in. At the round glittering head of his son he flew, in a rearing lightning lift for the sight of that insolent glare was more than his combustible temper could stand. But Bagh was not there when he arrived. He had simply blown aside like a dandelion seed caught in a sportive summer wind, shot backward, bounced high in air, clear up and over the sister beast landing a whistling, wicked slash on the other's hip in passing.

THEY LANDED together, still miraculously facing though they had changed places, shot backward in the same breath like spent shells, pivoted and slashed again simultaneously in mid-air each landing a death blow in the place the other had just miraculously left, bounced apart again and were abruptly still—crouched. Then before a man could have cried "Murder" they were locked in a devil's clinch. They scarcely seemed to have moved. Yet there they were in a tangle as if snapped together by bands of rubber—rolling, snarling, tearing and writhing in a choking whirling of grass, fangs and fur.

Now for a fraction of a second Bagh showed on top, his sire's hind claws gouging his belly. Now he was under, tossing at the old one's throat. Again on hind feet they rose, boxing and wrestling for a throat hold, utterly demented. Altogether it was the biggest thing in battles that had shocked the surrounding jungle in many a year.

Then all in a breath they had cleared themselves with that black art that cats alone possess, and were crouched again, still and noiseless and ten feet apart.

All this had been in the nature of a try-out—and they had learned volumes from it. Certain facts now stood out in their subtle feline brains. First it had become plain that what Bagh had over his sire in length, reach and resiliency, the old one made up for in seasoned craft and guile. They were matched—syr matched to a hair. Too well matched by long odds. It would be a battle royal with death as a climax. And the reason they fought war to live. Wolves or weasels might have lost track of that, but never cats. They were born in reason but never in caution.

One more snarling, reeling tangle—it was Bagh himself who forced it with psychological intent—and again they were crouched, flat and noiseless as effigies in old gold and jet. The sire had four bright-hot gridirons along his side and belly and a shredded ear. The son had a cheek laid open and a crimson belly. A long gash passed each beast so very near that he made passes at the other's slightest stir. Then the old tiger, without rising, took a long, slow step backward, then another. He turned at last, the tinderlike tawny grass closed with the swish of a silk curtain behind his black tipped tail, and he was gone—driven from home, so to speak, by his piratical son.

Half an hour later and about a mile away, Bagh, following slowly but relentlessly on his father's trail and lending speed to the latter's flight, came unexpectedly upon his mother and dealt her out a disciplining, almost but not quite as severe as his father's. The thing was now done. He had come into man's estate, stepped into a new life as lord paramount over all the wild hunters for five miles around, all in an hour.

There had been other times when the ordinary beast with the ordinary life would have died the death and Bagh hadn't. At least four of his allotted nine lives had been fived out in his youth. There was the time, for instance, when as a pair-of-part grown cubs he had been ambushed by a great grass python and but for the wile and courage of his mother would have died. Once he had been cornered by a buffalo herd and almost gored to death, long wear still marked his shoulders where the hair had grown in white.



*Illustrated by JOHN F. CLYMER*

Again a rifle bullet had grazed his spine and he had fallen and lay stunned while hunters had almost trodden him as they beat the thicket. These and similar escapes were but part of that miraculous luck which followed Bagh through his growing years.

AS THE SWIFT Indian dusk descended over the grass jungle Bagh, a very wraith in the mists but more alive than he had been all day, patrolled his new kingdom, his only eyes glowing like night lamps in the marshaling shadows. Overhead the great Southern Cross had begun to gleam, while far down in the south Canopus and the great red Antares flamed like lamps. Somewhere in the middle distance a langur ape wailed mournfully and the dry day-tune song of insects had given way to the persistent blood song of the mosquitoes—the multitude that hummed without rest.

It was a wonderful hour to that region. Bagh's breakfast hour so to speak, the beginning of his day. Though in lean times he did part of his hunting in daylight. Always there was a subtle flurring at that time as the wild folk changed guard from day to night shift. Bagh was tired, sore and lacerated and very hungry. He must eat and quickly. But first being a cat and a supercat he must play.

No one dared play with him in that neck of the jungle, so he played a bit with himself. He stalked a huge grey sphinx moth just rising for its evening flight, pinched it out of the air as it swooped, patted it down lightly, released it, gambolled after it for a hundred feet like an overgrown kitten, caught it again, assured himself that he had at last gone beyond peradventure of a doubt, then let it go out from under that great mailed paw of his, unhurt.

Next he came upon the black panther. A mean and petty pirate was the panther who was suffered to poach at odd times in and about the tigers' domain. A smudge half seen, half guessed in the darkness, the panther was lying in wait for sambhur deer when Bagh came silently upon him. As it happened the black one knew little or nothing about Bagh. He knew only that next to Bagh's sire, he was lord of killers thereabout, and that at that particular moment Bagh's sire was far from there. That explained, perhaps, why he whirled and shot straight at Bagh, hissing and hissing like any fury.

Just what happened then was hardly clear. I imagine even to the combatants themselves it was so fast and furious. But certain it was that there was a battle of sorts a hissing, snarling Catherine wheel of mist and fur and green through which flashed greeny yellow eyes and white fangs like light glinting on swords at play. It ended in less than two minutes with a very dead black panther. Then Bagh departed on the meat trail.

His pace was a loose, padding trot that lifted him over the ground much faster than it appeared to, because of the marvellous fluidness and conformity of his muscles. Little at the usual feline slink of his head was in evidence now. Bagh moved in the open and cared not who saw him. Very noble and puissant he looked in his father's former role as he inspected his new preserve. It cannot be denied he was full of himself tonight, what of the happenings of the afternoon. Also hunger had begun to press so that he was hurried and a bit careless. Upon these things therefore must be blamed the futility of his first stalk of the evening.

Abruptly he had sighted a family of mouse deer—tiny, hornless deerlike creatures only twelve inches high—as they came out of the forest to drink. Instantly he had decided upon them for table fare. From the moment he saw them up to his final rush it was as if Bagh had never been. His stalking was a marvel of self-effacing humility. Even his eyes were shrouded instinctively lest their night lights give him away.

ARRIVED within what he considered the correct range, Bagh shot forward like a charge of buckshot and well nigh as fast but the mouse deer had dissolved like puffs of blown thistledown. He had given himself away before ever he sighted them by his self-absorption and the wily elflike creatures knowing their own powers of flight had not considered him worth making a loss over, at least until he

*Continued on page 43*

# Cup Racer

By ARTHUR T. MUNYAN



CONCLUSION

"WHO WAS IT?" asked Bill Lombard "that had a something or other about something?"

"An idea," Ann told him. Sutton had it. About—you know—everything. He'll spring it if you'll keep quiet and let him. But how can he if you keep changing the subject?

"Good old Sutt. Never runs out of ideas. Never sunk for a good old plan."

There was a pitch of extreme weariness in Bill's voice. All three of them were forcing a nonchalance that hid bitter despair. Whenever they thought of Slee a futile rage went over them in waves. They were all washed up with Slee and his *Pooh II*. Bill had accepted his engine returned as unsatisfactory and had refunded its cost. The whole affair was best forgotten. But it rankled and it persisted as an unmitigated outrage.

Ann's eyes sought Sutton's beseechingly.

"The fact is—" he said. "That is I had an idea. Almost had one anyhow. It's crawling round there now if I can only get at it. Suppose you two give me a couple of hours to—ah—line it up, you know?"

"Sure," said Bill. "You bet. And then let us know."

He was polite but he doubted if there was an idea crawling around anywhere which would help matters now. A question he had asked was insidiously reiterating itself. On Thursday morning *Pooh II* had given every promise of being the fastest hydroplane in her class next day Slee had bounded in and pulled the boat to pieces. Why? What sort of banging frenzy caused that? It was fantastic. True, Slee had no conviction that the success of the trials was a fact but he could have waited and found out. The thing was simply latuous.

"Well, we'll separate," Bill announced presently "and all go off and think things up, and meet later. Like three guys in *Hans Andersen*. Maybe I'll go annoy Carmichael."

"He has a gehensile face," Ann said. "I don't like him."

"Nor do I," said Sutton. "And I'm glad of it. Words mean anything you want them to, don't they?"

EARLY in the afternoon he returned to *Lombardy*. There appeared to be nothing to keep him at the lake. In his big room that looked down upon drowsing gardens and out to the dunes where the surf boomed, he occupied himself aimlessly changing to fresh white linens pondering over "ideas" for Ann. His mind dubiously retraced the sequence of incidents leading up to the débâcle. The sound of boats broke in upon his thoughts and he crossed over to the open window.

Madeleine gave her mount to the groom and walked up to the terrace below. Bright sunlight slanted down to her and her loveliness was sharply limned against the infinite green of summer. In jodhpurs and striped polo shirt her figure was straight and hard and lithe. Now as always, he was arrested in wordless admiration, unable to capture in literal thought either the peculiar latency of her or his emotions toward her. A superiority, half conscious, charged her simplest actions with gallantry; her beauty was at once stirring and enigmatic; a hint of ruthlessness clung to her. It did this she was the utmost he could have desired. Apart from the feminine subtleties of her being she was all that he secretly and in vain would have desired to believe of himself. In that perhaps, lay her inescapable fascination for him. She was an arrow and a longing.

She glanced up, saw him waved her eyes danced with suppressed excitement.

"I hoped you'd be here," she spoke. "So I didn't ride very long. How's for a swim?"

"Swim's a good idea."

"Give me twenty minutes to shed these horsey things. And Sutton! Nobody else. This is our afternoon."

She went on, when after a quick change she reappeared in beach pyjamas.

"This is about the first time we've had a minute to ourselves, to be together and do as we like. The surf I think don't you? Not the pool. Pools—she shrugged daintily—"are full of people."

They drove across the downs skirting a lagoon, and came to the summit of a dune which sheered off precipitously on the ocean side. Below stretched a wide strand dazzling radiance in the sun. For a moment Madeleine was like Ann laughing in anticipation. She caught his hand and then stalked down the declivity of loose sand that slipped before their footsteps and gave an effect of seven league boots.

"Red flag," she cried, gazing off toward a distant pavilion. "It's better when it's a red flag."

Six-foot breakers pounded the shingle, tearing it down in a steep shelf and the undertow swept away the sand and left white tumbling pebbles. In either direction as far as the eye could reach the white sea-spray dashed, whiter than anything else in the world and left in brief gluts of rainbow.

Madeleine stood ankle-deep in swirling white foam and dived straight through a combing breaker to deep water. Sutton followed delighted with her. He could never escape the fascination which all her movements, their relaxed precision held for him. Her crawl stroke seemed lazy yet her body slipped through the seas as if moved by invisible propellers.

She lay like a mermaid on the smooth wet sand. When a spent wave advanced and receded it picked her up on its shallow tide and swept her head first down the steep-sloping shell straight into the roar and fury and seething rush. And when it seemed that she must be flung bruised on the beach she would slip through the breaker with an effortless winging motion to emerge pensive in mien on the other side.

He had seen her Sutton mused under stress of various kinds an violent action in peril. He never had seen her extended beyond her poise never known her to be moved to physical vehemence. Except once—his blood raced like sparkling wine at the thought—in the fierce sudden ardor of a kiss.

Exhausted at length by the power of the seas they sank down breathless on the sand back where it was fine-white dry and hot. Madeleine was pallid gold; her skin seemed to draw rays of sunlight to itself visibly, as particles of glowing gold. She sighed, stirring luxuriously.

"I'd like it to be always this. Always midsummer. I'd like to follow midsummer around the world or should I say ener and under the world?"

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"I'd like it to be always this. Always midsummer. I'd like to follow midsummer around the world or should I say ener and under the world?"

HE ASSENTED dreamily, his voice lazy with the voluptuousness of sun and sea. His mind went down the world with Madeleine from Brittany to the Côte d'Or to Page Page—to wherever cobalt seas broke indelibly white on opal shores. He saw fanciful places sharply steeped in sunlight as in some prismatic amber liquid. He and Madeleine were alone there were no others anywhere in the sunlit idyll—it was a prolongation of this hour. She, in some pointless way, was Madeleine Wand again and then Madeleine Gage. The illusion sharpened to imperative emotion and her withheld loveliness was suddenly almost unendurable.

His mood ended in abrupt dissonance the next instant.

"I was riding," she said idly, "with Sanford Slee."

Laughing softly at some trivial incident of recent memory she did not notice his disaffection.

"Sanford," she went on to say, "is annoyed with me. Because—do you know what I'm like?"

"No, what are you like? Or what's his guess?"

A spoiled child. A child who reaches for new playthings and then just throws them down.

"Dear dear!"

"Only my playthings are men."

"Have you come to that with Slee?" he said. What he felt was an acute distaste. For what or toward whom he was not quite sure. He had not often had the experience of seeing other men through the eyes of a seductive woman. It was rather a shock. Slee unusual if only by way of being a boor became infinitely unbelievable from a million boors, as hackneyed and maudlin as a popular ballad. Did Madeleine find most men like Circe's pigs, dreamily alike? There was some such implication in her light irony.

"Well?" she broke in mockingly upon his silence. "Let's have it."

"Oh, I don't know. Slee is nothing to you, is he?"

"Heavens, no! Beyond boring me to—"

"Then why bother, I mean? Why be bored?"

"Are you being disagreeable, Sutton?"

"I think not. Curious. Why have a man in that state? Do you like it? Is it amusing at first, or something? Or flattering? Certainly it doesn't seem so to me. I just don't get it, do you see? I can't imagine you taking that sort of mawkishness from anyone, or taking anything at all from Slee."

"Darling! You're intentionally drunk. Certainly it doesn't amuse me, it simply happens. I was trained from infancy to be as interesting as possible to men, as a social duty, whether they were bores or idiots or anything else. I can't help it if they get into states. I think they like to get into states, and then they expect me to do something about it, and I couldn't possibly do all the things and be all the things I'd have to."

He laughed, dropping the question. A moment later he sat up as a tremendously elongated shadow fell between them. When they followed the weaving mauve pencil of shade it led them to Bill who was coming toward them across the sands. Madeleine stifled a murmur of displeasure but she waved and greeted Bill amiably enough. Her husband offered no reply; he was slightly intoxicated.

Sutton regarded him in some concern. Bill was getting to be one of those advanced drinkers who were never quite sober and never too visibly drunk. He was in a sort of flat spin now. And something plainly had happened. He was in a rage he instinctively tried to repress. Liquor gave him what he imagined was an Olympian detachment the resultant was a peculiar and saturnine manner. His eyes blazed hitfully between narrowed lids.

With mechanical precision he sat down facing and a little apart from them, while no one spoke and Ann and Madeleine with a withering stare.

"Slee" he pronounced at length "and Gage. Why both? Why either, but why both? My lord, what a scope! Nobody would do. I suppose but the one fellow I'd like to see freeze in hell. And my guy. You couldn't keep your affairs to your own stupid crowd, I suppose? But why couldn't you leave my boat alone?"

Madeleine had risen to her feet in cold hauteur. Her eyes were unfreezing she drew a rage about her in a gesture of aversion an absurdity just marked enough to be infuriating.

"You're drunk," she stated evenly adding. "Even that doesn't explain you. Heaven knows what you think you're saying. I don't. Nobody does. But it's nothing I want to hear." She shrugged and turned toward the dunes.

Bill's eyes, after a momentary blaze dropped her veering sharply to Sutton. Then he hesitated brooding for a word mordant enough for his needs.

"Clever," he brought out scathingly. "I'd have sworn too you were—my sort of bum. No good at all maybe, but at least not clever. Floorwalker clever. What a technique for an engineer! Well, you're a washout."

STANDING aware of Madeleine's urgency Sutton could not bring himself to walk out on this. Today he had realized that he liked Bill Lombard as he had liked few men in his lifetime. Now facing this hostile stranger with the impenetrable eyes he could feel on resentment, only distress and perplexity.

"Clever?" he echoed. "What's that? What does it mean? Come on, what is all this Bill?"

"It was clever of you, Gage," Bill caught him up with a quick bitter flow of speech "to cover your affair by acting interested in my job. And you knew what I mean. And now you can turn off the cleverness. Nobody could cover an intrigue with Madeleine. Because she doesn't think it's interesting unless there's wreckage scattered



*Illustrated by W. V. Chambers*

Ha-Ham leaped forward passed Pooh II as if the latter were lying at anchorage



Madeleine had risen in cold hauteur. "You're a washout, blazed Bill at Sutton.

her rules Excuse me"—his face went white—I believe I'm going to be ill and who shall wonder?"

Madeleine said "You're fantastic I shan't argue—"

"Think Bill told her is not an argument

You see Sutton pointed out equably you're right That's all right of course but

"You think I'm right? Well—I am What of it? Anything odd about that? I'm able to say this As a guest you're a smack I don't care for you I don't want your nosey help you can go to the devil Now Am I clear? Do I make sense or not? You tell me

No You're a little vague I'd like a diagram And later rather than now

You'll have it now Here it is On Thursday morning you and Ann ran a test on *Pooh* On Friday Slee punched it What happened in between? I'll tell you The test was a knock-out then it ruined You came back to East Hampton saw Madeleine and she had the news before I did before Slee did Then she went out to lunch and dined with Slee

For an instant Madeleine's poise had deserted her It was as if a still farm flickered and was steady again In that instant Sutton saw a shadow of fear and an impulse to hit in her eyes Then it was gone defiant she snatched the sequence from Bill Her voice was lilting and cold

"Sutton's bored me all through luncheon with his bragging about himself and how he meant to win the Gold Cup He seemed to think it would be horribly virile and brilliant of him to take out silly engine not of his boat and put another one into it. He wanted me to be enthusiastic and gush ing and tell him to do it So I was and did. I don't know or care what he did or what happened"

"That" Bill's voice cut in like a knife "is half true But you did care You were all intense and dithered about Cage You'd got to the point where you had to smash something And that had to be my cup racer the best decent thing I'd done in my life How do you like the diagram Gage? How do you like it I say"

Madeleine's eyes met Bill's

"Think what you please she said "I don't care I only wish you'd please stop talking

Bill stood a moment a figure of invulnerable scorn straining at bit Then he turned and strode off down the beach toward the west

The road curved back from the dunes and passed a wooded estate where a grass-walk began arched over by trees and bordered by vine grown hedges Sutton walked back toward *Lamberly* alone after excuses to Madeleine that must have sounded perverse

Actually they had been He was moved by the simple necessity of being alone to reflect himself His legend of Madeleine was falling into dust before his bewildered eyes This mind could not reason about it but without grasp with an enormous response He felt chilled and void

Her radiance then was a cruel glamor with which he himself had invested her Her power to outpart something like the spark of genius a potent restlessness to men was sheer moonshine If the gift was hers she was unaware—almost as even stupid about it Inciting Bill to creative ardor as Slee to belligerent violence rather gave her the same moral amusement The difference between Bill's integrity and Slee's boorishness was too fine for her mentality

A wave of anger galvanized his body and brought a red haze before his eyes then subsided leaving him frigid again.

He Gage was simply another man Titanic flattering to his small vanity right Not perhaps wholly absurd she had considered what he thought a high and reckless passion he had not accept this evening for a light affair She certainly had not considered any lasting attachment His attitude toward Bill toward Bill's work was beyond her comprehension she had supposed it was a screen for a thunderstone interest in her

That left little enough of his romantic Madeleine Her superiority became arrogance chic or at most the physical courage common to her world His pompous charm came down to the low common denominator of his sexual attraction

These thoughts passed over his mind without leaving an impress Madeleine's open callousness and her own defiant admissions were not open to doubt they could not be put aside as if they were mere charges but his mind forced to accept them still avoided became a whirling blank. He had evaded Madeleine for the same reason another word would have careered and lifted his last doubt Alone now he was as a man hit by a bullet conscious of the fact but confused, unwilling to know the extent of the casualty

He reached the house and went quietly up to his room From Madeleine's quarter of the second floor came a murmur of voices, a stray phrase of laughter—Madeleine and her maid A slow fury possessed Gage at the sound the tinkle of mirth. So she could still chat blithely with her maid lost in the perfection of her hair! Her own treachery bothered her not in the least Her infatuating beauty was all that mattered She smiled into her glass impervious to her narcissism She laughed softly in the assurance that Bill in due course would condone her actions and how he would manage to live with himself after doing so was his concern not hers.

Ann's voice said

"Hm! Slipping off with our hostess's spoons? You must be You wouldn't go places without telling me

He started and said

"Oh hello darling Awkward isn't it? I'd have dropped you a line though

"Can't do anything else I've no option about it."

Where's Bill now?"

He told her Bill had walked off in the general direction of Orin

"Get in the car" she said "Stick your bags in the rumble. Oh, you can't do this. It doesn't fit. It isn't you"

He laughed dryly "What's me?

They whirled down the drive, down the lane to the highway, where she took the turn toward the ocean. Her brows were level and firm. She was thinking hard and she spoke in broken difficult phrases, clenching her hands on the wheel for emphasis.

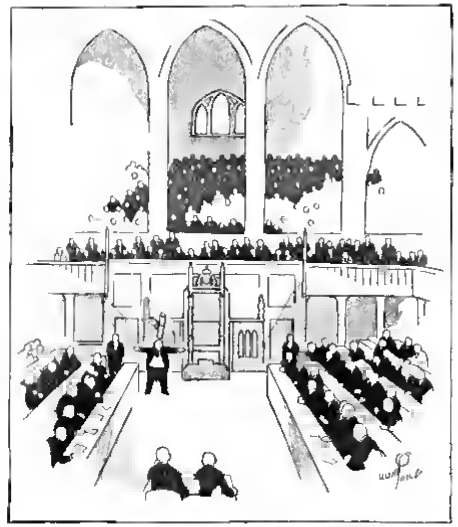
"You're—I hate he-man" Besides it isn't the word it isn't at all the word It means just this kind of shot you aren't You're a—a masculine character Sutton Other men want to please women they let women dominate them you don't. You've tried to and you can't. You do what you think is important You go your own way where there's work to be done And it isn't like you to let important things get clutched in a fist of punk emotion. I tell you it just doesn't fit—"

"Wait, he put in. "Let me think I can see

Something in what she had said seemed to clarify his mind There were two matters here; they were distinct, must be kept apart His romantic hopes of Madeleine were ending in hopeless revulsion That was not to be talked about It lay in a dark, recess of his thoughts Its later effect on him he could hardly foresee. Meanwhile that other desire, bitter and romantic that had to do with uncompromising work in spite of every degrading force reasserted.

Where would Bill have gone by now?

I imagine, she said "he's just taking a long tramp We might cut him off at Georgica, she suggested



—Drawn for *Maclean's* by Lloyd Brice

**Momentous Episodes: No. 1—Balancing the Budget.**

WHERE THE ROAD met the shore and curved off between a lily pond and a Coast Guard station she stopped a few minutes later A path led them to a look-out box on the edge of the sand bluffs from this they caught sight of Bill coming toward them on his return way Leaving Ann for the moment Sutton went down the steps and waited

Bill advanced to within two or three paces and stopped.

"Well?" he enquired

"Something more to say And you," Sutton asserted will believe it."

Why?"

He shrugged "Lying would be too moronic a business to suit me or you just now Anyhow you're not much sold on your theory that I'm 'clever' You don't think so much of it"

Bill thought that over and blinked stonily At length he gave a curt nod.

"Shoot he said noncommittally

What you'll have to understand" Sutton stated "is that there is no affair No intrigue Particularly there is no intrigue You'll realize then that my concern with you and the work was just what it appeared to be He paused, then went on "That ought to clear the air between us but when you and me—Madeleine we won't discuss. As it happens Madeleine and I haven't any remaining contact.

What's the point of this? Bill put in. If you like I'll admit you seem to believe what you're saying What then? What's your interest?

"The bout of course

Bill's lip curled. "What bout?"

Very well negate then. Your V-24 I'd like to go on with that Even more I'd hate to see you drop it. Can't you understand?" he added more tensely "Your light—not light if you don't mind my getting in it—is against Slee The issue is quite simple—are you going to finish off a swell job, or is he going to stop you? So let him has you"

"Yes and does that burn me up?"

Ann had joined them she came and stood beside Bill and he absently dropped one arm about her shoulders.

Well she said as if this meeting were quite casual "Sutton must have some idea by this time, I should hope Let's go back to the car and he can tell us about it, and we can quell it apart.

Her suggestion was followed by an interval of suspense tense uncertainty on the part of Bill Finally he nodded let himself be drawn along In silence they climbed the ladder like steps and got into the seat of the roadster Ann driving took a back road to town.

It was difficult at first to talk to a man wrapped in icy reserve Sutton declining to make any further appeal adopted a tone that was impersonal rather didactic.

*Continued on page 36*





Troops crossing Qu'Appelle River 1885.

# THE WANING HERDS

By NORBERT WELSH, as told to Mary Weekes

CONCLUSION

THE HALF-BREEDS spoke through the door and asked me the amount of supplies I had on hand I told them it was none of their business. They told me that I would have to hand things out when White Cap came along I said that White Cap was my best friend and to bring him along

White Cap had some of his band with him but most of the crowd were half-breeds. I told him I would give no supplies to the half-breeds and if they wanted to fight I was ready White Cap replied that I had always had a strong heart then he told the crowd to go home and come again in the morning and treat me in a decent way ask for things, not demand them This they did

Now I was aware that the rebellion was in progress so the night before, fearing that my stores would be seized I got my brother-in-law Frank Boyer who was working for me but knew nothing of Riel's movements, to help me hide my ammunition flour and other supplies

Next morning the same crowd came back and White Cap asked if I was going to give them my goods I asked him if he had an order from anyone to get supplies Vermette and Carriere said that Gabriel Dumont and Maxime Lepine had given them very definite orders to seize my stores and in addition to that they were to take me prisoner

Ho-ho Vermette You haven't got me yet" I laughed

They had to have food for the troops They said Well they seized everything I had loadstuffs cattle and horses. I asked Vermette why he would pay me for this stuff He said they had been told to tell me that if the half-breeds won they would pay if they lost the Government would pay I couldn't do anything I was only one man against a crowd I could easily have shot a dozen or so of those men before they had time to move but what was the use?

Vermette and Carriere decided after sending the others on with my stuff to take me prisoner They wanted me to hitch up and go right away with them. I told them I would not go until the next morning These men were a little afraid of me I could have shot them both but I didn't. They were under Dumont's orders. I thought I would go with them see what was going on

We started next morning and over took the brigade about a mile south of Saskatoon Soon a rider came galloping up. He wanted to know where Welsh was I harnessed my team fed and hitched me that Mayor Deanes of Saskatoon wanted me right away. He carried a flag from the mayor I told him I was a prisoner but would speak to the two headmen of this brigade Trottier and White Cap

I showed Trottier the letter and he said that we would have to see White Cap. White Cap said he would agree to let me go if Trottier would Trottier said I could go on one condition that I let two of his men go with me to hear what Deanes had to say

### Saving Saskatoon

WE MOUNTED our horses and galloped to the town Hall in Saskatoon My guards were invited to sit in the second row of seats from the platform. Deanes drew me aside to talk I told my guards that I would be right back. Deanes asked me if I knew how the rebellion was going I told him I had not heard any details

He said a policeman had been shot dead at Duck Lake that Captain Moore of Prince Albert had got two legs broken, that two Indians had been shot dead and that Gabriel Dumont's brother and cousin had been shot dead I told him they must be having a rebellion in earnest He replied that things looked bad that he had sent for me to talk things over



Regina, 1884.

He asked me to step into another room with him My guards did not follow He showed me stacks of repeating rifles and a great supply of ammunition then told me that he had strict orders from the Government not to let White Cap's brigade go through because some of White Cap's Indians had complained that they were being forced into the rebellion by the half breeds

Now there were two bosses in this brigade White Cap was boss of the Indians and Trottier of the half breeds Deanes asked me how he could find out whether the Indians were being forced into the rebellion and if I could help him without getting myself into bother he asked I said

Mr Deanes if you will go with me we will soon find out But not tonight. We all want a good sleep We will see about it in the morning You understand there are two brigades White Cap's and Trottier's They will have to go right through the town of Saskatoon You will take one side of the road I will take the other When they enter the town we will call a halt then ask each man if he is being forced into the rebellion"

"You are a great man I knew you would be able to advise and help that is why I sent for you. Deanes said

I asked Deanes which side of the road he would take He answered that he spoke no Sioux and only a little French I told him he could be a half-breed next day and I would be a Sioux I asked him if anybody in town could speak Sioux and said if there was he should be secured to act as my interpreter with White Cap

Deanes answered

No. But I have faith in what you say Welsh

That decided the thing We returned to the hall I called to my guards and we returned in camp.

Trottier and White Cap were waiting for me I told them what Deanes had said that orders had come from the Government to stop White Cap and his brigade which alarmed that the half breeds were coming them to join Riel

White Cap declared that the rumor was not true and he and his band would go through that nobody would stop him Then I said

The White Cap I will walk with you Follow in the town You will be on one side of the road. If you give each man of your brigade permission to go through each house I will tell him to go through It will be the same

*Continued on page 38*

# City of Calgary

By ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE



Top: Calgary as it is today
Inset: Fort Calgary in 1875

RIDE 'ER COWBOY!
Let 'er buck
Station C A L G A R Y
Calgary—whose traditional welcome has ever been "Hello stranger! Light an' eat."

Toronto doesn't give us a pain, although it does cramp our style in cutting street corners. We admit the suave hauteur of fascinating Montreal. We view with alarm the exsanguination of Winnipeg and Vancouver makes us sleepy. But after weaving a pleasant holiday through these distinctive Canadian cities like homing pigeons we return to our own turbulent little City of the Foothills wholly content that we have chosen the best place in Canada to make our home.

Yes turbulent and exhilarating is the life here yet a haven of rest even to the Prime Minister of Canada when he comes home—possibly the only large city in the country where he can walk up the street in unofficial freedom with only a hearty handshake from an old friend and a "Hello R B How's the world using you?"

With the whole wide realm of Canada from which to choose did not His Royal Highness, Edward Prince of Wales pick this district for his rural Canadian home? Here too he relaxes in unofficial freedom far from the battery of cameras and corner stone ceremonies, among neighbors who scrupulously respect his desire to merge for a brief time into obscurity.

### City of the Unexpected

CALGARY too might be called the city of the unexpected. We never know what may happen next. Indeed much of the charm of living here lies in this fact. More than most cities we are dominated by the forces of nature and each season brings its own hazards and its critics.

In the middle of winter on a very cold Sunday, over the air comes word to gas consumers that something has gone wrong at the gas plant and to "stand by" for further developments. Further warnings come every few minutes, and for an afternoon the citizens revel in the excitement of something that is menacing them.

Then there are the grand spring floods, when the Bow and the Elbow Rivers like two well known old citizens, "break out," go on a rampage, do all sorts of damage and provide the most sedate Calgarians with their cherished spring thrill. These two old "pals" exhilarated by a few cloud bursts in the mountains, "meet up" in Calgary for their periodical "bust."

For years the city fathers have sat in weighty council meetings discussing ways and means of controlling these old timers. River channels have been deepened, breast works have been thrown up, walls built and islands cut away. Experts from everywhere have been consulted. Finally the great achievement of the four-million-dollar Glenmore dam on the Elbow River preceded a few years by the Ghost River dam on the Bow River was declared the last word in protection.

Came springtime in the Rockies last year. For three days it rained with a few extra cloud-bursts in Banff for good measure. The two old pals became restless. They began to join forces. The more it rained the wilder grew the night.

The citizens of Calgary long trained for these situations, arise *en masse* to meet them. Business and housekeeping are suspended and the whole town goes flooding. Those not actively engaged in rescue work occupy strategic points and speculate. The oft-expressed wish that the waters will fall is the merest lip service for deep in their hearts they nurture the thought. What a thrill it would be if the Glenmore dam should burst. Oh boy, what a flood!

Short of a battlefront nothing exceeds the dramatic moments of the occasion. Aided and abetted by the radio and telephone facts and rumors fly thick and fast. The Bow is rising with great rapidity. People are fleeing from their river front homes. Airplanes have been commandeered to watch the Ghost River dam forty miles away and if anything happens to warn the city. Anxious eyes are watching the heavens. Do not be alarmed at the sound of guns. It is the signal to open the flood gates at the Glenmore dam. Be calm if fifteen minutes later the Elbow takes a sudden rise. It is to be expected.

A great crowd motors out to the Glenmore dam at the city limits. They watch the mighty waters of the once docile little Elbow hurl themselves high into the air as they batter ruthlessly the concrete structure. They all feel the ground tremble, but the dam holds. Slowly the rivers recede and once again the city is saved.

As in no other city in Canada we watch the gathering of the clouds, for all carry weal or woe. There is the ominous streaky cloud that portends a devastating hail storm. The black thunder cloud that means a deluge which in a very few minutes ruins for motor traffic the all too-prevalent dirt roads leading to the city. We watch too those first August nights when there are no clouds, when there is the tang of early frost, and the wheat is in the milk and our gardens at the height of summer richness and beauty.

We attune ourselves to the shifting of the breezes. "The north wind doth blow and we shall have snow" is no nursery rhyme to us and this is sometimes followed by a three-day blizzard our most spectacular kind which generally is staged in the month of May. We know that when the clouds mass together in the southwestern sky in a great triumphal arch and the sun goes down in a blaze of color it is the Chinook arch which heralds the soft warm southwest wind that in the space of a few hours the thermometer may rise sixty degrees that the snow on the streets will be running water. Again everyone will acclaim "There's no place like sunny Southern Alberta." We have our daily dust storms during spring-cleaning time, when crop seeds are blown from the ground and the soil

*Continued on page 30*




As Madonna more stirringly Beautiful than *nine years ago*.. Lady Diana Manners says

*"I depend entirely on the creams I chose then"*





**In 1924**

Lady Diana Manners, when she first appeared in "The Miracle." Famed as the most beautiful woman of English aristocracy, Lady Diana said: "I know that every woman can effectively accomplish loveliness by using Pond's Two Creams."

**Today**

Loving audiences are again spellbound by the still beauty, more moving than ever, of Lady Diana Manners, now Lady Diana Duff-Cooper as she plays the famous rôle of Madonna in the recent London revival of "The Miracle."

"CONTRARY to common belief, women on the stage seek the simplest methods to care for their skin," Lady Diana Duff-Cooper speaks with disarming British candor.

"After all," she declares, "good care of your skin consists only in cleansing it thoroughly with a pure cream, and always protecting it."

That surprises you. As you look at the exquisite loveliness of Lady Diana's complexion you imagine that she uses many secret and expensive formulas for beauty.

***Uses Just Two Creams***

"It was in America when I first opened in 'The Miracle' that I discovered Pond's Two Creams. From that time on I have been positively devoted to them.

"I use Pond's Cold Cream *constantly* (day and night and always after exposure) to cleanse my skin—and it removes make-up perfectly. Also when am a face feels tired a generous patting of Pond's Cold Cream revives and stimulates it.

"And the Vanishing Cream is a hope fulfilled. I should feel lost without it. It is such a glorious foundation for cosmetics. And never do I expose my skin in any climate without first smoothing it on. It is the most enchanting, most protective cream I have ever known. I am always preaching its wonderful efficacy."

Lady Diana Manners adds: "I am delighted with Pond's new Face Powder. Almost unbelievable—no exquisite a powder at so moderate a price!"

*Lady Diana Manners uses Pond's Cold Cream*—"To cleanse the skin thoroughly of all foreign particles after every exposure.

"To remove all traces of cosmetics from face and hands.

*She uses Pond's Vanishing Cream.* "Always a non-greasy foundation for make-up. It is simply perfect and holds the powder like nothing else.

Before every sport and every exposure.

"To smooth chapped and roughened skin if I have been careless.

"Almost every day to keep my hands and arms soft and white."



*Pond's Famous Creams and New Face Powder*

*Many take Englishwomen use and praise Pond's simple way to beauty. Among them:*
*The Marchioness of Carisbrooke*
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# Mickey Mouse Film Is Costly

*A Seven-minute Picture Employs 125 People Ten Weeks and is Very Complicated*

ANDREW R. BOONE

MOTION PICTURE audiences who have enjoyed the antics of Mickey Mouse on the screen will be interested in an explanation by Andrew R. Boone, in *Scientific American*, of how this character is made so amazingly lifelike. He states:

"When that amusing mite of the screen, Mickey Mouse, cavorts through his antics, whistling, talking and sometimes singing, he does it to the rhythm of a predetermined mechanical beat. Strictly speaking, Mickey's dad, Walt Disney, furnishes the voice. He substitutes for the vocal cords of the movie character which he has created and which has become as well known and as popular as the brightest stars.

"In order to achieve perfect synchronism of sound and picture in the production of these cartoons a mechanical beater is employed to carry a definite rhythm throughout the work. You, sitting in your comfortable theatre seat, do not hear the flirring beat, but without it the smoothness of the action might be interrupted by lack of synchronism. The mechanical beater consists of a motor that drives a series of contacts which interrupt a buzzer circuit. The beats so produced are delivered to headphones where they are audibly reproduced to guide the makers of the cartoons in many of the essential steps.

"Since sound pictures run at a standard rate of ninety feet per minute the tempo for sound cartoon production is developed in terms of film frames per second.

"The voices given to the tiny animals of the cartoon cannot be separated in production from the music and other sound effects. Pluto the Pup may sniff in response to Mickey's command, but the sniff comes on say the twenty-fourth note of the mechanical beater. Some member of the orchestra, at the time playing background music, counts the buzzes as they reach him through earphones and on the twenty-fourth inhales through one nostril. This inhalation, performed within a few inches of a microphone, corresponds with the exact frame on the picture where the hound begins to sniff. Later the sound track and completed picture are double-printed and sniff and picture match perfectly.

"Voices, music and sound effects are recorded simultaneously. In the case of a dialogue sequence, where the action requires both sound and lip action, this is pre-scored. Then the sequence is studied to determine where each vowel and consonant occur. From this an exposure sheet is prepared for the animators, who prepare thousands of drawings for each picture. The exposure sheet shows the animator where the mouth is to open, when it is to close and when the musical and final sounds occur.

"We always keep in mind the definite rhythm of music," Mr. Disney explained, "even though the rhythm varies from time to time in the picture. We always score the background music before the picture is finished. Before we go into production we know the music to be used, the tempo and exact number of bars of each phrase to be played. Were we to finish the picture first it would be impossible to bring the sound effects, voices and music into perfect synchronization.

"So, from the beginning, each step in the making of a movie sound cartoon is taken with scientific accuracy. At the outset a 'gag' meeting is held attended by the studio staff. At this meeting a general idea of the picture to be produced is formulated and discussed. Suggestions as to story plot, development, comedy gags, music and sound effects are talked over and either elaborated upon or discarded according to their merits. Music appropriate to that action is suggested and played. In this manner a sketchy outline of a story is finally built up, as an idea of the appropriate music and sound effects to accompany it.

"After the idea, plot, gags, music and sound effects have been decided upon, a complete scenario is written in continuity form, covering the story. This scenario is subsequently broken down into individual scenes for the various artists or animators. These individual scenes are then distributed to each artist, and each and every separate scene, so distributed, carries a particular continuity of action which the animator or artist is to portray or draw. The sheet upon which the action or scene is described is termed an instruction sheet.

"When the artist or animator receives from the scenario or story department the particular scene he is to animate, or draw, complete information regarding the action of the scene to be depicted in that particular portion is described in detail on the instruction sheet. At the same time he is given an exposure sheet. It is on this that the music to fit the action described in the sheet is indicated. The idea of synchronizing musical beats with animated action is purely mathematical," explained William E. Garity, chief engineer for the studio. "We know there are sixteen frames of picture in one foot of film, and this is run in projection at the exact speed of twenty-four frames per second. Therefore, the exposure sheet is laid out in a manner that conforms to a foot of film, which is to say that on this exposure sheet are provided spaces to correspond with frames of film, and sixteen spaces on the exposure sheet represent one foot of film. In other words, one space on the exposure sheet represents one frame of film.

"It is on this exposure sheet that the music is indicated to fit the action described in the instruction sheet. Each beat of music is placed opposite the particular position of action to which it must correspond when finished. As the spaces on the exposure sheet account for every frame of film, a separate drawing, or combination of drawings, must be made for every space. Therefore, each space is numerically numbered in consecutive order, and whenever a certain position of action is to correspond with a particular beat of music and sound effect, a musical symbol is placed on that numbered space on the exposure sheet opposite the particular position of corresponding action. Thus the action, music, voices and sound effects are tied together."

As the artists complete the animation of the action, their drawings are then traced or inked on to transparent celluloid sheets and subsequently painted. These celluloid sheets are then photographed a frame at a time in numerical sequence against an appropriate background which gives the picture its depth and character. As the cameraman can only photograph one frame at a time, he carefully checks the action back to the exposure sheet to see that each frame of action is photographed exactly as is shown on the sheet.

Furthermore, when the exposure sheets are first made up, the musician writes the music and sound effects to conform to the tempo or beats as shown thereon, his musical measure being numbered to correspond to the spaces on the exposure sheet. In this manner each measure is recorded on a piece of sound film in exactly the same place on the film as the action to which it must correspond will be on the corresponding picture film when completed.

"To ensure accuracy of tempo and unison of time for the entire orchestra, the mechanical beat is transmitted to each individual or in some instances to the director alone. Under such circumstances he stands within a tiny room, looking at the orchestra through a glass window and hearing their music.

Meantime Mr. Disney and his vocal assistants stand near the several microphones, their instruction sheets in hand. On the indicated beat one may cluck like a hen, another may yowl like a dog.




Brightening Prospects.

# Polish Corridor Is Danger Zone

*A Constant Bone of Contention, This Territory May Cause War Eventually*

NEW YORK *TIMES*

SINCE THE RISE of Hitler to power in Germany the possibility of trouble arising over the Polish Corridor looms large. Germany has never ceased to demand that this strip of land which gives Poland an outlet to the sea and separates Germany proper from East Prussia, should be returned to her, and Poland is just as firm in her determination that it shall not be returned. Commenting on this dangerous situation the New York *Times* states:

"Although no German Government has ever designated officially the part of the Corridor which Germany wishes to have returned it is usually considered to be the former territory of West Prussia stretching from the Baltic southward and including the Netze River district. It is in the main an agricultural region of not exceptional fertility. In the centre the Tuchola heath removes much of the district from profitable cultivation. There and near the coast approximately 100,000 Kaschubes, an old Slavic group Catholic in religion and speaking a Polish dialect, continue to live untouched by economic progress and modern currents of life. These people always sent Polish representatives to the German Reichstag in pre-war days.

"Until 1919 the German population predominated in the cities and towns in the south. Today the situation has changed entirely. Hundreds of thousands of Germans have migrated to Germany either voluntarily or under Polish pressure. Many great German landowners have had to sell their possessions. A Polish wave has rolled over the territory since 1919 and today out of a population of more than a million ninety per cent are Polish-speaking.

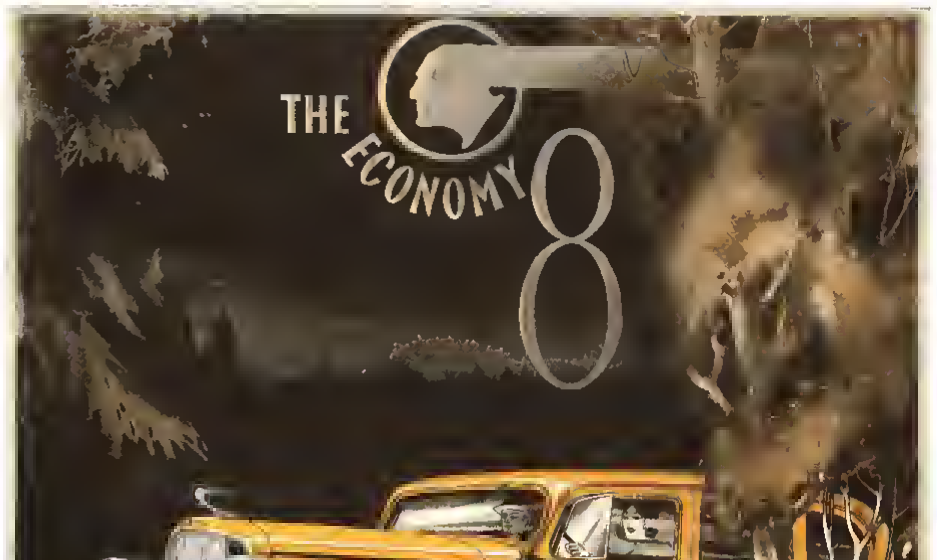
"A new science of political archaeology has arisen in both Poland and Germany to prove that Slavs and not Germanic peoples or Germanic peoples and not Slavs were the original inhabitants of this unassuming district whose boundaries have been extended into the chancelleries of Europe.

"The Pole asks the outside world if it is just to deprive a nation of 32,000,000 of an outlet to the sea for the sake of connecting 2,500,000 East Prussians with the rest of the Reich. Are not 32,000,000 people more important than the 2,500,000 who in addition to the port of Konigsberg and a long sea coast have rail facilities through the Corridor? Is it not to the advantage of Central Europe and countries in commercial exchange with it to prevent a German monopoly of all the harbors between Emden and Memel?

"From the German aspect the Corridor question assumes entirely different proportions. De-Germanization of the territory since 1919 is a poor moral argument for right of possession in German eyes. Worse than all 1,000,000 Germans have been shut up in Danzig and 2,000,000 separated from the remainder of the country by a strip of land about 100 kilometers in width.

"On the coast the situation in East Prussia is not enviable. Despite the sea connection with Germany its existence is threatened in the event of war in Eastern Europe. All transit over the Corridor would cease in the moment of danger. Polish aviators and the Polish Army could advance into East Prussia, which is to a great extent devoid of modern defensive weapons as a result of the disarmament stipulation of the Treaty of Versailles. East Prussia has been living under constant tension since 1919. German defensive propaganda has had the negative effect of increasing alarm. Money invested in East Prussia is considered unsafe, interest charges are high and inhabitants emigrate to other parts of the Reich.




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★ *Stars indicate features especially asked for by Canadian motorists.*

PONTIAC

STRAIGHT EIGHT

# Cup Racer

*Continued from page 14*

The hull of a cup racer he began by saying was not of the first importance All the radical developments now were in the engines the big surprises in hulls was sprung long ago in the famous Dixie dynasty and *the days of Ankle Deep* Now all racing hulls were hydroplanes, all basically alike, although one might be more fortunate than others in the sense that the same might be true of bob-sleds or soup spoons. *Pooh Two's* single-stepper while very sweet was not extraordinary, but her twenty four cylinder engine was. The two had made a beautifully integrated boat and all that, and it was a shame the combination had been broken up, but

The point was, *Pooh II* with an engine bought haphazard last week by Slee would be a boat of no significance, but any hull in the Gold Cup conventions powered by the Lombard V 24 would be a cup racer of tremendous possibilities. In short, the guy who owned that engine owned a boat

That's what you think Bill interrupted 'because you're no engine guy But a boat's gotta have a hull That's what floats the engine If it wasn't for the hull, the works would get all wet. And you don't find Gold Cup hulls lying round for sale as old metal

'No? I thought that liar and then I got past that. I can get a hull in a hurry I think. it belongs to a chap in Red Bank. I built it and sank it for Slee. He fished it up and sold it and—

Pooh the One!

That's the beast

The Lombard family curse will chase me,' said Bill 'till I see that twenty four cylindered calamity pushing some sort of scow Man, can you get that hull? Buy it, steal it, get it somehow?

I'm sure of it. Just new there's an ant al-date motor in it—two hundred and forty horses with nearly the weight of your four hundred odd thing that has to come out. And of course it's nothing wonderful that hull. It's a multi-step thing it's my design, it's a couple of years old and it looks like—hm? What's the matter, brat? Your face is as long as an anteater's.

Leaks. Darling Sutton, leaks? Not leaks.

'Oh—h, don't let that bother you They more or less all do

'On account of how they hang them up Bill explained. But when a hydro rides on her steps with only a few inches under water a few leaks don't hurt.

FRESH EAGERNESS found its way into Bill's voice His private life was in fog of hectic emotion and petty intrigue He turned from it wearily at first and then with a wistful sort of happiness, to his world of engines and craft where things were what they seemed and the life he gave them could be seen in definite and living response.

He was quite himself saying:

Well—let's get hot on it Hi! where are you going? Three-Mile Harbor?

'Not going to Three-Mile Harbor said Ann. She had parked out a narrow yellow lane that dipped and wound through its grand woods.

'You are too Sign said Three Mile Harbor three miles in something I saw it

Don't care what it said. This road doesn't go any place It's just a lot of right turns.

Aren't women the devil? demanded Bill 'They argue with you till they haven't got a leg left, then they say I don't care.

To Ann he wailed We want to go to Montauk!

I'm not women' said Ann The road turned right again dipped and came out at the Montauk Highway well beyond East Hampton.

'The brat.' Sutton sighed 'is always right'

I'm no brat,' she told him, 'and one of these days I may show you where I bury my dead

Never mind your dead We want to get to Montauk In a hurry Step on it

'Why do we want to get to Montauk?

That now that he came to think of it Bill didn't exactly know He had a lot of thinking to do, and he could think better at Montauk In the first place, Sutton had to get over to Red Bank in no time at all Five hours to New York get across town get a train out in the Penn.—it would run into days. Steve Brackett and a plane though an amphibian

England Amphibian ' Sutton decided. 'I've flown it. If we can get it I can sit down in the fellow's backyard in an hour and a half

Bill's face glowed Meanwhile, he would get hold of the race committee and another boat well and a bunch of the dear old lads with wrenches And while he was doing that he would get on long distance and snaffle the biggest Lombard truck in the district around Red Bank. And in between times had a talk to City Island and the Lombard plant

At six o'clock with plenty of daylight left, Sutton took off in a southeast wind quarter-circled the lake and high tailed for the mouth of the Shrewsbury in the North Jersey coast Before midnight *Pooh the One* was rolling east At breakfast time next day he dropped Steve's plane at its moorings. In the forenoon the hull arrived

'Well well!' said Bill with satisfaction. 'The old *mastra*

Ann's spirits spurned the earth at sight of the seasoned hydroplane It was interesting to wooden what she had expected An echo of his first pride in that hull returned to Sutton The dull gleaming beauty in rich wooden and the delicate minutiae in workmanship were reminiscent of Duncan Phyfe, but the shape itself was rakish and exciting The eye irresistibly was drawn to the sinuous curves of the low the streamlined hood, the vanishing sweep of nine the startling occurrences of transverse steps Here was the same impression of wild energy in stilled impatience that *Pooh II* had given and a harder quality of will

It rides rather low and level Sutton said a trifle diffidently 'It's best point is it'll turn on a dime

'And then what I mean, is a point

And it doesn't look leakish' Ann declared

'My good kid will you forget this leakish?'

'The engine we've got' said Sutton, 'would drive a boat made of slats, like a lobster pot

Who'll drive? In the race Take it Suttt?

'What a look!'' exclaimed Ann 'Darling Sutton's face gets a look on it when he thinks of driving in the Gold Cup. Isn't that quite strange?

'No.' said Bill

'Well anyway—I told you he had an idea I think it's elegant. Even if it does leak. Isn't there some kind of something you stop them up with? Hokum or something?

'No,' said Bill. 'We don't want ideas stopped up with hokum

Do we use the same name this boat has now if it has one? Or get a new one? Or not? Or what?

Nobody knows,' Bill returned 'Now that's settled Ho-hum. Going to be a filthy chore. We've got about a week and we'd better lay our cars back, and '

THUS BEGAN labor on the new Lombard entry *Ho-Hum* Days and nights merged in the harsh light of the hanging mill bulbs men hammered and strained and swore in a modernistic bedlam the work progressed under the constant threat of the advancing date. *Ho-Hum* was put in the water and tried experimentally and pulled out for drastic changes daily Social affairs were beginning to revolve about the classic racing event a Gold Cup dinner luncheons and teas aboard yachts in Fort Pond Bay and shallower draught pleasure craft in the lake. Sanford Slee had ordered in his fifty foot power cruiser—which is inevitably referred to as a yacht—and gave cocktail parties.

Sutton stayed on the job rather silent and moody Madeleine always was with him as a formless emotion; endless thoughts of her moved through his mind without any resolution She was like a charm a figure hall evoked in the strings, effaced by the winds and brasses only to re-emerge haunting and dangerous, in sharper counterpoint

Ann's puzzled eyes saw that this was so She was curious, though with an odd passionate restraint, and solicitous.

What is it? she impulsively demanded when she found him frowning and abstracted during a lull in affairs one afternoon. 'Madeleine? Can't you stop Sutton?'

'No, no,' he disclaimed 'Nothing I was just—wool gathering'

'Do you have to be like this with me? Can't you even tell me things?'

He made a disturbed gesture of consent.

'I'm Madeleine of course. I hate to feel this way and I try to think, and it won't come out any other way What she did was rotten. Dishonorable, I mean. It made her—different

What is honorable? ''

He looked up

' What is it?

' It's not cheating at cards," she told him. 'It's not kicking your gall bull. Because if anybody could ankle then bull out of a hole in any time, there'd hardly be any point in playing golf If there is anyhow' Or it's fighting a duel over silly words or a silly woman. I mean it's always a big fuss over nothing much. I mean, it's a sort of etiquette, to make useless things worth while at all. '

'You don't say! I imagine you figuring all that out! Go on about it.'

I mean' she struggled on, 'honor is never mixed up with anything important. Wars and finance and art aren't cricket. Nobody's quite honorable about the thing they think is important. And women in love aren't honorable about love. It's too important to be played by little rules. They sweep things out of their way Love's like the spring or the sun' it can't wait

She stopped distressed, certain that her argument had fallen down

Well anyhow she cried "I don't believe Madeleine planned to be rotten You and she were supposed to be terribly in love and then what did you do but go and fall for an engine

You get all that? You don't miss much do you?'

'Oh' And then one day when she was hurt and mad after the way he'd said it, let her down—then suddenly had a chance to sweep that engine aside with a word And naturally she didn't stop to think she just acted it

'Well!' he exclaimed as the concluded her defense 'I'm glad you brought them up You make me feel better different about everything

She scanned his face doubtfully.

'You're making fun of me.'

'N no. I should say not

A new quality admiration for want of a better word—had informed his cold affection for Ann She drove with him every day now and he often marvelled that her slight body could hold a nerve of such potentiality She took the wheel and felt him free to watch the engine and the way she could call on it—and gun *Ho-Hum* out of the skids was hair-raising Shi could sweep down the course at full throttle doing seventy miles an hour and then pull *Ho-Hum* around the short turn without going a yard too far If he, Sutton mused had given the hull a certain hard recklessness, and Bill had given the engine fidelity then it was equally true that the cup racer as a whole must have the exquisite mettle of Ann.

And Sutton— she was saying persistent. 'You haven't seen Madeleine since —the blow-off, and I wondered Because there's no reason why you shouldn't She realizes now she made a mistake—

'A sort of mistake,' he nodded

She shot him a quizzical look but went on

'She never knew how upset you were. And she feels now that it was all just a little unpleasantness that has blown over

'I want to see her' he agreed 'I must. After all—' Then he put both hands on Ann's slim shoulders. 'Think hard and don't guess, and then tell me! Could you manage *Ho-Hum* in the race? Take the throttle?'

'Where would you be?'' in alarm

'Oh, right there. With you. Acting as mechanic

'Mechanician,' Bill corrected 'among them Let's have a little of the King's English Let's have more action and less shouting about here. Let's have—a drink What's up wind?'

They told him

'I do think I could' Ann answered very solemnly 'We practised I've trained hard. And I can feel just how *Ho-Hum* is going every second.'

What about the other guys' wash? In a race you know the course gets into a mean chop From a plane you'd see the whole two miles and a half all white water a big white oval

'I know I could take care of that.'

'For all we know' Bill pointed out, 'Jeanne may be a handicap in this game. I'd take a chance on her. She's a natural.

Ann gave him a far-away smile The decision, while it pleased her left her rather grave. She seemed preoccupied and her glance, when it returned to Sutton was more perplexed than before their talk

The race was very near now and all absorbing

The famous Gold Cup was ornate and shaped like a Civil War admiral's hat, inverted It was commonly said to be nothing but sterling silver but the citations around its pedestal were the history of pioneering in the realm of high speed on the water from the day when twenty miles an hour was a fast pace to the present. The first incredible appearance of the step-hydroplanes was there recorded And there was traced the unflagging development of power The chronicle of sportsmanship made the Gold Cup race a sort of New World Derby

Nowadays there were many other races—sweepstakes, brilliant meetings—but none with quite the same distinguished traditions. There were faster trails of late years than these 45 boats—Harmsworth Trophy contestants of unlimited cost and stupendous power that made a hundred miles and more an hour but the Gold Cup racers were class in a field that admits of but purity of meaning and within their stringent limits they were the last cry without peer in their delicate perfection

SO ON THIS turquoise and gold mid-August afternoon, all Montauk was agog Crowds lined the lake shores and the yacht club and the pleasure craft in all degrees that lay at anchorage near the short turn wore gala attire. Seaplanes clattered overhead Of a dozen scheduled entrants four of the fragile craft were already casualties—after who knew what weeks of toil and hope! But eight came to the line at three o'clock for the start of the first thirty-mile heat

Skimming for position there they were seen for a brief interval as slender glittering shapes in rather random motion *Lochinvar* come to capture the Cup for the West and looking as if she might the veteran *Hanky-Panky* present record holder and out to keep it; *Shamshaka* from inland waters, rumored to have streamlining secrets the others as a whole must have the exquisite mettle of Ann.

*Continued on page 32*




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33 LS

LISTEN IN TO THE ABSORBING WESTINGHOUSE RADIO MYSTERY DRAMA EACH TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY EVENING!

*Continued from page 30*

lovely new *Miss Ruth* a question mark Steve Brakett's grand old skiff *Alruna* a little slow for this year *Invincible* Eugene Tash's freak apparently staking salt coal Sunbird Slee's *Pooh II* looking very sweet Carmichael driving And the new Lombard boat *Ho-Hum* with a girl at the wheel and a man with a grave alert face beside her

Sudden and galvanic action.

The competitive boat flagged bulls across the line but what spectators aboard the gay flotilla saw was an apparition sweeping down the course, the curved path of an invisible typhoon etched in spindrift. The dull boom of the gun floated over the scene The mad beat and throbbed with exhaustis. Then the disturbance resolved itself into eight more or less distinct local discarnate speed

At first only trained observers could see the identifying lines of different boats through shower of spray But *Hanky-Panky* broke away was leading with *Lochinvar* snorting at her heels *Ho-Hum* and *Pooh II* tearing the course to ribbons behind them. The rest of the fleet the slower boats and the poor starts, strung along astern This was definitely the order at the thrilling short turn of the first lap when Carmichael dropped into fourth bothered by the wash Thus they ran, slightly widening their leads till the eighth lap. *Invincible* had dropped now gallant *Lochinvar* veered off the course in a pall of smoke her mechanic fighting flames with an extinguisher

The contest for Sutton Gage was a complex emotion The roar and power and vibration the dense rush of wind and water intoxicated him gave at once a winged god's sense of blithe suspension and a heightened sensitiveness al mood. Ann's narrow instep her small scuffed sport shoe so firm on the throttle poignantly moved him at one instant In the next he wanted to shout, and probably did in admiration as she shot *Ho-Hum* around the buoys in a pyramidal chop without spilling over an inch Excited yet abnormally clear-headed, he was simultaneously aware of instruments, of the motor's pitch and rhythms, the symmetry of the wake astern, the fierce gyr and take of inches between *Ho-Hum* and her nearer adversaries. But through all these concerns he was enthralled by a dynamic and pervasive beauty

The sensation was comparable only to great music The conductor of a great orchestra with the power of a hundred instruments at his fingertips, and a vast scale of musical emotion for his mood might know it The climax was a string that he signed to Ann for a *diminuendo* when she gave an extra burst on the gun

They finished in second *Lochinvar* here de combat *Hanky Panky* last with a last average of 55 16 miles an hour Fastest lap 57.21 by *Lochinvar* not so good *Pooh II* losing distance on the turns, came up third. Then others finished.

But Sutton' Ann was protesting Wr never were going at speed You

At the bend well he drew her aside away from the confusion with a firm arm about her shoulders. *Ho-Hum* was drawn up being rebuffed--recoiled minutely overhauled for the next heat.

It's all right he told her It a grand Darling you drove a beautiful heat Now we re set. Now we know what it a all about The next heat is going to be a killer There was no good in our risking a tail-shaft in that one He bent down, his lips hovering close to her bright head and talked in terse, sure sentences. "Now here's the dope

Slee s boat simply couldn t take the wash. Unless *Pook* got out in front and stayed there, she hadn t a chance Sir hadn t anyway but Slee thought differently So Slee Carmichael, that was would break his neck to be first over the line

He'll even take a chance on beating the gun. So don t let him bother you sweetie. Watch Milholland—*Hanky-Panky* the old hand-le-nose. Never mind Carmichael We'll take care of him.

He would watch the show Ann would hold the tach on 3,500 till he gave her the word Then—full throttle—everything—let her ride!

ANN WAS NOT taking chances of being pulled over After the warning for the second heat she closely trailed Milholland while Sutton held the watch A second *before*, the starting gun Carmichael was off to starboard gunning *Pook II* for the line with all she had Then the unexpected

*Hanky Panky* off to another lead was seen to balk and settle In my instant she had dropped astern her engine conked out Carmichael's course had been convergent Now he abruptly sheered in—through accident design or nerves—cutting obliquely across Ann's bows, and roared across the line close to the buoys. to take the lead on the inside lane Ann gasped and went taut at the wheel *Ho-Hum* h t the vicious wash at speed leaped bawling almost out of water and came down with a slam that strained every plank in her forward steps. Then she straightened out with a furious toss of her nose Sutton gave a wild laugh.

There seemed to be live of them *Pook II* four lengths in front then *Ho-Hum*, two other boats then *Hanky-Panky*, with way on again but making poor time.

Ann shot Sutton a look of appeal and he shook his head The five boats swept around the long curve at the wide end of the oval course in parade formation and flashed into the straightaway Halfway down this reach hr gave Ann the word

*Ho-Hum* leaped forward as if from a dead start She seemed to spread her white wings of spray The pitch of her engine soared up to a higher harmonic Her wake was moulded in a high slender ridge—like Ann s instep *Pook II* appeared to come into better focus. They passed her as if she were lying at anchorage For a moment or two she was seen in the singular anomaly of furious forward speed and zero or negative motion static like a painted racer

They reached the turn two lengths ahead. Ann throttled back when she had to, and *Ho-Hum* went around it like a wildcat on a hardwood floor Sutton turned and looked back as they squared off

Will Slee had asked for it when he put that temperamental bull in the race with inadequate power And Carmichael had cred for it when he jugged the inner lane by a start that should have flagged him off Now they had it. Carmichael was in a spot.

*Ho-Hum's* deadly wash boiled around him on the sharp turn. He didn t have to like it, but he had to take it He had arranged that. *Pook II* would skid into it just as surely as shr had way on.

Something Bill had once said flashed through Sutton s mind Referring to *Pook II* Il shr ever gets the wash she'll dig in her chine and go

A startling thing was happening Hr had expected to see *Pook* virtually swamped Instead she seemed to go altogether hay wire off the course at a wild tangent, straight apparently into the ranks of pleasure craft No not that far But her rudder was dead she was out of control, exactly like a plane in another's prop wash Now her rudder had caught. She made a spinner turn in a deluge of spray and her bright collar flashed in the sun Then she seemed to dissolve into the sparkling surface of the lake

Sutton turned back to his instrument panel Ann was grimly keeping *Ho-Hum* s throttle wide open. Hr nodded That was necessary In two minutes they were around again Carmichael and his mechanic had been picked up not as well pleased but unhurt. So much for that For three laps Ann kept the throttle down and the grind went on Then at last she relaxed They subsided through right more to finish a mile and a half ahead of anything else in sight.

Slee announced a spokesman of the race committee, is making a protest and entering charges against you Gage. Anything to say?"

Il he does he ll look like an ass for evermore. He was—

—pitted against—" suggested Bill

—pitted against a more child a little girl.—How old are you?"

Forty-six said Ann wearily

—a little girl of forty-six

"Come on, Gage What about it?

Hr made an important gesture

Wr drove a straight race Carmichael jibbed all over the place. He was cold mutton Don't ask me. You'll have newsreel shots from the sh Figure them out What they say nuts us.

No more was heard officially of Slee s complaint.

Sutton! Was what we did "honorable?

So far as it took les you, absolutely

And you?

Yes. I think so I don t know The fact is, I don't care Never thought about it

Then he remembered hr having said that everybody met circumstances under which the strictly honorable thing seemed trivial Well Madeleine once had He was glad he had sunk Slee He had done it purposely without a qualm Slee was his enemy not a personal one but a symbol of the nagging cheapness that forever harassed the labors al those solitary mortals who believed in the integrity of inanimate things. For once, to a long lasting fight, he had gained a victory Slee knew his *Pook II* now he the botched and hybrid thing she was hr knew too, what she might have been

For Bill and his engine, they had set a salient record for speed over a single lap—67 944 miles an hour! Sutton hoped they would take the Cup for Ann for she had raced in loyalty and purest sportsmanship. But his own part in the play emotionally was over

As for their taking the trophy that appeared a simple certainty Only four boats would start the final heat Of those only one, *Hanky Panky* offered any threat, and her day was past She was a grand old warhorse but finally dated Yes the Cup was certain. Then there would be for mahbes, later a dinner dancing at the club

Abruptly he became aware of being tired Ann, he saw was drooping with fatigue No wonder poor darling! Sixty miles, sixty minutes parked with emergency intense with strain. Thirty yet to be lived through

"Sure you can stand another heat?" he asked her gently

"Oh, yes She looked up at him and smiled Her level brows were not expressive except of candor that always seemed to make her smile the more infuriating

DANCE MUSIC throbbed in and on in its vapid reiterations, and here at this club tonight Sutton had a feeling of being in a hall world of shadows, where individuals were like themselves yet puppet-like—moving yet devoid of passions and volitions. He saw Carmichael and Slee, both urbane, strange in evening dress Here were Madeleine Ann Bill himself the others, smiling and speaking as if there were no emotions below the surface had been no conflicts A strange rarefied atmosphere in which he ceased to think of work Sanford Slee became soft-spoken and Madeleine smiled at love.

Madeleine tonight wore an evening gown of a chartreuse material It appeared to have an artless simplicity but it modelled her figure with hidden sorceries Sutton caught both her hands and held them out, surveying her co wonder

Nr ver " he declared if I live to be ninety-seven Nobody will ever forget you as you are tonight."

Sutton my dear! That sounds like a valedictory

They were dancing they were immaterial shadows of this colored half-world moved by the music s flowing rhythm Words came to them

Now your terrifically important work is over she said When are you going to make love to me—in the moonlight—on a ship s deck—going somewhere far off? Hr voice had a timbre of poetry and gentle mockery

Sir knew the answer as well as he, but she could laugh and dare him to believe she had ever been less light hearted

I think he told him I like to think that you and I are alike We were too much alike, Madeleine. We both want things, if not the same things And we haven't for one similarity rither of us much sense of humor

"Isn t that rather horrible? Not to have one?"

I don't think so It s overrated the sense of humor thing Any fairly bright dog has it. It thins out into wit or irony or disappears altogether in intelligent beings.

"Oh. And we re going to be intelligent?"

I'm afraid so

Do you think we'll either of us ever find those things we want?" she asked him.

"You ll have love

"Sometimes," she agreed with a slow sweep of dark lashes "Sutton—Ann adores you you know?

She s often said so She s very adoring."

No seriously In a way you don t, and I can t, realize."

She s a child he protested

"Yes? So are you my dear And she s the older of you The encore ended and the saxophone added "That s all in an idiot falsetto.

It would have been deplorable to have lost Madeleine as a friend She was witty and decorative and charming she was sophisticated she was all the lovely things one could say of a beautiful woman But something between Madeleine and himself had been destroyed and her charm left him cold as a tempered steel He was glad that she was the wife of the man he liked as hr had liked few men in his restless life.

Ann was grown up tonight in a gown with a train. Hr found her wearing a slender cape about her shoulders That this fragile-seeming and feminine creature could be the indomitable Ann of that afternoon was something hr could only half bring himself to believe.

Are you all made up with Madeleine, she asked Sutton?

"Yes. All made up If there was any need

Ann s wing insignia brown were very straight and her eyes were very clear so when Ann looked at things she got them all very straight and clear in her mind. Shr looked at Sutton now and over to where Madeleine was standing and then she gave a small carefree laugh

Are you specially crazy about this dance? shr enquired

No, not especially

Well then, let's take somebody or other s car and go some place. She tried to sound very offhand but the words came more and more breathlessly Because I've been wanting to go to this place and try something for a long time only you've been so out of busy and bothered I couldn t bring it up, but now I think you might like it."

I shouldn t be a bit surprised he said. What is it?

Hr would probably know she told him. when they got there.

*The End*





# Liberalism Now Gaining in Spain

## *But the Country is Still Menaced by the Anarcho Syndicalists and the Communists*

JOHN GUNTHER

THE ACTUAL STATE of affairs in Spain, which is not very well known to the outside world is summed up in an article by John Gunther in *The New Republic*, part of which is quoted below

"The unsuccessful anarcho-syndicalist rising in Spain in early January commonly classified an attempt at communist revolution began benign brings to the face the fundamental issue of the new republic—its stability Is the republic safe? Will it survive? Is it not perhaps a Kerensky interlude, to give way shortly to full reaction to the Left? The violence in January was sporadic and seems to have been put down fairly easily but it leaves apprehension of further disorder in its wake In Spain itself, when I was there, most people scoffed at the idea of anarcho-syndicalist terrorism on a serious scale but I imagine they are scoffing no longer An orthodox communist revolt in Spain is still unlikely but the government has had a thorough scare

"Seen superficially the analogy between Spain today and Russia under Kerensky is extraordinarily striking A revolutrm rather mild in manner, has overthrown a rotting monarchy and a liberal democratic government is in power Freedom releasing its customary forces, is in the air Limited freedom demands more freedom Left governments are usually forced farther Left. Spain like Russia, is an isolated agricultural country as in Russia the peasantry was crushed by centuries of backwardness, ignorance faulty communications and extreme poverty as in Russia virtual feudalism and serfdom throttled the land The monarchy in Spain was, as in Russia supported by the plitics of nobility army and church all three inefficient and corrupt. Illiteracy in Russia was enormous as it still is in Spain

"Another point is the excessive receptiveness nowadays in Spain to new social ideas. Never in Europe have I seen so much radical literature everywhere displayed. You can buy communist anarchist, syndicalist Tretzkyist Stalinist newspapers at most newspaper kiosks Yet Spain does not recognise Russia diplomatically for fear of propaganda It is a strange paradox I had a shtal of violently Red newspapers in my pocket when I saw Prime Minister Azana in Madrid showing them to him I asked whether the astonishing liberty of speech permitted by his government was caused by sympathy to communist ideas by contempt for them or by carelessness. He answered frankly that his government certainly was not in sympathy with Russia so much so that recognition was an impossibility but that a just measure of freedom was permitted every citizen If only because this was a good safety valve for surplus steam

"Now the analogies between Spain and Russia may be striking but there are differences, too, and some of them go a long way toward impeding a possible Left revolution. Trotsky enumerated a few in one of his Spanish pamphlets. For one thing there is no war which is probably an essential ingredient to a successful communist upheaval For another there is not much proletariat to work with no tradition of communist ideology and no strong party organization Again, communism does not appeal *per se* to the universally individualistic Spaniard Its propaganda makes small inroads on the Spanish worker already entangled in the doctrinaire web of anarcho-syndicalism or of the peasant who has rocks to climb and olives to pick but few farms which could be collectivized Again there is the quality of the present Spanish government

"This is considerable Don Manuel Azana the prime minister is certainly no Kerensky personally He is an odd figure, this little-known Senor Azana and it is a remarkable government he leads Theoretically it is a Left liberal democracy Actually Senor Azana is pretty much of a dictator wielding power through carefial manipulation of a heterogeneous majority in the friendly Cortes. The Cortes was elected only to write the new constitution and enemies of the régime insist that Senor Azana is prolonging its life illegally and indefinitely But it seems to be generally understood that there will be new elections in the spring when Azana and his machine are ready for them

Azana may not last far ever it would be reckless in any such fluid situation to make long-term predictions But at the moment he is incomparably the strongest man in Spain. His ideas, moreover which he is enforcing through the, perhaps temporary dictatorship are likely to prove increasingly popular with the middle masses. He stands for freedom for education for enlightened westernization He has reorganized the army dismissing some 14 000 officers he has built 10 000 new schools, he is disestablishing the Church with a series of amazingly stringent decrees he has emasculated the nobility and confiscated most of their estates and he is applying a land reform which so far has not come to mean in practical operation but for which there are high hopes. Azana s government is the sort of thing young liberals in America dream about it seems to reach the utmost possible social and political liberalism without diving into actual state socialism It is the Manchester *Guardian* of governments.

"Azana, new to politics has no majority of his own indeed till recently he had no party He depends on the powerful socialist bloc in the Cortes and three Marxian socialists sit in his coalition Cabinet. I imagine this co-operation will be short lived The socialists, having got almost everything they want from his government prefer to go into friendly opposition They are the strongest and best-organized party in Spain These socialists are distinct enemies of communism.

"The communists are newcomers to Spain Trotzky himself admits their weakness In numbers their lack of organization and their internal fissures. None of the communist groups have yet mustered enough strength to elect any deputies to the Cortes. Communism is largely still an underground movement but there is no telling when a sudden change in the situation might not make it for the first time overtly powerful

"At the moment at any rate the members of the anarcho-syndicalist group carry more weight than the communists."



# Brickbats & Bouquets

### No We Were Not There

The great abomination that each young generation has had to face has been the older generation's stories of how they did things The only comeback of the younger generation was to lay it on thick when their turn came

In The Waning Herds, Mr Welsh would run a buffalo run kill twenty or thirty buffalo for his family As he was a careful man he would waste none of the meat but in a couple of months hr would be out of meat again Some family some appetites! Il that was the usual ration for a family of that size it probably accounts for their yarns. At Fort Qu'Appelle he sows two acres of wheat and harvests 200 bushels. Wasn you dere Charlie? — R. C. E. Grand Coulee Sask.

### Welsh's Veracity

I have read with interest the first chapter of Waning Herds by Norbert Welsh my old friend of fifty years standing as told by him to Mrs. Weekes. She has so happily caught the spirit of his quaint speech that in reading the story it is easy to fancy his voice coming over the radio His statements may be accepted with the fullest confidence because Norbert Welsh was a man of unquestioned veracity —E C Stewart Regina

### School Publicity for Peace Articles

Last year I had occasion to criticise *Maclean's* lax unfair treatment in connection with the handling of the subject of The High Cost of Education

Now I wish to pay tribute to *Maclean's* splendid action in the cause of all that is right in publishing Lieut Col Drew s article Enemies of Peace and Francesco Nitti s Munitions Traffic is Menace to Peace

One of your correspondents remarked that publicity of such articles should be given in the schools but that it never would be. That correspondent proved to be wrong in the case of my own school — J R Sanderson principal King Edward High School, Vancouver

### Blundall vs. Dexter

My opinion of The Forbidden Land is that Mr Blundell has a fairly good knowledge of the country mentioned and its requirements and his critic, Mr Dexter—well just another Conservative politician with a few figures, writting more hot air — Reader Emerson Man

### Christmas in China

May I tell you a story and beg a kindness?

A year ago I made my Christmas cake and pudding using your delightful recipes which appeared (was it?) in the 1931 November number This year I assembled my *Maclean* recipes from a dozen numbers pinned them together and prepared with the help of my Chinese cook to get ready for Christmas. Hospital duties took me away and the making was delayed a day or two. Picture my sorrow and loss when most of the pages were missing! On enquiry it appeared that the cook and "boy" inspired with a desire to clean up before the end of the year had thoroughly tidied up the pantry and cleaned the silver Some of the pages I found lining various drawers, but the top page the Christmas recipes—had been tidily burned after the silver was polished on it

Would it be possible to replace this one page? Or could those recipes be typed for me? On the page were pictures and directions for making pudding mincemeat dark and light cake and some other things There was also I think a lovely recipe for shortbread and the station here is full of Scots.

It s a long way to next Christmas but we have to plan early out here. *Maclean's* comes in every two weeks and I have us up n let. Best wishes to you all Jeannette C Ratchffe Weihwei, Hwan China

### The Beginning of Lethbridge

In your March 15 number you have a picture of Lethbridge in 1891 There was no such place in that date. Late in 1905 the lots were for sale and a few shacks were built In the spring of 1906 it would have looked like your picture I was there and know —A. F Grady Macleod Alta

# Health Seekers Crowd Lourdes

## *Four Thousand Registered Cures Have Occurred at Famous Shrine in France*

ELOISE L. SOPER

WRITING in The New York *Times* Eloise L. Soper states that although it is often claimed that we do not live in an age of faith one feels less sure of that after a visit to Lourdes in France This famous little town in the Pyrenees where miraculous cures take place has gained its fame during the last sixty years during which time the total number of registered cures is only about 4 000 A cure is not accepted as authentic however without strong supporting statements from physicians. The author continues

"On our visit to Lourdes we found people of all classes, al almost all ages, of many nationalities hurrying through the narrow crowded noisy streets in the morning, all going in the same direction. We followed the crowd and soon reached a large open square, in the midst of which stood a large statue of the Virgin At one end rose the Church of the Rosary or to speak precisely the two churches built one above the other These churches are not architectural masterpieces nor very harmonious, the lower one being Byzantine and the upper Gothic but they are impressive as an evidence of the living faith that has transformed this once lonely spot on the outskirts of the old town of Lourdes into the most popular shrine of the Western World

On our way to the Esplanade we had observed innumerable little open fronted shops all with names to appeal to the religious such as At the Sign of the Sacred Heart or Jesus These shops were filled with plaster saints bottles for holy water rosaries and hundreds of other *objets de piété*

On one side of the Esplanade we found the Medical Bureau The physician in charge Dr Pettipierre, was a thin rather tired looking little man with a look in his eyes that one does not often find in the very realistic Gallic race a look at once far away and near, a look of spiritual fervor combined with the candor of a child.

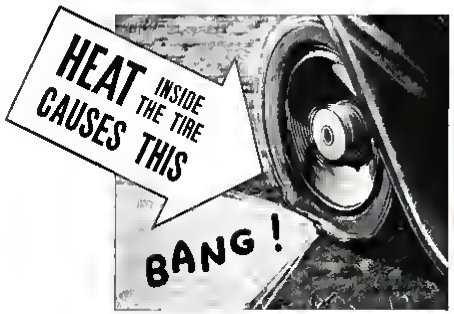
"The doctor said that the work al transporting the sick to and from the baths and the solemn blessing al the ill after the procession of the Holy Sacrament in the afternoon and al attending the baths was done by an organization called the *Hospitalité* The members of this organization known as *brancardiers* (stretcher bearers) are the absolute masters al the religious city as part of Lourdes in the neighborhood of the shrine is called Some are men al high birth and al wealth All give their services. A few remain for the whole season but the greater number come for a week or two

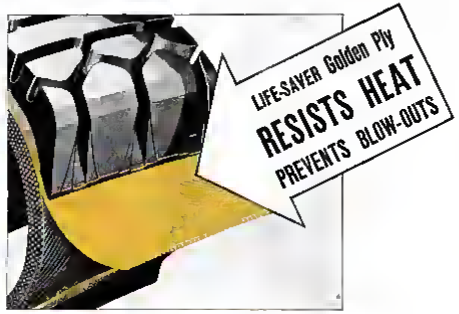
Leaving the Medical Bureau we visited one al the large hospitals which are maintained for the reception and care of the sick It is estimated that more than 10 000 sick persons come to Lourdes each year seeking a cure and all are cared for and given every attention in one or another of the hospitals.

From the hospital we went to the baths. They are contained in a small building constructed against the rock in the shelter of the church and above the miraculous spring When we arrived a large crowd had gathered pressing about a ruling which shut off a space immediately in front of the baths Within this enclosure the sick sat in rolling chairs telling their beads or lay almost lifeless on their stretchers waiting their turn to be taken in and plunged into the holy waters

Within the enclosure, also, stood a priest praying aloud in a deep fervent voice The atmosphere was surcharged with excitement. Everybody the sick and the well waited and prayed that a miracle might take place

# THIS NEW TIRE WILL SAVE LIVES




## Remarkable new invention makes safest tire ever built 3 times safer from blow-outs . . . No extra cost to public!

THIS is probably the most vital single announcement ever made about a tire. It's the story of a life-saving invention—An invention that will save hundreds of lives . . . maybe *your* life . . . and prevent hundreds of those accidents that maim and cripple people.

### How people are killed

For years auto speeds have been increasing. Big car or little—today they're built for speed. And when the speedometer reads 40, 50 and 60—mile after mile . . . the heat inside the tire carcass becomes terrific. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister starts . . . *inside the tire*, where you can't see it . . . and grows. Like an insidious tumor, it gets bigger and bigger—until BANG! A blow-out! The rim hits the road . . . And a terrible drag sets in—Like some unseen monster pulling your car off the road.

So somebody simply HAD to build a safer tire. One that would stand the terrific strain of modern high-speed motors.




### How it prevents blow-outs

To protect you from blow-outs, every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire has the amazing new Life-Saver Golden Ply. This new invention resists terrific heat—fabric and rubber don't separate. Thus, blisters don't form inside the tire. Blow-outs are prevented by overcoming the *very cause* of blow-outs before they start.

### Three times safer at high speeds

At gruelling speeds in heavy test runs, the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire with the Life-Saver Golden Ply lasted *three times as long as* first quality tires that did not have this feature. Proved itself three times safer from blow-outs. Other tires blew out at one-third the distance the New Silvertowns were run. The new Silvertowns NEVER blew . . . Rubber got so hot it fairly smoked . . . wore right down to the fabric. But the Golden Ply *refused* to give.

### How to get this protection FREE

Don't think that slower driving can save you from blow-outs, either. Sustained speeds—on longer trips—as low as 35 or 40 miles an hour can generate terrific heat, too. Even in cold weather!

The only way to be safe *is* to make sure you get this Life-Saver Golden Ply Tire. When you buy a tire, get a Silvertown . . . a Goodrich Safety Silvertown. It costs not one cent more than any other standard tire. You owe yourself and your family this added protection—because investigation shows that the chances are more than even that you'll have a blow-out. When, nobody knows. Tomorrow, perhaps. That blister . . . that blow-out in the making . . . may be in your tire right now.

### Safest anti-skid tread

The tread, too, is safer from skidding. Scientific tests with leading makes of tires prove that Goodrich Safety Silvertowns have the most skid-resisting tread on the road. Even on wet, slippery pavements, the squeegee drying action of this famous tire gives your car extra road grip and reduces danger of skidding to the minimum.

Put this Silvertown Tire on *your* car. Drive in where you see the "Mountie"—the brightly colored sign. It tells you where Goodrich Tires are sold—the safest tires ever built.

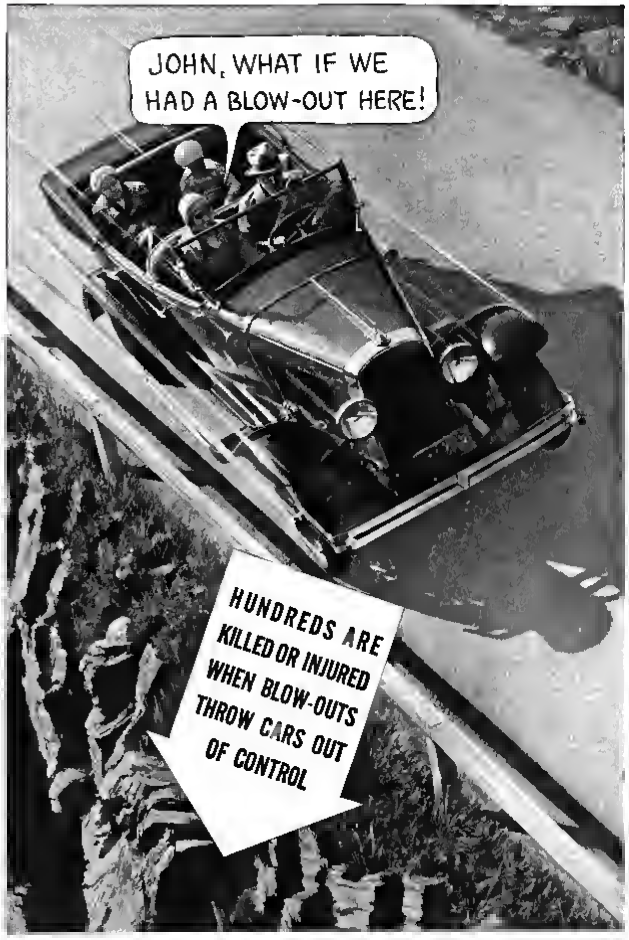


**FREE** This handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. No obligation. Just go to your Goodrich dealer and receive one FREE—or send 10c to postage to cover mailing and join the Silvertown Safety League endorsed by Government officials. Write today, Publicity Department—Canadian Goodrich Co., Limited, Kitchener, Ont.

**LOOK FOR THE MOUNTIE**

*This sign is displayed by Goodrich dealers. It tells you where you can buy the Goodrich Safety Silvertown with Life-Saver Golden Ply. Drive in where you see the "Mountie."*




The NEW **Goodrich** *Safety*

**Silvertown**

**WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY**

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# Reciprocity

*Continued from page 19*

In 1869 the Hon. John Ross, Canadian Minister of Finance, offered Washington what amounted practically to complete free trade between the two countries, plus increased Canadian privileges in our fishery waters and canals. The offer was rejected by the Administration of President Grant.

In 1870 Sir John Macdonald offered the United States access to Canadian deep-sea fisheries in return for a renewal of the Treaty of 1854. The United States reply was that the treaty of 1854 had proved unsatisfactory, that its renewal would not be in its interests.

In 1874 George Brown, acting for the Government of Alexander Mackenzie, negotiated an arrangement which put lumber, coal and all farm products on the free list, reduced duties on a substantial list of manufactures. Of preponderant advantage to the United States, Congress nevertheless killed it.

In 1878, introducing his National Policy of Protection, Sir John Macdonald's resolution said:

"A national policy of protection will prevent Canada from being made a sacrifice market, will encourage and develop an active interprovincial trade, and moving, as it ought to do, in the direction of reciprocity of tariffs with our neighbors as far as the varied interests of Canada may demand, will tend to procure for this country eventually reciprocity of trade.

### The Treaty of 1911

SO THROUGH the years ran the record. The National Policy prospered, had prospered Canada, but Canadian statesmen continued to look to Washington. This, despite a persistent United States penalizing of Canadian trade, despite the mounting schedules of McKinley and Payne-Aldrich tariffs.

Then, in 1911, came a new development. Influenced by the depression of 1907, the Republican party, through Mr. Taft, came out for reciprocity. There followed the memorable negotiations with Mr. Fielding, the long, bitter fight in Parliament, the schism in the Liberal party, the historic election of September, 1911, the combined dramatic defeat of both reciprocity and Laurier.

The unforgettable scene in Parliament when Mr. Fielding introduced his reciprocity pact illustrated strikingly the Canadian temper. Tories perfectly consistent with their party's tradition joined their cheers to Liberals. One by one Mr. Fielding named the items affected.

"What about wheat?" called Conservatives, and when Mr. Fielding answered "free," Tory and Grit thumped their desks in unison.

Whatever the rights or wrongs of the subsequent Conservative change, which gradually became bitter hostility, it had little to do with reciprocity's principle, but with the details of a particular treaty. It was opposition on national and political, not on commercial grounds.

The weakness of the 1911 treaty—the weakness which Canadian Conservatives saw in it—was that it could be abrogated at will by either one of the contracting parties, thus providing no guarantee of stability and offering threat of sudden dislocation. Upon this ground, reinforced by foolish political utterances by men like Mr. Taft and the late Champ Clark, the agreement was rejected.

Perhaps subsequent history vindicated that rejection. When Woodrow Wilson became President there came the Wilson-Underwood tariff with its offer of reciprocal free trade on numerous farm products. Canada accepted the offer. But in 1920, when this country had built up a huge export trade to the United States in livestock and other farm products, the United States Senate scrapped the agreement without warning, plunged Canadian agriculture into a desperate depression. One of the hardest blows ever struck at farming progress in Canada, it temporarily demoralized our export trade.

What has since happened is contemporary history. There came from Washington the Fordney-McCumber tariff, all but barring Canada from American markets, came later the Hawley-Smoot tariff, completing what the Fordney-McCumber tariff had begun. Everything that had been built up under the Wilson tariff was swept away, and more.

This United States action was taken at a time when Canada was Uncle Sam's best customer. In 1930 Canada's imports from the United States reached the enormous total of nearly $1,000,000,000, yet this was the year when the Hawley-Smoot tariff placed the last prohibitive brick upon the American tariff wall. An offer by Mr. Mackenzie King in 1923 of some better arrangement was not even considered; the lowering of Canadian duties on United States farm implements and mining machinery was completely ignored.

Such is the seventy-five-year-old story of the struggle to secure better trade between two friendly nations living side by side on this continent. It is an extraordinary story, certainly an extraordinary background for the latest reciprocity proposal which presently will be considered at Ottawa and Washington. To say whether this new offer should be accepted or rejected is not the purpose of this article, though one thing may be said. It is that, looking back over the years with their succession of reciprocity defeats and revivals, it would almost seem that some force stronger than politics or mere national selfishness keeps alive the determination of the two nations to engage in profitable trade.

# The Waning Herds

*Continued from page 25*

with Trottier's brigade. Trounce will question them."

I asked Trottier which side of the road he would take. He said the right. I told him I would take the left.

Morning came. It was time to start. The flag was hoisted. Then was a sign to go. Trottier started and then White Cap followed. I had put into my rig which was the last one to go some provisions to use on the trail. I had a bulldog revolver in my belt.

We got to Saskatoon. Everything went off as we had arranged. Trounce and Trottier took one side of the road, White Cap and I the other. Each man was challenged as he went through and asked if he was going to join Riel of his own will. When the last rig went through I jumped into my rig, wheeled my horse around and said:

"I'm the only man that's forced to go through and I won't go through. Good by."

I rallied to the warriors. They were surprised but went on. Then is how Trounce and I saved Saskatoon.

I stayed with a man by the name of Wright, a farmer. Trottier and White Cap camped two miles beyond Saskatoon. They went on their way to Clark's Crossing. At the end of that day my brother-in-law, Frank Boyer, who had gone with them, came after me. He said that Trottier wanted very much to see me. I told him to return and tell Trottier that I would have nothing to do with him, and he had anything to say he could come to me.

I stayed with Wright five days. He was very kind and did not want to take pay for my board but I gave him a sack of flour worth $10. Flour was very scarce then.

A man by the name of Smudge, of Saskatoon, heard that I was going to Le Bret. He came to me and said: "Will you take me with you?" I thought I would be lively days on the road without company, so decided to take the poor devil. We started and reached Le Bret in the afternoon of the fifth day.

### Arrested as a Rebel

MY WIFE and children were surprised and glad to see me. News had come through that I had been shot. Next morning I went to Billy Sutherland's store. He was a member of the Legislature. He asked me if I had reported to the military authorities. There was a big camp of soldiers stationed at the Fort with Captain O'Brien in charge. When I told Sutherland I had not reported he said that he would go with me. We went over to the camp.

When I told Captain O'Brien that all my supplies and stock had been seized by Riel, he asked what I was going to do. I told him I would get along some way. Sutherland said:

"No fear. Welsh will get along."

We went back to Sutherland's store. He asked me if I was in need of supplies, and if so to take what I wanted. I told him I had enough for the present, and that I intended going to Troy next morning to get fifty bushels of seed oats.

We went out of the store. We saw a flag flying at half mast from the Fort. We enquired about it, and found out that Captain French had been shot at Batoche. Then fellow he had put his head out of the house to give a command and had been shot through the mouth. Sutherland asked me if I would bring two cases from Troy Station for him. He did not tell me what was in them. I agreed.

Next morning I started for Troy. I went right across country from Le Bret. This way was shorter, and I wanted to make the trip in one day. When I got to the station at Troy, Jones, a big fellow with a pot belly—I knew him very well—came and examined my load. I thought to myself: "You are a busybody," but I said nothing. I fastened my load well, lashed it tight.

Then I drove to the stables, put my horses up to feed and got my dinner. I hadn't much time to lose, as I hurried and got on my way again. When I reached the Halfway House on the Hudson's Bay Trail from Troy to Fort Qu'Appelle, I looked at the sun. It was near six o'clock. I thought I had better stop here for supper and feed my horses.

I went in and asked Mrs. Carl if she could get my some supper in a hurry. She said I could have it right away. I ate my supper, paid for it, and went out to hook up my horses. I saw six mounted policemen coming at a gallop. I thought they must be after somebody. I finished hitching my horses, and put the reins on the tongue of the wagon.

The sergeant, a busy little fellow, rode up and asked whose outfit this was. I told him that it belonged to me, Norbert Welsh. He asked me what I had on board. I told him that he could see that I had oats, flour and a side of bacon. He asked me what I had in the two cases at the bottom of my wagon. I told him I didn't know—that they belonged to Sutherland. I said:

"You are camped right in front of his store. You must know him."

At that he ordered me to take off the boxes and open them. I told him if he wanted to see what was in the boxes, he could open them himself that I would not touch property that did not belong to me. He said:

"You're quick with words, but you'll change your tune when you get to Captain O'Brien's camp."

I told him:

"I will change my tune for no man."

He jumped off his horse, ordered his man to dismount and overhaul the load. They took the two cases off, got an axe from Bill Carl and opened them. There were fourteen repeating rifles in one case, and the other case was full of cartridges. I said:

"I must be a great warrior to have all that ammunition."

"We've got one of Riel's men!" they cried.

I told them I was ready to hook my horses on to the rig. The sergeant ordered me to get on my load. He said the men would attach the traces and hand me the reins. Then he placed two mounted men ahead, two behind and one on each side of me, and gave the signal to go.

Hurrah for Welsh! I called: you are doing me so much honor as if I were the Governor.

Again the sergeant told me I would not be so independent when I got to the police camp. More than ever would I be proud of my name and extremely independent, I told him. As I said before, this sergeant was just a puppet of a man: no discernment. I let him go on. I wanted to bring him to humiliation. We travelled on.

### Sham Battle With the Indians

AFTER A WHILE this little policeman ordered me to let my team. I told him that the team was mine and that I would travel as I pleased. When we got to the top of the long hill that led to the Fort, I jumped off my rig to lock the wagon wheel to keep from running down the hill. My captor ordered me to get back on the team. His men he said would lock the wheels. I laughed and said:

"More honor for Welsh."

It was dark now. As we travelled through the village of Fort Qu'Appelle, I heard on every side cries of "One of Riel's men is captured." We went right up to the door of O'Brien's tent. I jumped off my rig. Sutherland came running in with a lantern on his hand and cried:

"Oh Welsh, I got you into trouble. I forgot to tell you what was in those cases."

I told him there would be no trouble. These policemen, you understand, were not the regular force; they were volunteers. The regular Royal North West Mounted Policemen all knew and trusted me. More than that, they knew that if I had wanted to start a rebellion, all I had to do was to sound my whistle and Sutherland and all the other Indians would come to my assistance and follow me anywhere. I went to O'Brien. I told him:

I am trusted and respected by all the men of the Northwest—the Governor, Hudson's Bay officials, the Indians. I reported here yesterday. It is too bad that a man in your position should have ordered my arrest. You should have a better memory. Now, I want you to give me a pass. I won't have Tom, Dick and Harry—I pointed to the men who had brought me in—stopping me on the trail."

He gave it.

Next morning a policeman came galloping to my tent with a letter from O'Brien. I got the letter read. O'Brien asked me to be at his camp at ten o'clock. I said to my wife:

"It would have been better if I had got into the rebellion and shot a few dozen of these beggars, if they are going to follow me around like this."

*Continued on page 38*




# $1000 FOR NAMES! *Another Mystery Cake*

*First Prize $250 · Second Prize $100 · Third Prize $50 · 60 Prizes of $10 Each*



*Here's Miss M. McFarlane's Recipe . . .*
*Can you name it?*

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar (granulated)
2 cups pastry flour (or 1¾ cups bread flour)
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ cup chopped walnuts
½ cup strong coffee (strained and cold)
3 egg whites

Cream butter thoroughly; add gradually sugar, creaming well with butter. (Note—It is the thorough beating and blending of these first ingredients that lay the foundation of the final texture of your cake.) Measure dry ingredients—sift together twice. Add dry ingredients alternately with the strained cold coffee. Beat thoroughly until all ingredients are evenly blended. Add chopped walnuts. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour batter into greased pans—filling only two-thirds full. Bake in oven 350° F. for 25 minutes.

**FROSTING**

3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons cocoa (dry)
2 tablespoons strong coffee
1 cup icing sugar (or more)

Cream butter with 2 tablespoons sugar, cold liquid. Sift remaining sugar with cocoa. Add to butter. Beat till light and fluffy. Note: To have an icing with a smooth glazed surface, use liquid hot.

"I use and recommend Magic Baking Powder because I know it is pure and free from harmful ingredients," says Miss M. McFarlane, Dietitian of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto. Her statement is particularly interesting, for Miss McFarlane's opinion is based on a thorough knowledge of food chemistry—as well as on practical cooking experience.

## *Miss M. McFarlane created the Recipe for this* MAGIC MYSTERY CAKE

*Get busy . . . join the thousands of Canadian women taking part in these fascinating contests . . .*

HOW about putting an extra $250 in your pocketbook? Here's your chance. Name this Magic Mystery Cake. Perhaps you'll be the lucky winner of that first prize.

Miss M. McFarlane worked out the interesting recipe for this month's mystery cake. It's a recipe that's simple and economical. You'll like its delicious flavor, too!

Canadian housewives everywhere are going to be naming Miss McFarlane's Mystery Cake this month. Read the recipe. Then think of the very best name you can to describe it.

Better still—make the cake yourself, if you like. Then you'll know first-hand how good it is. And be sure to use Magic Baking Powder—as Miss McFarlane advises.

Other well-known food experts throughout the Dominion share Miss McFarlane's high opinion of Magic. In fact, the majority of them use and recommend Magic *exclusively* because it gives consistently better results.

Make up your mind to enter this Magic Mystery Cake contest right now. Try to win one of the 63 cash prizes.

### CONTEST RULES
### *Read Carefully*

1 Contest is for residents of Canada and Newfoundland *only*.
2 All you do is *name the mystery cake*. Only one name from each person.
3 PRINT *at the top of your paper* in ink (or typewrite) Miss McFarlane's "Mystery Cake." Then in the *lower right-hand corner*, print your own name and address, clearly and neatly. *Do not use pencil.*
4 Do not send the cake itself—just the name and your own name and address. It is our entire aim to bake the cake from the recipe.
5 Members of our own organization or those related are not eligible to take part.
6 *Contest closes* APRIL 30, 1933. No entries considered if postmarked later than April 30 midnight. No entries considered if forwarded with insufficient postage.
7 *Judges*' Winning names will be selected by a committee of three impartial judges. The decision of these judges will be final.
8 *Prize winners* will be announced in all entries within one month after contest closes.
9 *In case of a tie* the full amount of the prize money will be paid to each tying contestant.
10 *A here to send entries*: Address your entries to Cakes, Editor, Gillett Products, Fraser Ave., Toronto 2.

NOTE: Other Magic Mystery Cakes coming! Watch for them in later issues of this magazine.




Made in Canada

CONTAINS NO ALUM. This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

FREE—THE MAGIC COOK BOOK. In use when you bake at home. Gives tested recipes for dozens of tempting dishes. Mail this coupon today.

GILLETT PRODUCTS MM-4
Fraser Ave., Toronto 2

Please send me free copy of the Magic Cook Book.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

*Continued from page 36*

I was not in a very pleasant mood I ordered my man to throw a saddle on my fastest horse. I galloped to the Fort to O'Brien a tent. He was busy and asked me to come back in two minutes I did.

He said there was a report that Starblanket and his band were getting ready to start a rebellion and that he was going to stage a sham battle between Starblanket a Indians and his troops, just to scare the Indians. I warned him to watch out what he was about. Then he told me that he wanted me to make the arrangements and be there to take charge of the Indians because he knew I could control them.

The thing was arranged The police and Starblanket a troops drew up and faced each other 100 yards apart I told Starblanket that when the signal to advance was given to rush his men up against the police but not to let his men shoot that if any of his Indians showed fight to bang them on the head with the butt of his gun. Starblanket was a great leader I knew he could control his Indians.

The order was given The Indians made a wild rush The policemen so I have said before they were greenhorns bolted They were terrified at the sight of the advancing Indians.

O'Brien couldn't say anything He treated the Indians well gave them tea flour sugar and tobacco This sham battle took place on the flats, where the Pioneer store now stands.

### Trading Again

AFTER THAT there was no further trouble I advised Starblanket to keep his Indians at home and quiet He did so His men listened to him Some of the band were restless They were not satisfied with the way things were going on the Reserve But Starblanket managed them He was a great leader I noticed that O'Brien didn't offer to put on any more exhibitions of war He had had enough Pretty soon Riel was captured and the rebellion was over At the end Gabriel Dumont didn't think he was so smart He had to leave the country He got into the American country where he was safe

After the rebellion I stayed at Le Bret for a while until things quieted down Nobody knew yet what the Indians would do. They were still pretty nervous But I will say this for them They had fine chiefs, sensible and reasonable men It is a pity that some of the civilized men of that time hadn't as much sense as the savage Indian chiefs. Well anyway I decided to stay quiet for a while I used all my influence with the hands to keep them quiet Gradually the thing died out and there was no more talk of war.

Now I got ready and moved north to what is now Jasmine and took up a cattle ranch I had lost everything in the rebellion, remember and had to start at the beginning again I started with a few head of cattle and gradually increased my stock I got a little money ahead then I began to get ambitious. I began bringing in pure-bred stock from Winnipeg and England. My stock and it was fine stock—increased I made money.

After a while I began to think about the trading again That was my business. I had a fine bundle of money by this time so I decided to buy a ranch near the File Hills Indian Agency and start a store. There was no store between the Agency and the Hudson's Bay Post at Fort Qu Appelle All the business of the Indians was going to the Fort. They had plenty of furs small furs of course, but fine ones I could not stand seeing all this business escape me. Well, I decided to waste no more time on this ranch.

I hitched up and drove to the File Hills and had a good look around sized the things up, you might say Oh my! my Indians were pleased to see me Well I bought a ranch it was fine ranching country around the Reserve near the Indian Agency that I could move my pure-blood stock to. There was plenty of free grazing land all around. My stock would have a fine grazing range thousands of miles of unoccupied land you might say

Well I got moved. The first thing I did was to put up a store, quite a good-sized store. I fixed everything up first-class. Now I stocked up with all kinds of goods. My shelves were filled with everything that would please the Indians. I had flour tea sugar, tobacco all kinds of dried fruits groceries prints calicoes beads—fine beads that came from England and Germany—lots of vermilion, tobacco, shot powder—everything that the Hudson's Bay Company sold. You see, I had made up my mind to get all my Indian trade back I did My but my Indians were happy!

Now I began to trade. Although there were no more buffalo there were all kinds of small furs. Starblanket and his band and the half-breeds from all over, brought me the very finest of skins, all tanned to perfection Starblanket and his people were my best customers They brought muskrat wolf lynx, bear marten weasel, badger skunk and prairie-dog skins. These prairie-dog furs were very special They were very much like skunk.

One day I took in $500 in furs alone—in trade remember. I made a profit on my goods and another profit on furs I doubled my money on each transaction. On another day, my wife—I had gone to the Fort—took in 700 fine muskrat skins These skins were well stretched Some of them measured about eight inches across She paid 2½ cents apiece for them in trade My wife chose ten of the largest of these skins that were an odd grey shade, and sent them to her mother in Winnipeg My mother-in-law took them to the Hudson's Bay Post at Fort Garry The chief factor—Donald A Smith later Lord Strathcona who was the last factor—thought them so unusual that he kept them on display at the Fort for a long time. Finally he bought them from my mother-in-law and had them made into a set of furs for his daughter It was thought that these furs were a cross between a muskrat and some other animal They were a great curiosity

In addition to buying 700 muskrat skins that day my wife took in also twelve badger skins at 50 cents apiece five mink skins at 75 cents each and twenty four weasel skins at 10 cents apiece

I sold all my furs to Archibald MacDonald chief factor at Fort Qu Appelle For the muskrat skins I got 6 cents apiece, for the badger $2 50 apiece for the mink $3 apiece and for the weasel skins 25 cents each.

I bought all kinds of moccasins from the Indians They were handsome moccasins, embroidered in all colors and trimmed with weasel fur—ermine. They brought them to me in big packs of twenty-four or forty-eight pairs lashed together with shagganappi. They were of different styles. Some were made with tops others were slippers. I paid from 50 cents up for them according to the quality For those that I paid 50 cents I sold for from $1 25 to $1 50 depending on the style and amount of decoration The Hudson's Bay Company bought all my moccasins. Most of them were shipped to England

### Reviewing the Past

AT FIRST I had freighters haul all my goods from Winnipeg then I had my goods shipped by rail to Troy—the railroad was now at Troy—and hauled them from there. This was a long distance to haul goods MacDonald paid me a good price for my furs. He had the very best of goods, so I made up my mind to do all my business with him. MacDonald and I came to an agreement about the price of goods, and after that I bought all my supplies from or through him at the Fort Qu Appelle trading post. I will say there were no finer men in the country than the Hudson's Bay factors. The Hudson's Bay was noted in this country first, for the quality of its men, and, second for the quality of its goods.

Now I kept on ranching just the same. I kept improving my stock I had a garden, too and raised stock feed I did no wheat raising It was new ground and rich but there were lots of stones My vegetables did well One year I raised a turnip that was too big to go into a milk pail It weighed thirty two pounds.

I made a lot of money from stock alone. I sold and traded both thoroughbred horses and cattle I had one fine bay stallion His name was Derwent Water After a few years I sold him for $900 I sold another team for $500 That was the way things went. I made money on every sale Little did I think in those days that I would become old and blind and would have to accept an old-age Government pension If we only knew enough to save our money! My stock was fat and of good breed Buyers came from Winnipeg for my cattle I shipped steers and heifers by the carload.

I stayed at the File Hills until 1904 By this time settlers had crowded around and taken up all the land My cattle range became restricted. Furs were becoming scarce too. I sold out I had 160 acres which I sold for $25 an acre

Now I came back here to Le Bret The old free kind of the plains was over I put up a shop It was a store and butcher shop combined I had kept six teams of my best, driving horses. I began running a livery between Le Bret and Troy We kept boarders, too. We did a fine business. Money was coming from all over Then the railroad came to Fort Qu Appelle and our business was you might say ended I lost my eyesight in 1916. If I had my eyesight I could still make money Instead I am obliged to sit here and review in my mind the passing of the old West

I like best to remember the exciting buffalo hunts. I think too of the long caravans of Red River carts that started out yearly from Fort Garry to cross the plains to the forks of the Saskatchewan River How our voices carried over the quiet plains as we sang the old songs of the trail! I can remember every one of them.

*The End*

## Maclean's Cross-word Puzzle

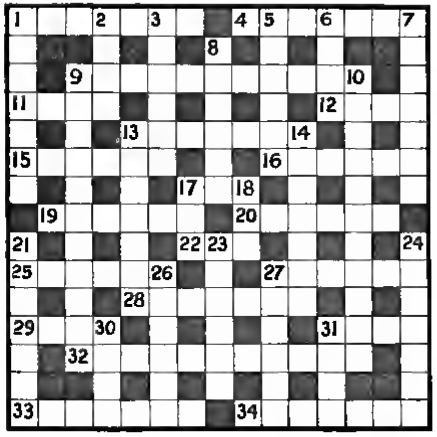
**Across**

1 Go little ball Fly to the rough Now little ——— do your stuff!
4 Meat and a Greek letter make up this Manitoba town
9 Island in Hudson Bay
11 A power unit.
12. Write it sing it pay a bill with it
13. Instrument of paternal chastisement.
15 To fret.
16. Device for cooling tea.
17 The square root of 1
19 These always keep their hands before their faces.
20. Deserving
22 Mingled fear and reverence.
25 Tangled
27 Ontario town whose boys should be inventors.
28 A rodent and a color make these canes
29. Can be made with an airplane or a piece of string.
31 Eggs are this.
32 Philomel. Most musical, most melancholy
33. Machine used in steel construction.
34. Ladies not admitted Anagram, "O, sin, lass!

**Down**

1 Made by our railways over Canada
2. Armies sometimes do this.
3. These are animals first half an animal that catches animals
5 One reason Ice Nova Scotia's celebrity
6. A metal
7 Some people keep their meat in this.
8 A big game fish
9 Item in an agreement
10 Lacking in sticking quality
13 A mean little laugh.
14 These straight paths go in a barrel
17 Girl's name (A famous photographer of wild kons is so named.)
18. Add r to make it a jug
21 There's a large one at Copper Cliff
23. Inside
24 Trophies of the hunt.
26 A goddess who was turned into a laurel tree.
27 You can't use this riddle for sifting ashes.
30 A cuneiform
31 An oil paint.

Solution of this puzzle on page 40





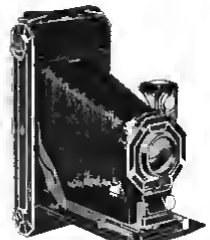

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**WHY I AM AN AGNOSTIC**
*by* Clarence Darrow

**WHY I AM A JEW**
*by* Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath

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# City of Calgary

*Continued from page 28*

drifts and all predict the ruin of the country. Yet in the face of these weather vagaries never in the memory of the oldest inhabitants has the land around Calgary, the good earth, failed to produce. There have been degrees of crops—abundant and sparse—but never a complete failure.

### Lively Pioneers

CALGARY is unique in world cities in that many of its first inhabitants are still residents, and that these pioneers lead the way as examples of courage and enterprise. Twice a year the spirit of the Old West is revived. The first is the annual grand ejo of the Southern Alberta Pioneers' and Old-Timers' Association in January. To be a member of this organization is a coveted honor, for one has to have been in Southern Alberta on or before December 31, 1890, or be the son or daughter of one who has complied with these conditions.

These round-ups grow more popular with the passing years. Banquet toasts are reduced in length to the irreducible minimum, and governors and honorables and mayors if allowed on the programme at all are told in advance of this short cut to popularity. Old songs are sung by beautiful native daughters, and all join in the chorus of that favorite folk song of the West, "Remember the Red River Valley." Every second dance is a square dance, and from "Honor you partners all" to "Promenade home" is stepped with a sociable enthusiasm that far outdoes the sophistication of the modern fox trot.

But best of all is the visiting, the "do-you-remember" talks.

In one corner George C. King, one of the few surviving originals of the North West Mounted Police and the first white man to put his foot on the proposed site of Fort Calgary, is describing its founding in 1875.

"We received orders from General Sir Selby Smythe at Tail Creek, near Lacombe," states Mr. King, "to proceed to the junction of the Bow and the Elbow Rivers and there establish a fort. Never will I forget my first sight of the Bow River Valley from the North Hill that beautiful August day. Below was the confluence of the two winding rivers, with their wooded banks, the verdant valley pastures, the wide prairies that reached to the distant blue Rockies. After the barren lands of the March of '74, after the hard winter at Fort Macleod, after the hot treeless prairies of the early part of this trip, I felt I had reached the Promised Land. I felt I never wanted to leave it. That was—let me see—fifty-seven years ago, and here I have lived ever since. There was a mix-up in the name too. Inspector Brisbois, in charge of the detachment, gave orders to call it after himself. This order was changed, and it was called Fort Calgarry, after the old home on the Island of Mull, Scotland, of our commanding officer Colonel James Macleod. The name is of Gaelic origin."

Mrs. George Jacques, wife of Calgary's pioneer jeweller and the first white woman to make her home on the townsite on the west side of the Elbow River, is the centre of another group.

"We paid $120 for our one-roomed shack that spring of '83," she is saying. "It had a mud roof, one door, a window, and a mud floor. My furniture was a homemade bed and two benches. For a table I used my trunk, and as I didn't have a stove I cooked outside. The only buildings in the village were the I. G. Baker store, the Roman Catholic Mission, a restaurant and our cabin. For seven months I never saw another white woman, yet I wasn't lonely. There was too much to do. I liked it better those days, when we were like one big family, than I do now."

"It will be fifty years next August," tells Scotty Ormiston, retired engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway, "since I came in on the 'front train.' It was the Company that made this town during the next twenty years, and we all had our chance, too. If we'd only taken Van Horne's advice of 'Pawn your boots and buy C. P. R. stock, we'd be well off today' depression and all."

Too soon the evening passes away, and with the goodnights is mingled, "Well, I'll be seein' you at the Stampede."

### Memories of the Old West

PEOPLE from all over the world come in July to see the famous Calgary Stampede, the second revival of the days of the Old West. The parade, which sets forth in gorgeous pageantry the early history of the prairies—the Indians, the North West Mounted Police, the settlers riding in prairie schooners, Red River carts and buckboards, and the floats of the present-day industries—is one of the finest of its kind in the world.

In the fair grounds the section set aside for the Hudson's Bay post, the white-washed Mounted Police cabin, the old-timer's shack, these encircled with Indian tepees, is a scene realistic to the last detail of the beginning of many a Western town.

At the old-timers' cabin, real old-time hospitality is dispensed. There is no head table and no social precedence in arranging guests. One is likely to be seated beside a sturdy Blackfoot buck, a tried visitor from another country, a noted statesman, an original of the North West Mounted Police, a veteran missionary, or a one-time cowboy who is now a senator.

Again, reminiscences flow freely over strong cups of tea, served on oilcloth-covered tables. Some recall old election stories, when more ballots were counted than there were voters in the country. Others deplore the complicated life of today compared with the old days, when all a man needed to do to get into bed was to take off his boots. Others long for the days of the open door, the open flour bin. Even if a man were away from his shack, the stranger was welcome to food and bed if he brought his own blankets and observed the unwritten law of washing his own dishes. But that atmosphere of friendliness that enthusiastic welcoming attitude still lives on, say the modern Calgarians. That is what we all feel is distinctive about Calgary, the come and make yourself at home feeling.

We like, too, your smartly dressed good-looking women, your prosperous and up-to-date appearing business men," says the Stampede visitor.

The old-timer chuckles.

"The hang-over of our booms," he explains. "We've had three big ones and a number of flurries, too."

### The Land Boom

CALGARY'S first boom was a land boom, at its height from 1904 to 1910. Some of the property that sold for $100,000 then would be a liability at $10,000 now.

*Continued on page 42*

**Solution of the Cross-word Puzzle on page 38**

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| R | I | V | E | T | E | R | | S | A | L | O | O | N | S |







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"ELBOW GREASE" NOT NEEDED







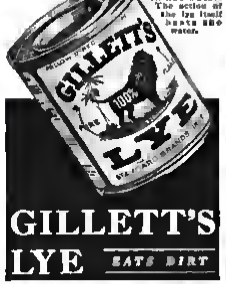



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*Continued from page 40*

The city limits were extended four times during this period, and city lots were staked in bar out that so the story goes when a prospective purchaser for both a farm and a city lot had been driven out miles to see his lot, he finally asked about the farm. "Oh, we passed that in the way out" is the reported reply that he heard.

Those were the days when Calgary was a city of young people when the majority of its older citizens were in their glorious forties. They sent their daughters away to fashionable Eastern schools to be finished. A smart set evolved, one in which the women were Paris gowns and pink ice cream was served on hand painted plates. Hired girls became "maids" and a few



G. C. King first white man to put foot on proposed site of Fort Calgarry 1875.

families perpetrated butlers. The story is told that, at a fashionable tea one of the guests who did not know the husband of the hostess, on being met at the door by a pompous individual in full dress, shook hands with the new butler under the impression that he was the head of the house.

This was during the decade of Calgary's greatest growth. The Bow River bed was tunnelled to extend the water mains and hydro-electric power was established. Streets and avenues were numbered names being discarded and a commission form of civic government was introduced. A municipally-owned street railway was constructed. Other railroad development included the entrance of the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern Railways, and the building of the Canadian Pacific machine shops at Ogden the largest in Western Canada. Natural gas was piped from Bow Island. Added to this was a great building boom of homes, churches, schools, the first public library in Alberta and other public buildings to accommodate a population that grew from 5 000 to 55 000 in ten years.

Then with the suddenness and attendant thrills of the floods and blizzards came the oil boom of 1914; when the Dingman Discovery Well in Turner Valley—now Royalite Number 4—blew into production with thirty-five barrels of naphtha a day. This oil strike was responsible for one of the wildest booms in the history of Canada. To buy oil shares and oil leases, grocery bills went unpaid, widows used the money for their children's education and at the least rumor country folks rushed to Calgary to buy or sell oil shares.

Simultaneously with the first signs of the breaking of this boom came that never-to-be-forgotten day August 4 1914 when war was declared. It made a good alibi for our lost fortunes and we sent away in an orgy of patriotism that mobilized 4 500 many a heroic oil broker. And right here let the one bright spot of this boom be recorded. There was no buying or margin for the average citizens during those days and in 1924 many of these old shares were resurrected and sold to make money for their owners.

**Never Downhearted**

LITTLE INTEREST was taken in oil after 1914 until October 1924 when Royalite Number 4 destined to be the greatest producer of crude naphthe in the world blew in with a production of 2 500 000 cubic feet of wet gas a day. From then on continued production and steady development of the Turner Valley oil fields kept the Calgary Stock Exchange in the eye of the buying public and oil speculation reached its height in 1929 when the production of the field increased from 160 000 000 cubic feet per day in the beginning of the year to 250 000 000 at the end of the year. This was responsible for a repetition of the frenzied trading of 1914. Buying on margin, heretofore known only to the professional broker became the usual procedure. Royalite shares went to eighty times their par value and other issues reached equally dizzy heights. Paper fortunes were pyramided.

Again Calgary demonstrated the buying power of its public. And how! To meet the demand of the rapidly growing city of



Mrs. George Jacques first white woman to settle on Calgary townsite.

80 000 hundreds of new homes were built, with breakfast nooks, sunrooms, tiled plumbing fixtures, electric refrigerators and everything. Motor companies couldn't make deliveries last enough. Even the "common folks" went in for landscape gardening and the always-admired mid-summer gardens of Calgary became more beautiful than ever. High-powered automobiles sped exuberant and successful business men and their families to Calgary's near-by playgrounds, beautiful Banff and Lake Louise or on fishing and camping trips along the Highwood trails. Each of the four gold rushes had a waiting list. Everything was merry and bright. Then—well, the end of the story is too well known.

And now what a winter! Calgary's refusal to buy American money and pay an exchange premium of $300 000 to meet its maturing bonds in New York has made the city the cynosure of the eyes of the financial world. Not that Calgary is unwilling to meet her obligations. At the time of writing the city has secured from the Dominion Government enough American gold to cover the amount involved in the first court action of one of her creditors. The gold is ready and waiting; but it is in Calgary not in New York. The fact that gold cannot be shipped out of the country is the business of the Dominion Government, claims Calgary not the fault of the city.

Whether her stand is wise or foolish from the standpoint of her credit is the subject of conjecture yet the reaction of her people is typical of her civic spirit. The citizens are behind the city officials, who are fighting the issue to the last—to the very last Canadian dollar bill.

The first gun was an appeal by Mayor "Andy" Davison to the taxpayers to advance tax money in as full a measure as possible as that the civic services could carry on. They rallied nobly and in two months had prepaid taxes to the extent of nearly $500 000. One public spirited citizen offered to loan the city $100 000 provided nine others would do the same. Scrip was considered—in fact, was about ready to be issued.

There is much speculation now as to the effect of the recent financial crisis in the United States. There are those who believe that Calgary's guardian angel who so frequently has saved the city from floods and other catastrophes, will now rout the "money changers" by bringing the Canadian dollar up to par. In fact it has ever been hinted that it would be "Calgary luck" if the exchange may yet be to the advantage of the Canadian dollar.

But even the exchange excitement took second place to the by-election for the Provincial Parliament in January. Of course it would be Calgary that was picked for the first battlefield of the new Co-operative Commonwealth Federation. It was another crisis. So the Grits and Tories hurled their ancient political hatchets to unite upon an Independent candidate.

One of the outstanding characteristics of that election was the part played by women. It was a woman—a good-looking one too—who carried the C C F banner. It was a woman who made one of the most brilliant Independent speeches. And the finishing feminine touch was placed upon the occasion by the one and only Agnes MacPhail.

It was the first public visit of any length that Agnes MacPhail had made to Calgary. It gave everybody a good chance to get a look at their woman. Even in the enemy camp it was admitted that Agnes's photographs never had done her justice. Some of the old timers even slipped a bit from old party prejudices to express open admiration for her campaign methods. They admired that. Rule-or-coal-oil let-or-buck challenge of her attack. They liked her fearlessness in such statements as "I'm going to say exactly what I think and I don't intend to let any of your Calgary papers scare me."

Generally speaking however the majority of voters were not quite ready to be "nationalized."

Never before in the city's history was such a vote polled. Many a good Grit undedicated to this newfangled idea of freedom in politics yet knowing of the erstwhile Conservative leaning of the Independent, swallowed his pride and prejudice to go forth and vote for his adopted candidate comforting himself that he was doing his bit to save his country.

So, if you want a little excitement, come West you gloomy Easterners or come East you rum drenched Vancouverites. Spring is just around the corner. If there should be a sudden thaw on the mountains, we might dynamite the ice jam for you or release the flood gates of the Glenmore dam to save the city. Besides, it would do you a lot of good to take a little trip to see that there is more of Canada than the old home town. It will cheer you up to step off on this turbulent little City of the Foothills—this city where almost anything may happen—and receive the glad greeting of

Hello-stranger! Light an ast."



# Lives of a Bengal Tiger

*Continued from page 21*

showed he was out for a meal. They were versed in his ways according to their own lights. A quick rush and a finish as long pursuit was the way with tigers.

But nothing so unfortunate as cat as to pull a bungle. Bagh in a burst of temper covered a hundred yards his hind legs often crossing over ahead of his forefeet as he doubled up in mighty springs, gaining momentarily on one of the elusive sambs. Human eyes by the way could not have even made out the mouse deer at over twenty feet in the moonless dark.

The quarry swerved desperately and plunged into the protecting blackness of the deep bush. As if tied to him by strings Bagh swept after them when his way scarcely two body lengths behind and about to make the final spring something happened. Some vast brute stirred the ply amid the trees almost in his path. Something rose upward, sat upon its haunches like some uncanny gigantic dog the silhouette of it against the dimness blame in its sheer impossibility. Without warning it charged, revealing itself by its steam-engine snorting as a malevolent bull rhinoceros.

All in the span of a split second the fleeing mouse deer dissolved into the thickets, while Bagh brought up all-standing with brakes on, in front of the rhino who had been transformed into a devastating avalanche on legs by the tiger taint on the breeze. Bagh sprang to the low branch of a tree to keep from being steam rolled as the old bull, whose little eyes were myopic even by day, and by night were well nigh stone blind, went thundering over the spot on which he had stood, going by scent alone and holding to his path as if on invisible rails. Thus he would continue, Bagh knew, cutting wide circles roundabout and snorting like a locomotive until the cat scent had been entirely obliterated from his nostrils. Result: no more hurting there or thereabouts for many hours to come.

Literally on end with wrath and irritation, minus all dignity grace and pride, Bagh descended to the ground and moved into the scenery in a series of liquid and incredible bounds as if fearful lest some watching eyes had witnessed his belittlement. A sickly overture indeed to his opening night as top tyrant of the district. But that was only the beginning of his trouble.

TEN MINUTES later he missed another perfect chance for a kill, being still too nosy, careless and full of lusty wrath for any game, not dead to linger in his vicinity. A wild sow and her young—wonderful eating and ordinarily easy to stalk—were rooting in a bamboo thicket fully forty yards from the safety of the deserted hyena's den where they dwelt, when Bagh winded them in the dense cane. Before he had covered half the intervening distance they had scuttled one and all to safety, leaving Bagh to rasp his claws painfully and ineffectually on the den mouth dried and hardened by years of weather to the consistency of concrete.

He quitted that place as he had quitted the rhino's stamping ground. Leaving his kingliness behind him he descended into the bed of a dried-up watercourse presumably to let the tall reeds that grew there cover him and his disgruntlement, and barely missed treading upon a black cobra that lay in wait there. Anything but a cat would have stepped on it, but cats, it would almost appear, have brains as well as eyes in their feet.

He was by now very little the tyrant-Bagh the royal Bengal—and very much Bagh the overgrown cub that he had been a few short months before. Many things were rapidly being made plain to him. Primarily that it was one thing to go hunting with one's parents, relaying game toward one's ambush or clumsily brilliantly down wind and quite another to do it all alone. Like-


# "But What About the Tobacco?"

SPUD ANSWERS A FAIR QUESTION PROPOSED BY A SMOKER

Spud is known as the menthol-cooled cigarette. Fans praise the cool clean taste that enables them to smoke all they want. Spud advertisements keep pointing out the advantages of the special menthol process.

Now and then, some Spud smoker scratches his head, and wonders why we don't talk more about the tobacco that goes into Spud. "It must be good tobacco" he reasons, "or I wouldn't stick to Spud. Coolness alone wouldn't hold me."

We could say just as much about tobacco as the next fellow if we wanted to. We choose ripe, choice tobaccos. We blend them carefully to bring out the flavour. We use modern, efficient equipment in all processes. We think Spud's tobacco is just about as good as any smoker could wish for.

But why pound away on that in our announcements to the public? Would they put any stock in it? Haven't they heard the same story a thousand times before, told in a thousand different ways?

You know the answers. And that is why we have constantly emphasized the menthol coolness story. After all that is the real thing that makes Spud different from all other cigarettes. It is a means (a very important one) to the end of smoking enjoyment. It paves the way for a thorough appreciation of Spud's excellent tobacco flavour.



**1. Never . . .** (*His first Spud*) "For three years I've fought off trying these menthol-cooled things, but you people praise Spuds so highly! I will admit they're cool."



**2. Maybe . . .** (*His fifth Spud*) "Well, that menthol sensation has all but disappeared. I'm getting a fine tobacco taste now. Maybe I was just being old-fashioned in holding off on Spuds."

**Don't say "never"**



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wise, it was one thing to set up as a monarch, and another to maintain one's royal and isolate pride. He who had never been really alone before must now be his own employer, his own sentinel and champion, his own and only companion or so it seemed. But not quite at that.

It was now abruptly that Bagh began to take note of a strange, recurrent chorus above the high thin trumpet call of mosquitoes. Whoo-oo whoo-ah.

The eerie wail came drifting to him on the lap of the breeze, as if lost souls were abroad in the jungle night. The cry ended in a tortured shriek, as of a woman in an extremity of terror. Followed hard upon this, a gurgling and retching as of someone in death throes, then another piercing shriek worse than the first, followed by peal upon peal of demoniacal degraded mirthless laughter that seemed banded and echoed from all the shadows round about. It was the voice of the rabble, the Bolsheviks of those parts, the hyenas and their poor relations, the jackals and it stopped Bagh in his stride, furling his black lips above his fangs in defiance. He knew what that meant. He was worse than alone now. His father's followers had taken him over as the next best bet.

Not the sort of followers you have in mind. Hangers-on, rather, down-at-the-heels carpetbaggers who made up a nightly retinue to and from their master's hunting with a view to scavenging. Most folk imagine that the hog is the only beast who incites such followers but such is not the case. In India the royal Bengal is affected by the same lavor. And in India as in Africa monarchs are supposed to provide for their truthful.

The chorus of ghoulish yells, whines, howlings and bloodcurdling shrieks drew near and nearer, swelling till they stopped Bagh in the middle of a luxurious lull among the reeds. It was the call which hunters call the "pheal" and it informed him that his followers were wroth with him. The howls grew louder, horrible and more horrible, breaking out from many points at once. Leaping up, Bagh quit the spot in a series of long elastic bounds only to have a snort and a panicky shuffle among the reeds to his right impart the mocking message that if I had had another chance at a perfect stalk which would have ended in a banquet of young water buffalo, a splendid well meated specimen of water buffalo too, he saw as the meal plunged into the safety of the near by river.

BAGH DECAMPED into the scenery then with a burst of speed that left his lugubrious consort a mile to the rear. And it was then at last that he made his full—one of a pair of matchless hinds—pictures of grace incarnate, which happened to break out of the river bush in hot flight from someone or something else their big liquid eyes too fixed in horror to rearward to note the striped death streaking in from the side. That Bagh took a bit of time over the actual killing of the sleek doe—twice as long as he needed—but there lay the banquet at last, properly dressed for eating. He was a proud monarch in that minute, as he mounted his forepaws upon the carcass, his barrel tail lashing like a live snake. His first solo tribute.

Then for a wonderful minute or so he quaffed deeply in the neck of the kill. He was just starting on some solider fare when his head went up on the column of his fine strong neck in wrath. They were back again, that procession of twin greenish lamps that seemed to float bodyless just above the grass tops gleaming and fading but continually recruited forming a ring, the span of which was driven by the compass of his power. Oh yes they were still with him those followers as low brickies of laughter appraised him. They had followed hard upon his heels. Most certainly they would not desert him now. No nice crowd in any sense but businesslike and reflecting his importance.

Sharp-nosed prick eared energetic heads rose momentarily above the grass regarding him with the villainous, leery sneery grins of the jackal hind here and there a hated hyena face among them favoring him with demoniacal regard then sinking from sight again—waiting, waiting and laughing madly as they waited. It needed but a pair of black maned eared heads in the background shifting like mist wreaths at the jungle edge, to make the audience complete. A pair of wild dogs the nomadic terrors of all India.

It was near dawn now and the time for feeding for such as these grew short. Moreover the late moon would soon have topped the bank of thunder clouds to the east. The ring of ghouls drew closer weaving in and out among themselves mouthing gasping and cheeling. They were mad with that hunger with which those who feed on carrion are afflicted. Like the thirst that follows wae o'pestilence. Bagh crouched down moaning horribly and quietly to himself as he warned the kill. Waiting for dead meat were they? Well they'd have it if they came within the magic circle of his strike.

His tactics like those of all cats consisted of pretending that he did not see those skulking shadows at all and would not notice them if he could. Then came the chance and Bagh, for the second time that night, combusted. His charge carried him clean through the pack where it was thickest like a cannon shot through a crowd. Once and twice he struck whistling full-armed blows and at the first a jackal died and at the second a hyena went howling into the night with half his cheek and a piece of his shoulder ripped off. Before he could wheel again the rest of the crowd had fallen over backward or sidewise and disappeared as completely as if they had never been at all.

BAGH CAME to a stop in the dense blackness, a little disconcerted at the completeness of the rout. The victory had been so easily won the night so suddenly still. But Jehoshapat! what was that? He whirled and covered the twenty yards back to the carcass in two seconds flat and struck again—*whoosh, whoosh*— in the middle of a cluster of wraiths that swarmed verminlike over the carcass. They flew apart like parts of an exploding shell rolling out and between his very paws and savage gaping fangs, almost turning somersaults in passage and each with a triangular goblet of warm dripping meat in its jaws, which they bolted as they ducked. It was a lasting wonder they did not choke to death on the spot.

Bagh charged on furiously— wholly demented again spitting spitting, bounding in all directions at once it seemed but missing the skulkers one and all. Only to come hissing back again his pads thudding on the dry grass as the opposite side of the circle swept forward in a concerted rush to rip more meat and vanish. It was a white light on the ways of scavengers and the meaning of followers in the wild.

Quite some five minutes at that went on and Bagh was fit for asylums, as they say before it dawned upon his shallow cat brain that he stood to lose the entire kill unless he planted himself thereon and did something on his own. He had just nicely started in that when the ring of footpads broke again quite suddenly of its own accord. Bagh could plainly see them first one furtive ghost then another melting into the shadows.

Then came the cause.

The faintest of faint rustles whispered in the dry grass there was a microscopic snap, followed by a barely audible sound of purring. Bagh had drawn himself very erect and high on the shoulders of the kill and was growling to himself. He stepped abruptly as a shrubhead and neck rose warily above the grass, a head that might have belonged to a leopard had it not boasted fine spidery, black lines from ear to ear. To the head was added a body and to the body a tail, the striped, sinister and exquisitely graceful body of a tigress of obvious youth and accomplishment. It was right there that the thing happened which taught Bagh how all a fellow's plans and pains can go for naught at the advent of the enigmatical female. A short five minutes before he would have slain any beast, even his parents, over this kill of his, for instance, which was merely a knighthood and consistent state of mind. Came now a reason on the heels of this sleek female of his clan.

Now in the Sunderbund where Bagh had lived all his short life, lady tigers were becoming rare creatures, indeed. Bagh had never seen one with the exception of his mother, until this psychological moment. Result love came upon him so suddenly that reason fled. For it could not be denied that directly he laid eyes upon her he had fallen fiercely in love. And that of course was the beginning of still another life.

AS THE SLEEK sinister creature sauntered up to the kill purring superciliously as she came Bagh simply drew aside to give her room. She was a young thing and superbly beautiful and one gathered that she was in something of a panic for life to start happening to her. Obviously she already knew where she stood with males in general. Bagh watched as she crouched and proceeded to feed upon the choicest portions of the carcass, himself purring like a great fool and quite forgetting his own griping hunger. The purrs of the two of them in fact filled the stilly night like the droning of tired saws.

Abruptly Bagh's purring ceased. He had pivoted about and hurled himself into a grass clump in one dumb death-dealing charge. He had seen what human eyes could never have made out—the top of a flat, striped head twenty feet away—and smelled what few other nostrils could have scented up-wind—the odor of another tiger a male. At the sudden and awful convulsion of savage steel hard bodies as the brutes met, the female flicked the pair with a momentary phosphorescent glance, to her mien something horrible to contemplate—an exquisite thrill of tension almost pleasure, in the knowledge that two furious knights were joined in battle for her favor; ready to die for her and doing it too with celerity. Through it all she never paused in instant at her feeding. This concession she made them, however—her head kept pole-true to the fighters as they circled about.

Bagh fought like a lambent flame. He multiplied himself, he became calamity personified. He was fighting for the female's eyes to see and he was quite demented.

Cat fights fortunately are never long they couldn't be in the nature of things. This one was even shorter then usual, but furious in proportion the battle of the afternoon a mere boxing match compared with it. From the moment the pair met in air and left together the struggle was wholly indescribable. For a full minute they were locked hell upriseen in a sort of rocking, reeling, rending waltz of death. Then they were four feet apart ripping forth short grunting coughs of fury from sidewise-lifted lips.

No one could have told how they came to be locked the second time, unless it was Bagh himself. They scarcely seemed to have moved yet there they were writhing, ripping and snarling again. Bagh on the bottom. But he was really more terrible that way on his back with his kicking, powerful hind legs free then when right way up and this time his claws were fastened to his opponent's throat. At least two score of his allotted quota of lives had died the death when at last they broke the clinch. The other tiger an older leaner beast failed to contain again—for good reason. He got up, dug his razors into the sod for a fresh charge then changed his mind pawed and departed.

Thirty feet away he fell over on his side and lay there feebly biting up chunks of grass and earth in torment. He was quite the sorriest beast in India for besides being half blinded his throat had been slit and his underparts laid open as if with stilettos. Had the moon come out just then you might have recognized him as Bagh's own father, but the chances are you wouldn't.

Bagh, of course had known his father from the moment of his first charge, by his voice and scent. The old tough it appeared, hadn't gone far away knowing his son pretty well. Lured by the sight and quite possibly the blandishments of the unattached flapper tigress just mentioned he had ventured to return on her trail and in so doing had come upon Bagh and—Waterloo.

BAGH DID NOT wait to ascertain the extent of the damage he had done, nor to settle any fine points of lordship. The old one might with luck recover might even feed it again over that populous precinct of the wild all that was nothing to Bagh now. In the past five minutes he had found out just who it was he had wanted all along, and it had nothing whatever to do with the loneliness of kingship. For the present at least it had to do with the leech trail the tigress had left. During that last mad clinch of the two males, she had finished her repast, stretched leisurely lustihously washed her face and with no more than a haughty glance at her two admirers, vanished.

She hadn't gone far however. Bagh came upon her within a hundred yards, sitting full fed and cynical beneath a palmyr tree carding her hair. She was, in fact, waiting for him having known he was coming all along. She turned her low browed black gold face and regarded him with cruel inscrutable eyes. As she did so the first great drop of rain for ten full months, fell with an audible *plat* on the parched ground between them, harbinger of better times ahead.

The female rose stretched deliberately and insolently yawned to Bagh's face. Then pitting at him a flirtatious playful paw the sort that would have laid open his shoulder if he hadn't dodged with unconcern she bounded off through the tall grass. Bagh close behind.

Two weeks later the pair of them happily mated now returned to the Sunderbund again from a honeymoon trip of a hundred miles or more into the high Terai Forest—the vast humming ground that skirts the foothills of the Himalayas. And then it was that Bagh beast of varied destiny stepped, or more accurately plodded headlong, into another and final life. As he led his young mate along an old familiar game trail the ground suddenly yawned beneath him and Bagh fell into a deep tiger pit cleverly constructed by native hunters.

For an hour thereafter, while his mate circled and circled the black pit phosphor-eyed with horror, Bagh leaped and roared and clawed but it was no use. When the mist peeled off with the dawn breeze, men came and Bagh was meshed so many ropes, trussed up like a sack of grain and hung head down from bamboo poles.

Not long after that a hissing swearing black and amber demon christened Rajah now instead of Bagh— he crouched in a narrow cage on board a ship, bound for a certain zoological garden across the sea. He arrived at his destination in good health and is safer and better off there than ever he was in his former lives—and so too are thousands of hill-dwelling Hindus.

On the day on which the side boards were lowered and Bagh first looked upon the new strange world of the northern zoo, his young mate in far-off India lay watching her wobbly legged cub taking his first look at the daylight beyond her last mouth—Bagh's son, just beginning to use his legs and destined one day to take his father's place as the beautiful and terrible lord of the jungle.


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# Day of Departure

*Continued from page 19*

about as modern as Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. She had cried out "Paul, you're a perfect beast, and he had set up sadly as you please like an animal begging, saying in a ridiculous voice "Then you could find a place on your farm for me, couldn't you, Rebecca? Dear Paul. She watched him now, then forgot him in the story he was telling. She sees instead grandfather facing the financial bigwigs and throwing down before them his declaration of independence.

Andrea, said Paul "I guess our own dooryard is off.

She nodded, not trusting herself to speak. She watched him go to the library door. He knocked and entered.

"Oh, said Henry Stoddard "so it's you, Paul?"

"Yes, sir."

"Anything I can do for you?"

Paul fidgetted. He said impulsively "I hope you won't mind what I have to say, sir. I hope you'll take it the way it's meant."

"Humph. The latest bulletin on vaga bondage?"

"We're not going—just now, anyway, sir."

"Oh?"

"It's this," said Paul. "I happen to have a little in the bank. A mere drop in the bucket of course, but if you'd let me turn it over to you temporarily I'd feel most awfully honored, sir."

He dared not look toward old Henry. It was like standing on the rim of a volcano. He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a cheque and proffered it.

Henry Stoddard took it and held it for a moment.

"Pay to Joseph Doctadès," he read aloud, "one thousand dollars."

Paul flushed.

"—sorry," he stammered. "I—this other is the one I meant to give you."

Henry Stoddard accepted the exchange silently, then looked from the new cheque to Paul and back again to the blue slip in his hand.

"Thank you, Paul," he said. "It's very good of you. I could use a thousand dollars to good purpose just now." He folded it and placed it in his pocket.

Tarmey to go, Paul hesitated.

"I think I ought to tell you," he said, "that Andrea and I had planned to get married and go off. It happened to be today that we chose for making the break. I'm sorry. It doesn't seem quite sporting now—behind your back that way."

Henry Stoddard nodded.

"It has been done before," he said. "But there's something in what you say. May I ask where and at what time this event was to take place?"

"The Greville rectory, sir. Five o'clock. All arrangements made?"

"Yes, sir."

Walking over to the window Stoddard stood for a moment in the full flood of noon sunlight.

"It seems a nice day for a wedding," he said briefly. "I'll arrange to have the car take you over. If I'm not able to get there in time to sign the book myself go right ahead."

"But—"

"Paul," said the old man grimly, "this has been a rather unusual day for me. It's not been an altogether easy day. I stood for a good deal of bullying this morning and I'm fed up with it. Do you propose to bully me now—or will you do as I say?"

"That's up to Andrea, too."

"Of course. Go and talk to her."

Andrea took it well. She stood with her back to the tulips and the open window and the sound of the Moscombe carriage homeward hound with a scrunch of gravel and said it was great. She said cook could manage a dinner of sorts, with a bang-up cake and candles, and after Morton had driven them over and back they could celebrate that way.

"What? No honeymoon? cried old Henry. "Nonsense. Haven't you any cash left, son?"

A hundred or so.

"Blow it," said Henry Stoddard. "You take my advice and go to it. I've seen people who put off their honeymoon and never get round to it. Make an adventure of it still son. Take your duds along and let Morton take you as far as a good hotel, if you fancy that. If I can join you at Penville in time for the event I will; if not go ahead and God bless you. I'm going out now. There are some things I've got to see about."

They watched him go, brisk still as if his world too had not crashed about his ears.

"Paul, said Andrea, "I'll never forget that you stood by him."

"Say what do you think I am?"

"A dear."

"That's your guess."

He held her in his arms. A small half smothered voice came up to him.

"Paul."

"Well?"

"Do you think we'll ever have a b-boat and go c-cruising?"

Sure we will kid."

"It isn't that I won't be happy with you in a h-hotel room. You know that. It's only—"

"I know," he said.

They stood for a moment listening to the deep-throated call of a freighter down in the harbor and the answering shrillness of a tug. The noon whistles, as if in answer to a challenge from the waterside, penetrated the air with imperious voices.

ANDREA looked a little frightened when the ceremony was over. The words solemnly said, the vows taken. They went out under an arch of plum blossoms.

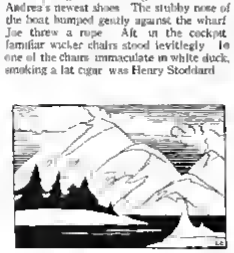
"But where's Morton gone with the car?" said Paul.

Beyond the gate was the road, and beyond the road a line of willows and then the canal with Penvilla Lock not far away. Of Morton there was no sign. They stood for a moment, conscious only of the quiet water, the trees drowned in it, the sunlight slanting on green banks. They looked up and down the road. Two white hens came out of the rectory gate and investigated the road with them, scratching on the mushy margin for food. Plum blossoms fell on them like fragrant confetti when a wind stirred. The willows rustled gently, the drowned trees blurred.

What are we to do? cried Andrea. Paul, we—" Her voice died away. Paul had caught sight half of her arm. Something was moving whitely behind the willows. They made out the stubby nose of a boat and seated atop the bow, grinning at them, Joe Doctadès's freckled-faced boy. Joe put his own head out of the cockpit and hailed them.

"Go to the wharf!" he shouted.

Paul obeyed nonplussed. It was Andrea who caught his hand and started him running with her. The hens scattered before them with agitated cluckings. Dust covered Andrea's newest shoes. The stubby nose of the boat bumped gently against the wharf. Joe threw a rope. Aft, in the cockpit, familiar wicker chairs stood levitlegly. In one of the chairs immaculate in white duck, smoking a fat cigar was Henry Stoddard.



"Come aboard," he called. "Sorry to be late for the ceremony. But Joe'll tell you we had the deuce of a time smuggling that wicker stuff down from the sunroom, and getting the engines greased up and the fuel in. But she's working like a charm. You'll find your bags stowed away below. A roomy old tub, all right."

Paul was white as a sheet.

"I don't quite get the idea, sir."

"Wedding gift, one," said Henry Stoddard. "Had to borrow a thousand from a lad I know but here she is. Tut, don't stammer. I know what I'm about. Not quite in my dotage yet. Don't thank me until you hear the conditions. D'ye suppose you youngsters could stand a third member of the crew for a while—after you've honeymooned a bit? By the time I'm a bit of ochyging I'll be able to chip in my share at least. And at the worst, Paul, there'll always be chub or catfish overside." He leaned forward, ashing his cigar. "Paul, you never knew, did you, how sick with envy you made me the day you sprung this on me? I've been wanting all my life to go vagabonding, but I hadn't the courage to cut the painter. Too rich and busy to be able to afford the ample life. Well, what about it? Could you stand me for a while if I joined up in two or three weeks?"

Paul shot a glance at Andrea, a quick understanding flashed between them.

"It's this way, sir," said Paul eagerly. "Can't you come along now? If you can stick a couple of spoony kids, we'd like awfully well to have the crew intact from the start."

Henry Stoddard almost jerked out of his chair.

"You mean that?" he said gruffly. "It's a proposition you're taking on."

Paul grinned.

"We'll risk it."

"All right," said old Henry. "The crew's signed on. Now shift me if you can. He sank back luxuriously in his wicker chair. "Where's Joe?" he said. "Oh, Joe you and the kid go and find Morton down the road where I told him to wait. He'll vote you home. And tell him Joe if anybody wants anything I'll write my address when I get round to it. Anything you want to ask for about the engines, Paul?"

"No, sir. I've been over them till I know 'em backward."

"Good. Well suppose you climb into old duds—you'll find some below—and get us under way. We'll head up and lie over night in Channel's Reach. He saw Paul's quick amused glance at Andrea. "Got you," chuckled old Henry. "Too used to giving orders and managin' things. I guess I'll tame gradually."

He settled down in the chair again. Opposite him, looking a little dazed still, was Andrea, Joe and his freckled son went ashore. Paul cast off.

Andrea," said old Henry. "Here's my kodak. I brought it along to take a snap of you two, but there's lots of time for that. You might, while I feel like it, just take one or two of me sitting here, will you?" He chuckled again but when he spoke it was quite soberly. "I've got a notion to send the boat bumped gently against the wharf. Joe threw a rope. Aft, in the cockpit familiar wicker chairs stood levitlegly. In one of the chairs immaculate in white duck, smoking a fat cigar was Henry Stoddard.



# Lady Out West

*Continued from page 8*

wished no one to believe least of all him.

"Can't they see," said Cary, aloud and rebellious, "that I'm only trying to play my own part? Can't they see I'm not about not selfish? I've got to keep going—or fail."

Southward the lights of Henry Sadden's ranch sparkled cheerfully. Cary looked at them and refused to admit it would be nice to ride over for a visit. No, now it was too late. They'd say "Aha, the Eastern woman is caving in." They'd be very nice to her, and talk behind her back. Cary turned in, locked the door, placed the shotgun conveniently on a chair and went to bed. Actually she was too tired to sleep and the little devils of doubt danced through her mind.

"It is a man's country, they hate to see a woman get along alone. It's not natural to them." Somberly staring at the dark ceiling, she thought about that with a critical detachment. Well was it natural? Here the was personable enough, letting the fresh years go by. Shouldn't she be dancing, wearing party clothes? Shouldn't she ever know again the luxury of being careless and without worry? There would come a time when she'd be a spinster. Cary twenty three, turned beneath the quilts and Lee Post's lean face appeared before her as it so often did these lonely nights—looking down in curious thoughtfulness, withholding judgment. She didn't know when she fell asleep but suddenly she was dancing in a big hotel and a lean distinguished fellow rode through the French windows, wearing immaculate evening clothes and a cowboy hat and proposed to her. She said "Lee I get so tired of appearing self reliant." Then the chickens roosting in one corner of the ball room began to squawk and she cried out to the crowd. "My lord, there's that skunk again!"

IT WAS BEYOND NOON of a suffocating cloudless day when Lee Post rode away with her in the rig. The prairie was a tawny glare to the eyes, and over in the East the sun set up diamond flashes of light as it struck and refracted from the mica crusts of the ridge.

"Such," observed Lee Post, "is Sunday in the Far West. A scorcher. What do you do to look like that, Cary? Sort of pink and scrubbed and serene."

"I washed my face," said Cary absent mindedly. "I feel guilty. There's so much I should be doing. Last night the skunks got two of my hens."

And doubtless will get more before you die. What of it? This is Sunday."

Cary recited. "There's water in the pans for the chickens in the tub for the steer. Corral gates closed. Eggs gathered. Bread dough set to rise—"

"This is Sunday," drawled Lee Post. Cary's preoccupation dissolved to a smile. "You're a comfort. Lee to a woman playing hookey."

"Don't think you'll ever catch on."

"Well?"

"What can't be done now can always wait till tomorrow. It's the long swing that counts—from season to season. One day or one week doesn't mean anything. Ever see Henry Sadden in a hurry? He's worth a hundred thousand dollars, and got it by biding his time. Lee grinned into the girl's disheveled face. "How old are you, Cary?"

"Twenty three."

"Why did you come out here?"

Cary said. "You wouldn't believe me. What I was doing seemed to lead nowhere. Adventure, Lee."

"Adventure—here?"

"It may still be here, when I have time to look," mused Cary.

"Time won't come unless you take it," observed Lee definitely. "This is a slow land. There's such a thing as gettin' out of stride with it."

The rig clattered across the Dry Creek plank bridge, swung along the ridge road. A buggy overloaded with three youngsh couples climbed how Henry Sadden's yard. There was a great clatter of talk. Lee Post yelled "Fall in behind" and continued southward beside the rising slopes. A bomb of dust appeared up a ravine and a buckboard careened down. At Squaw Creek forks the procession had become lengthy and lulurious. Lee Post whipped his horse to draw clear and avoid covering the following people with the heavy yellow dust but they took the challenge and closed in compactly. Lee's grin deepened.

"Blamed fools eat sand as if they liked it."

"They'll like me no better for avoiding dust," said Cary.

"They were born in it," drawled Lee. "You're the only lady here."

Cary's face flushed a little.

"You're unkind either to me or to the others."

"Not so." Lee veered to an upgrade road that passed swiftly between shading pines. "There's maybe a hundred years of gentle ways behind you. In a settled land. Not the same here. This country is a little bit savage—and the people have to fit it."

The yoncing grade circled stiffly and ended in a flat glade that had the vaulted, introspective air of a church. Water rushed from inches heights and collected here in a glass-green pool. Cary got down and waited a little uncertainly as Lee drove away with the team. A great hallooing and chattering rose and rebounded—a ceaseless laughter. There were she guessed about thirty in the party all near her own age. Most of the men she remembered as being rather speechless and mature, the women more subdued than otherwise. But on this afternoon they had thrown aside their gravity and she felt oddly older. Lee Post drifted back with a robe and she sat down with her back to the shaggy bark of a yellow pine at the same time seeing a slim girl turn from a group and flash a knowing, friendless glance at her. Somebody yelled the name "Lonzo" and a roan haired young man came away from his buggy with a hat and ball and ball n' board gloves. There was an immediate stampede to the centre of the glade and the roan youth had to shout above the racket.

"This time Lee's my pitcher."

"This time," called Lee, "I'm spectator. Cary and me will play chaperones."

The slim girl looked over again and her vivad lips parted.

"Lee—you girl!"

"Never mind, Tommy," grinned Lonzo, the roan young man.

Tommy looked straight into Lee Post's eyes—laughing and meaning more than the said Cary thought. There was the smallest interval of silence, a kind of constraint developing from common knowledge. Cary idly dug up the pine needles with her slender fingers thinking. "This Tommy wants Lee and everybody knows it. Is there no privacy about them?"

THE GAME began and went on boisterously carelessly with a prodigal waste of effort. Tommy slid to an improvised second base and ripped her skirt. Lonzo picked her up ironically gallant and tried to kiss her. Tommy slapped him soundly to a riot of applause which the roan youth acknowledged by a wide and unembarrassed grin. This was kaleidoscopic, without order. The game Cary saw was only a convenient medium by which these animal healthy youths might spend their dammed-up energies. The self-chosen umpire—somebody had called him Mac—announced a strike and the fellow at bat abruptly walked toward the umpire, red and angered. "If you're ridin' me, Mac," he said coolly "we'll both take a gallop." It seemed like nothing yet the cheerful catcalls stopped on the instant. The laughter then was only surface deep. Cary reflected beneath the pleasantry the torn tones were beating. Remembering what Lee had said about the savage land. She turned to find him looking




# Keep Them Husky



IF YOUR child has never been brought into close contact with anyone who has tuberculosis, you can count yourself lucky because boys and girls are more susceptible to the disease than grown people. Most children who pick up tuberculosis germs get them from someone who has an active although often an unrecognized case of the disease.

Whenever a child is found to be infected, there should be an immediate search for the source of the infection. A child may be in daily association with an older person who is entirely unaware of the fact that he or she has tuberculosis which can be transmitted. The condition is probably thought to be chronic asthma or bronchitis.

However, why guess about possible infection? You can almost always find out by the simple tuberculin test whether or not your child has picked up any germs of tuberculosis.

If he has become infected, you will want to take the next step—have an X ray examination to learn whether or not any harm has been done or is being done. Even though the germs are lying dormant, an infected child ought to be under medical care and carefully watched.

Many tuberculous experts are of the opinion that the majority of the active cases of tuberculosis in adult life are partly or largely traceable to infection in childhood.

Despite all the progress made in fighting the disease, it still causes more deaths and more invalidism between the ages of fifteen and forty-five than any other disease. Be on guard. Use all the help afforded by science to protect your children.

If detected in its earliest form, most cases of tuberculosis can easily be controlled and arrested. But if cases are permitted to develop to the point where the familiar first signs appear—loss of weight, lack of appetite, indigestion, fatigue and a persistent cough—there comes a long battle which can be won only with expert medical care, proper food and rest.

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What a hit! Booster Live-Wire had connected with one of the pitcher's inshoots and the old pill was screaming its way back to deep centre. It was the hit that won the game! His team mates jumped for joy, while the stands shook with the acclaim of the multitudes.

Who was this player, garbed in a snappy uniform, who used his own special bat, and wore his own spiked baseball shoes?

Why, he was a member of The Young Canada Booster Club and had bought his outfit with the money he had earned from the Club, while the bat was a special prize he had won at his Booster work!

## He was the envy of the crowd!

Booster Live-Wire was proclaimed the hero of the game! The boys all admired his baseball outfit.

"Where did you get it?" asked one of his friends.

"Well, some time ago I sent in a coupon to The Young Canada Booster Club," he answered proudly. "I work for the Club in my spare time and make a lot of money. This is one of the suits I bought with the money I earn, and this swell bat was given as a prize."

"Gee whiz," replied Tubby, "can I join that Club?"

"Sure, just send in a coupon and the Club will tell you all about it."

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on with an expressionless calm. His dry drawl cut into the silence.

A little water might cool off all the heat."

I thought of it first," shouted the tawny-headed Lonzo and made a great leap ahead of the converging crowd. The two quarrellers turned in defense but they were overwhelmed and swept back and tossed high through the air into the pool. Everybody yelled at that piece of deviltry and the game went on with less tension than before. A plump girl with crimson cheeks literally staggered away from the play and fell at Cary's feet, saying faintly: "I'm simply dead." But she was talking and Cary saw her eyes strike venomously toward Lonzo who stood on third base with his comradely arm on the vivid Tommy's shoulder.

It went on and it went on players dropping out and in until the definite daylight began to wane from the tree-enclosed clearing. Pure exhaustion and the thought of eating turned them then. Lee started to rise, but Cary was before him smiling a little. "Let the lady serve," she said and walked over to the rig. There was a fresh horse. Lunch basket in hand she swung to see the vital unquenchable Tommy standing at the water's edge.

"For two cents," cried Tommy, "I'd pull off this dress and dive in. I'm so hot."

"Took," said Lonzo instantly reaching into his pocket.

It was impossible. Cary thought and felt humiliation for the girl. Tommy passed above the water and looked defiantly about. A small chunky fellow—her escort who had spent the afternoon looking on—came up and spoke a few embarrassed words. But Tommy shrugged him away. Her eyes on Lee Post, gl'owing with that mild light she seemed to have for him. It was clear to Cary that Tommy was waiting for Lee Post's answer. Lee's answer was calmness itself.

"Prefer my drinking water without the taste of lipstick, Tommy."

You pill," said Tommy. But Lee had the power of discipline over her; she turned and walked to the line of buggies. Lithe and curved of body and not ashamed of the rip in her dress. Cary returned with the lunch basket thinking coolly: "Tommy is Lee's, at whatever price he cares to put on her."

The crowd had gathered in small clusters. The plump little girl and the plain youth came up. Tommy came up with the serious lad trailing, and these six sat in a circle and ate silently gamely with their fingers while the day passed west and left a quick gloom through the trees. Cary offered Lee a sandwich and smiled at the surreptitious comprehension in the glance he lent on her, instantly feeling the weight of Tommy's moody watchfulness.

Somebody less lethargic than the others dragged up an armload of tinder-dry branches and started a fire. By degrees the little groups formed a scattered ring about the flame. One girl sang softly into the gathering dusk, and there was a slow relaxing. The plump girl said: I'm as full as a tick," and sat near the red-headed Lonzo, who watched her with a still soberness, hungrily watchful.

Lifting her glance Cary saw others as absorbed—paired off and excluding the world. Below the surface quiet was an old old ferment, the sense of it stirred her definitely. She thought, sober and puzzled. These people are vital, and found Lee Post's eyes filled with an odd questioning interest. Tommy's sweet-damp hair clung awry to a really beautiful head, and she stared down to the sober lad whose attention seemed to be on the dark tracing of the trees. "She's wondering," reflected Cary in bad detachment, "if she loses Lee whether or not the other man will do." Tommy's elbow rested on a closed fist, and all the brooding uncircumspection of the universe lived then on her face.

PADDED ECHOES fell into the glade. A man's surly voice arrived before his tangible outline.

Am I in the wrong prayer meetin'?"

Lee Post's body swayed forward and the slim features ceased to be casual. A horse drifted against the firelight carrying a shaggy fellow with vast shoulders and a body so thick as to appear welded to the saddle. The newcomer said ingrossly:

"Where's got a drink?

Hello Pope," drawled Lee.

It was expressionless, but Cary noted how the other's dull visage whipped toward Lee Post and went alert.

You Lee?"

"Yeah. Lost your way, haven't you?

I come and I go," said the man, sagging.

Exactly," agreed Lee Post.

The heavy fallow cheeks took on the rich crimson staining of the firelight. Cary thought he would speak out angrily at Lee's edged rebuff. But, instead, he swept the silent circle with a final glance and rode off. I've seen him before around my place," said Cary.

"It's likely," observed Post. Then he added softly: "May be reason in the vast."

The outing was definitely over. Lonzo rose murmuring.

One of these days, Lee, you'll have to fix Pope Hunker's clock.

There was no answer from Lee. He pulled Cary to her feet and went for the rig. He helped her up, put the robe about her and stopped to drench the fire. In the final glow Cary saw Tommy astride her horse watching. Tommy murmured: "So long, Lee," with a falling inflection. She put out a hand and Lee took it saying some quiet thing that turned the girl's face sharper and darker. It was only a moment's scene and Lee came back to the buggy and swung up. But Cary, sitting straight, said to herself, "That I think was the end of it, poor Tommy," and some obscure weight lifted from her shoulders, leaving her with an odd lightness all the way down the crooked road. One by one the buggies turned off, beyond Sardine's house voices sang: "Good night, ladies," and the muted silver echoes died pleasantly beneath the rumble of the rig on the Dry Creek ridge. The stars were pale in the sky, the breeze sharpening. Her house appeared dimly before them. Lee handed her down and walked up the porch waiting while she lighted the lamp. When she returned the cool and stilling reaction took hold of her again. He was looking down that same suspended judgment in his eyes.

I enjoyed it, Lee, and my education progresses. I could be like.

She stopped short; but Lee Post supplied the rest.

Like Tommy?"

Yes," said Cary.

"Tommy takes life straight, without a chaser. When she gambles she plunges everything on one card. What makes you think you could be that way Cary?"

There aren't two kinds of women, Lee. All of us are alike.

Lee's talk was casually insistent.

If Tommy's buttered bread fell to the ground she'd eat it, dust and all. If there was a man she wanted part good and mostly bad, she'd take him and be blind to the bad. You'd starve before you'd eat the dusty bread. You'd never tolerate the weak side of a man. Your natural desire to have things straight and tidy wouldn't let you. You're a fastidious packet, Cary. His grin appeared very faint. You're a lady."

She stood very still listening more to the timbre of his voice than to the words, and heard herself say:

"Even the coldest sort of a woman has feelings, Lee.

In some things Cary's detached self thought, a woman needed no teaching. All she had to do was reach out and Lee would come. He wanted her. It was behind all those slow arguments. He wanted to be wrong about her; wanted all his doubts swept aside. This tall man whose eyes showed hunger in the lamplight was trying to be logical against his own longing. Cary felt sudden coolness again. "If I reach out and touch him he will come." Her own voice sounded disappointed as she said, quietly aloud:

Good night, Lee."

"And tomorrow's another day," drawled Lee Post.

She wanted to get a clearer look at his face but he turned rapidly and strode to his horse and soon was gone. Cary felt again the distinct let-down as she walked through the house and went out with her lantern and pail. She stalked and milked Sue-Boss with no patience at all. She closed the chicken house, started after the brindle steer in the far pasture and then changed her mind. "This night," she said, "I'll not chase you. You can walk out there to your heart's content." She went to bed dispirited saying to herself: "The Kittredges always had too much pride."

IN THE MORNING the far pasture gate stood wide open and the brindle steer was gone.

"The first time I slack my chores, this happens," said Cary angrily at herself.

Laying aside her other work for the moment she walked she long length of the field. It was her first thought that the brindle steer had rubbed and broken the wire holding loop of the gate and so had effected his escape. When she looked she saw the loop lying intact a dozen feet away and the gate had been dragged back for the arc of its bottom piece lay plainly on the ground. That was her first intimation of thievery. The rest of the story she soon read. There were pony tracks advancing to and retreating from the gate. The tracks came up Dry Creek ridge. The stars were pale in the sky, the breeze sharpening, her house appeared dimly before them. Lee handed her down and walked up the porch waiting while she lighted the lamp. When she returned the cool and stilling reaction took hold of her again. He was looking down that same suspended judgment in his eyes.

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"but don't you have to dilute it?"



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Hunker never answered. Hunker's face was against the ground and a streak of blood slowly curled across a temple. Lee Post stared a long long time and the stony absorption faded from his eyes. Afterward he looked at Ruderman.

"You buy your beef too cheap Ruderman. That's a warning. I'll be after the steer later. Coming Cary?"

Somewhere up the street, Cary felt the hatness of the sun again. She said quite slowly

"I guess I ought to be ashamed."

Lee Post seemed not to hear. They crossed the shaded porch of a hotel went into the deserted, musty lobby. Lee Post stopped, looked down gently speaking

"There was dust on your nose and you were mad enough to cuss. But you're a lady now, and you apologize for being human."

It's a man's country Lee. I know when I'm licked.

That sense of suspended judgment was between them again. Cary thought, "If I only hit my arms." She raised both to him and her eagar face, too. Light sprang strongly into Lee Post's quiet eyes and he smothered her. That faint inner voice said to Cary, "Some things a women doesn't need to learn."

Lee stepped away, alarmed

"Crying Cary?"

"Laughing my dear." She drew him back. It was odd, but she felt quite young and quite gay. "Women in love are all the same. I want you Lee. That is just as Tommy would say it."

# Backstage at Ottawa

*Continued from page 16*

in Montreal then Mr Beatty carried the war to Winnipeg

It was the death knell of amalgamation. No Government after that could touch it, and Mr Bennett who isn't the puppet of anybody and certainly doesn't want anyone to believe that he is, wouldn't touch it with the proverbial ten foot pole. Mr Meighen was to take the Duff Report ball and go full speed ahead.

Mr Meighen did exactly that. No lover of the Canadian Pacific Railway he piloted his measure with masterful skill wooning its enemies in debate sometimes conciliating them, always outmaneuvering them. When, one day Mr King called his Senate supporters into caucus and told them they must crawl down off the amalgamation band wagon—"put the boots to them" as one Liberal expressed it—the end was inevitable. Senator Dandurand and Senator Beique—good lusty amalgamators—promptly struck their flags.

Not so easy to dispose of is the financial problem, which in truth is a part of the railway problem. At this writing Mr. Rhodes is drafting his budget speech, wondering how and where he may make up a deficit of $150 000 000. He can't do it with mere economy. Mr Rhodes could cut services slash everything to the bone and he would still be scores of millions from a balanced budget. What he faces, inescapably is more borrowing after he has axed and taxed to the point of danger. Just what he will do about it how much he will borrow when and where and under what terms, we shall have to wait and see.

### Rumors of National Government

MEANWHILE the new Tariff Board is being got under way though very slowly—nobody seems to be unduly excited about it except the British who already have applications ready for it while a half dozen or more important appointments wait upon it. Bennett. There are, for example, Civil Service Commissioners. Nine months ago a Committee of Parliament condemned Commissioners Tremblay and McTavish and recommended their retirement. Both however are still carrying on, to the annoyance of a number of gentlemen who feel themselves eminently qualified to improve the Civil Service.

In the interim and pending the retirement of Messrs. Tremblay and McTavish certain things are being done to the Civil Service Commission. They consist of one branch of Government after another being taken from the Commission's jurisdiction this to the joy of partisans of both parties who have always hated the Commission and all its pomp and works. What we are witnessing is in reality a steady return to patronage the latest trench taken being the penitentiaries branch a department which, on the evidence of penitentiaries officials, benefitted more from the merit system than any other part of the Government.

Perhaps Mr Bennett is not to blame. He is still the Government, or the greater part of it buffeted by every circumstance leading the House, taking upon himself the work of his Ministers or of many of them trying to be in a dozen places and to do a dozen things at the same time. Three years of office haven't sapped his energy. As vigorously as ever with the same determination he works through long hours, shirks no task, hears deputations sees countless callers, makes numerous speeches, takes a hand on nearly everything that calls for a decision. Perhaps therefore some minor things escape him things like the mere turning to patronage.

Yet there are minor things which don't escape him. He still wars with the Press Gallery—or with a large section of it—still believes that most newspapermen are evil geniuses seeking to harass and thwart him. When not long ago—the Ottawa correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* cabled his paper that High Commissioner Ferguson was in the bad graces of the Prime Minister Mr Bennett, it is credibly said seriously looked up the statutes to see what could be done about it. When, later on the London *Chronicle* carried a story that Mr Bennett was about to show Britain bad faith by negotiating secretly with Mr Roosevelt, he called the British Government on the transatlantic telephone at eight o'clock in the morning and told them what he thought about it.

All this is done impersonally. Privately he is on fairly good terms with most of the newspapermen, scolds, taunts and argues with them tells them they are criminally inaccurate, that they are generally a menace. Most of them by this time have become inured to him.

Politically the session has been negligible. There have been no spectacular debates, no vital issues, no figure en either front bench achieving a reputation. Mr Woodsworth alone has made a difference as a member, but not enough difference to make his Co-operative Commonwealth Party a Parliamentary force. In the session's early days there was much talk about currency, more talk about banks, but with the crash in the United States many voices fell silent. Perhaps they concluded that, after all our banks weren't so bad that any money or little money was better than no money.

As the session nears its close there is talk of a National Government. But although Sir Arthur Currie led off for it—on behalf of St James Street and the Mount Royal Club so the politicians said—and others are scheduled to follow Ottawa is not impressed. Ottawa never is. In 1917 Ottawa thought that coalition was impossible held to the last that it couldn't happen—yet coalition happened. He would be a foolish man who would hold that it cannot happen again.


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# A Writer Looks at Hollywood

*Continued from page 9*

and studio head. This is called viewing the "rushes," and if the "takes" are not satisfactory "retakes" must be made on the following day.

With the picture completed, that part of the organization which has been concerned with turning it out begins to get the "preview jitters." With great secrecy an obscure theatre in a small town, generally many miles away from the studio is selected. The theatre announces a feature preview to its audiences without however revealing the name of the picture or the company, and on the night selected the makers of the film assemble, mingling with the general public audience, to watch its launching.

Included in the studio group are men whose duty it is to check and clock laughs, tears and other audience reactions. Sometimes the laughs are grouped too closely together, with deserts of moroseness between. This is remedied at the studio next day. Sometimes laughs that were meant to bring titters win "belly laughs," and the intended "belles" fall flat. These too are adjusted. Sometimes a laugh comes where a tear should fall and this is just too tragic and occasionally there are unexpected tears. But every reaction is carefully noted. The picture is gauged for timing. One part is too staccato, another too slow, the action later is adjusted accordingly. The studio cutters are present, making notes because upon them falls the job of maintaining the proper tempo, and upon the skill of a cutter may depend the success or failure of the picture when eventually released.

Often, after a preview extensive retakes are necessary in the studio—which is why, after a picture has been shot, the cast stands by and the sets are not torn down—until the picture is in the can and on its way to the distribution centres. And it sometimes happens that the reaction of a preview audience causes an entire picture to be thrown out or put indefinitely upon the shelf. Not so long ago a picture featuring a very prominent star was previewed. The picture had looked pretty good in the studio projection rooms but at the end of the preview performance a dejected audience trailed out, and with it the studio staff who clustered about the studio head.

"Well," said one brave soul to the chief "what did you think of it?"

At that moment a woman and her husband—Mr. and Mrs. Audience—walked past. The woman said: "That's the silliest picture I have ever seen!" The studio head raised his brows, his shoulders and his hands palms upward. That was all. The picture was rewritten and reshot—ninety per cent of it—at an additional cost of $270,000 and nearly four months' work. But when it did appear it was a box-office sensation and the initial loss was covered a hundred fold.

### Keen Competition for Stories

THE MAJOR STUDIOS maintain a force of fifty to eighty highly paid and highly trained staff writers, who write adaptations of published works and also original stories; and it has become an unbreakable rule that no unsolicited manuscripts will be read, unless recommended by responsible persons well known to the studio story personnel. The reason, of course is danger of plagiarism. Studio contract managers will tell you that every feature picture which is released—every one—carries in its wake anywhere from three to twenty lawsuits from individuals who claim that their brain child was kidnapped by the studio. From a cold business standpoint the idea that responsible studios steal ideas is, of course, ridiculous. Every studio is out for good stories, and is only too pleased to accept and pay for them in the hope that the writers will be able to turn out further masterpieces. Competition for good stuff is so keen that even the unknown has a definite chance if he will only put his ideas in fiction form and eventually sell them to the studios via the surest route—the magazines.

A striking instance of how plagiarism may be charged on a basis that seems quite sound yet has no foundation in fact, was demonstrated to this writer last year. A major studio was preparing an original story for a prominent and extremely popular feminine star, and the job of writing the story idea was in the hands of a writer who left all before it was completed. The studio requested me to come in and take the story over. The first third of the story as developed by the original writer, placed the principal character in Alaska running a dance hall and honky tonk during the gold rush days. She was elderly and rough but good hearted, and had a younger good looking sister. The older woman's sweetheart, a miner, fell in love with the sister and they carried on an affair behind the principal's back. The older woman went out with the claim seekers to stake a claim for her sweetheart who had pleaded illness or that he could remain behind with the younger sister, and eventually the principal returned and discovered them in each other's arms, and so on. The rest of the story does not matter. I completed the story idea carrying it on from the point of the elder sister's return from the mining claim and when the job was done three weeks later left the studio. Some months later I was talking picture ideas with a well known fiction writer, who remarked:

"I've got a grand story idea for so-and-so," mentioning the feminine star.

I asked him what it was.

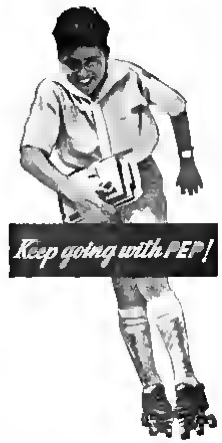
"Well" he said, "she is the owner of an Alaskan dance hall during the gold rush. She is in love, but her sweetheart has fallen for the woman's attractive younger sister," and he went on, recounting in almost identical outline the very story idea I had worked on six months before.

I went to my files, and in place of comment handed him a copy of the treatment I had written for the studio at that time. It is needless to enlarge on his astonishment also, it is unnecessary to stress how fixed and apparently well-founded would have appeared his charges of plagiarism against the studio had he sent in his idea without having first talked it over and seen the pedated copy of the studio's treatment containing the identical idea and situations.

It is during the actual shooting of a picture that one realizes that, enviable as a star's position may be to the world outside the studios, within the gates there is more of hard work than glamor. While a picture is in production the cast—including the stars, of course—may be called upon to report on the set made up, at six or seven or eight a.m. They may work all through the morning snatch a hurried lunch at twelve o'clock and be back on the set at a quarter to one go through the afternoon's shooting and continue to work frequently without dinner until eleven o'clock or midnight and, frequently when a picture is behind schedule until any hour before or at dawn. Scenes are rehearsed and rehearsed—the same business and lines over and over again with deadly numbing monotony until exactly the desired effect is achieved—and the director expects that the final take or camerized sequence shall show the cast more fresh more vitally emotional and realistic at the end of the long grind than when they came on the set fresh in the morning. And the way the players respond when that last "Quiet, please! Action! Camera!" is spoken, is something to pay tribute to. Wild parties? Yes—in about the same proportion that one finds them among people in other centres where work must come before any other consideration.

### 150,000 Dolls

AN ANGLE of film work that is of absorbing interest to the studio personnel but which rarely gets outside notice,

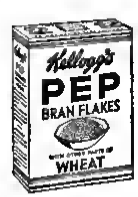




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In the work of the miniature department. Not long ago the writer witnessed the rushes of a film in which one of the major sequences was an attack by an American submarine upon the port of Durazzo during the war

The screen picture showed the port with its mole its castle and fortifications, and the fortified hills beyond with scattered villages, vineyards and cultivated fields Suri battered the foot of the precipitous cliffs flanking the castle a tramp ship lay at anchor in the inner harbor Then from seaward appeared the submarine The shore batteries opened fire. Fountains of water jutted about the approaching monster The guns on the mole slammed madly From the shore fortifications came spurts of flame as the batteries went into action. The submarine's gun opened up, and bits of masonry exploded from the forts and the hills beyond as the shells found their target Suddenly from the inner harbor appeared an Austrian destroyer belching smoke as it ploughed bows on, its guns spitting death as it raced onward to intercept the submarine.

The latter ladies with explosive and with a sacrifice crew on board crashed into the castle and disintegrated with a terrific roar, the great walls of the castle crumbling then sliding down upon the undersea craft with catastrophic force and burying it beneath the water The destroyer unable to check its way, crashed into the wreckage and lay dismasted its funnel bent and twisted the bow plates thewing gaping rents The smoke of war rolled across the peaceful hillsides there was a stunning silence after the brief but epic attack and the sequence faded out Seventeen seconds of thrilling realistic to the last degree yet finished affair—port houses, forts, naval crafts, submarine and destroyer built by months of painstaking effort was in miniature in exact scale and perspective on the sound stage of a Culver City studio The destroyer model was perhaps two feet long and the rest of the set up in proportion Yet so natural was the whole sequence that a casual spectator would not dream that it was not an actual attack with real ships upon a genuine port

Those who remember the film *Ben Hur* in the days of the silents may recollect a sequence which showed a vast concourse of spectators who arose watched the course of the speeding charioits then as the wave of enthusiasm was carried around the great arena settled down to their seats again But what looked like a great multitude of humans actually was 180 000 mechanical dolls in a miniature arena which took more than a year to build and perfect Expensive? Yes, of course, but infinitely cheaper than engaging 180 000 extras at $7 a day for the several days that the shooting might require

### Accuracy of Detail

IN SPITE OF the many slips that do creep into films, accuracy of detail is a fetish and the major studios have reference libraries which embrace practically every branch of human knowledge that by any conceivable chance could have a bearing upon a film. If you wish to know the costume of a Zulu warrior in 1845 you can learn it if you would like to find out what Queen Victoria wore at her coronation you can not only be told but if necessary her costume will be reproduced in fabric as well as in style. If you are in doubt as to the type of a submarine a speed wanted used by the British navy or any other navy for that matter—there are experts in the employ of the studios who can tell you with exactness. The libraries include costume museums, unbelievable thousands of records, methods of criminal court procedure, in all the civilized countries of the globe, meticulously written descriptions of moments in modern history such as the signing of the peace treaty at Versailles, and so on Still, shades of error and because of occasional British criticism of things appearing in Hollywood films which appear to denote ignorance of British customs, here is one slip that Canadian audiences will note when a certain picture is released in this country

The sequence takes place in a disreputable café in Marseilles during the war The place is crowded with Allied soldiers and a number of British privates and officers This writer was on the set at the time and protested to the director that this was inaccurate since British army regulations forbade commissioned and non-commissioned ranks to frequent the same cafés. The same objection was made by some of the extras, former British officers and men one of whom was an ex-Royal Artillery major The director's comment was "What is the difference the public won't know," and the sequence was shot The point for Canadian audiences to remember is this the director was an Englishman who himself had spent more than three years in the British army during the war

One of the fascinations of writing in a Hollywood studio is that one occasionally is given the unusual and sometimes disconcerting feeling that he is the wielder of a magic wand. Not so long ago two writers were in collaboration on a picture story in which hero and heroine were to push off to Europe together They debated in their office one morning as to what that they would have a sequence with the couple talking about going and then dissolve through to show them in Paris What the heck! said one. Let's show them getting on the boat Careless, just like that.

It happened that it was a rush picture for which the scenes were being written as it was shot They wrote this ship-boarding sequence, and a few days later when they went to the set to watch the scene being shot, stared at each other dumbfounded for the prop department had built one whole section, gangway and decks complete of the inside of the *Leviathan* and had erected 100 extras to give the departing lovers the proper background.

What do you think of it? asked the director proudly

It's swell stammered one of the writers. I hope it goes over big

It had better remarked his collaborator grimly for we'll coma in one morning to find new names on our doors.

### The Woman from Sweden

LUDICROUS THINGS happen now and then to lend spice to the workaday life of the industry A year or so ago an African river and jungle picture was produced in which a large number of hippopotami were rented from one of the big California animal farms which specialize in this service for the studios. The hippos, nearly a score of them were shipped to a small lake some miles from Hollywood and the picture got under way On the first day two of the hippos disappeared and the most rigorous search failed to discover them They were written off as lost and after the film was completed the company and the rest of the animals returned to Hollywood

Months passed. Late summer came along One night with moonlight over the lake a young man and his sweetheart were canoeing and it is presumable that Darkest Africa was farthest from their thoughts. "Gwendolyn" said Harold in that kind of a tone I love you I would die for you And at this moment on the quiet California lake there arose on each side of the canoe a snorting African hippo. Was Harold's face red!

It is not all comedy in Hollywood it is not all hard work either Occasionally it is heartbreak—not for the studio workers or stars, but for those whom the distant glare of the Klieg lights has drawn across the world to beat their wings in futile endeavor against the blinding rays Last summer this writer arrived at the studio gates and was accosted by a woman who had just alighted from a bus She was about thirty five rather poorly but neatly dressed with a mass of flaxen hair pulled under an old-fashioned straw hat Her large dim eyes, filled with infinite faith roved over the façade of the studio administration building She clutched a little more firmly the roll of manuscript which she carried and said in a strong Swedish accent

Is dis de studio? Assured that it was, she said I vant to see di manager

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Questioning elicited that she had come from Sweden to New York with her savings, and from New York to Hollywood that she carried with her an epic picture which she had written (Her English learned at school was quite good.)

"Have you had anything published in this country?" I asked her

No but once I had a story printed in Sweden

I glanced at her manuscript. It was hopeless. I knew she would never get within the studio gates. In an effort to ease the bump, I volunteered to ask the story editor for an appointment for her

Very kind you are," she said and added quickly with appalling confidence that her request was a natural one But tell him please he cannot have my story unless I play the female lead

## Arms and the Man

*Continued from page 11*

Forty years of collecting have made him an authority on his subject without robbing him of the zest that comes to the tyro. If you ask him he will tell you that collecting is, in a sense, a business. It demands a careful study of sources a quick intuition that enables one to see under a mass of corrosion the piece as it ought to be. It demands a fine knowledge of the gunsmith's art and a keen instinct for refinements of type, that may mean the difference between just an old pistol and something unique and priceless.

There is a piece in Mr Daly's collection that illustrates this rather aptly illustrates, too that this is an age of specialists in collecting as in everything else.

The curator of armor of a world famous museum, himself a collector of note was giving a dinner to a number of fellow collectors. The place cards at the table were unique in character Each collector's name was marked on it over a bit of armor representing that gentleman's particular hobby Obviously they were items of amusement rather than value. When Charles Daly picked up the rusted old pistol that marked his place, his quick glance showed him a strange contraption on the lock As carelessly as might be, he dropped it into his pocket, lest someone else should be startled by curiosity That night with oil and a bit of emery cloth he attacked the rust Underneath he discovered a breech loading flintlock, a hundred years in advance of its time. But that was not all On the stock inset in silver were the arms of William and Mary which definitely placed it as a piece belonging to King William of Orange and its date as that of the Battle of the Boyne. Yet an expert in arms had overlooked its value.

One of the fascinations of collecting is its unexpectedness It was in a little shop in Hoboken, New Jersey, that Mr Daly came across a curious sword with a flintlock pistol lying along the blade. He paid $25 for it, and if he were to sell it his profits would probably be reckoned in thousands of per cent because it was the side arm of the Papal Guard of Pope Pius VII of about 1774 Etched on the blade are the papal arms, Christ on the cross and St. Peter It is unique as the only example of its kind outside of Italy These papal arms were not permitted outside the Vatican yet here was a piece in some devious manner had found its way to a little shop in Hoboken.

Years ago, in New Orleans Mr Daly tells of picking up one of a pair of Highland pistols. It was of little value because its mate had been lost But there was one tantalizing thing about it that caused him to keep it in his collection The barrels and breeches of these pistols were numbered, but this one was assembled so carelessly that the barrel belonged to the other of the pair Fifteen years later in a little town in the Scottish Highlands, he picked up a similar pistol with barrel and lock similarly interchanged definitely identifying it as the missing mate.

An interesting item as a pair of dueling pistols bearing the crown and "N" of the first Napoleon They were purchased from the collection of the Russian ambassador to France, which was sequestered by the French Government after the Russian debacle. They were a pair given by the emperor to Marshal Lannes, conqueror of Saragossa who was killed at the battle of Essling in 1809 Five years later while browsing around the shop of René Johnson in Paris, Mr Johnson approached Mr Daly, an old watch in his hand.

"You will not want to buy," he said "because you collect only the pistol but you might be interested"

Mr Daly was, for inscribed on the case is the notation that it had been given to Marshal Lannes by Napoleon to commemorate the capture of Saragossa the pistols and watch are united on Charles Street, Toronto.

### Pistols Carried at Waterloo

MANY PEOPLE Mr Daly will tell you have a mistaken idea as to the age of weapons. Once he was called upon to examine a piece whose owner confidently stated that it was of the time of Columbus. As Mr Daly's collection contains a number of examples of the earliest firearms—the rude hand cannon of about 1450 he was sceptical. It turned out to be a piece issued in the United States about the time of the Civil War What the owner had taken for a date was the serial number showing that at one time it had been favored with at least 1 192 brothers.

Such a mistake is understandable for rust to the uninitiated always gives the appearance of age There are more than locke in existence today than there are examples of all the other types of small arms that appeal to the collector. The flintlock era began about 1630, while the last government issue in the United States was dated 1849

Still it is not a surprising mistake. A popular American magazine whose editor is one of the outstanding authorities on early American furniture, carried a cover showing a Pilgrim Father on one side of the pegs and a football hero on the other and under both the caption 1630—1930 The gun carried by the Pilgrim Father was not thought of until a hundred years after 1630 so one can only set the caption down to the unusual progressiveness for which the Pilgrim Fathers were so noted

There is no type of arms indigenous to Canada Mr Daly states except, of course, the Ross Rifle. There is one piece however that has been interestingly associated with Canada a early history and that is known as the Beaver gun. It is of amazing length—almost seven feet—which would make it an unwieldy weapon in the woods. Its exceptional length was a mercantile rather than a mechanical achievement, for the standard of exchange at that time was a gun for a pile of beaver skins the height of the gun."

For the rest, according to Mr Daly the arms used in Canada were mainly of English or Scottish make. Nevertheless, he has found many interesting specimens here

As an example he said over thirty years ago while in Guelph I was by chance in a certain house and noted over the

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mantel a pair of Scotch pistols. As diplomatically as possible I suggested that the owner might wish to sell three. Unfortunately they had belonged to his great-grandfather who had carried them at Waterloo and he would not part with them. During the course of twenty-five years or almost continual searching for arms, I had not discovered a similar pair. So when I returned after the war I thought it no harm to approach him again. I wrote him and received a reply to the effect that I would appreciate the value of sentiment which I was told that it would take no less than $700 to separate him from the pistols. The exchange was quickly made.

A year later I was leaving for France and needed all the money I could secure. At the crucial moment I was offered $400 for the pair. I parted with them reluctantly, believing that, as I had searched unsuccessfully for twenty five years, I was not likely to find them like again. Yet a month later, in Monte's shop in Paris, I ran across a similar pair. Maurice as the French Government expert on arms but his expertness does not extend to the arms of Scotland So I purchased this pair for $75. As I am not a collector of unlimited means, I have often had to give up a treasured piece in order to secure something else, thus making my collection build itself. So, on another occasion I sold these pair also, this time for $750—not a surprising price on an American millionaire paid $3,000 for a somewhat similar pair. These two pairs of pistols are now together in the great arms collection of the Metropolitan Museum, New York."

### Sentimental Values

MR. DALY is a bit reluctant to speak of values. If you make a tactful approach however he will explain that the value of any antique is dependent on the number of people who want it.

"Just now," he suggested, "would be a good time to start a collection, for there is less competition. But under any conditions, there are various kinds of value that may be set upon an arm. Naturally, there are specimens unique in some particular or so rare that they have become famous. Their value would be patent to anyone. I have for instance two Highland pistols dated respectively 1630 and 1667. Their value is assured, for it would not in all probability, be possible to duplicate them.

"On the other hand, there are associations which if they can be substantiated afford a sentimental value that has a very tangible price counterpart. For instance I have a long shot hand-revolving pistol of the pepperbox type that is unique not because of its type but because of its history. For its descent is proved to have been from a certain Sergeant Kerr, Seaforth Highlanders, who was on guard in the countermine when the Sepoys stormed the Residency at Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny. It was this very pistol that served to block the mine and save the garrison, and its story has been graphically portrayed by Tennyson in his 'Defence of Lucknow.'

"Sometimes you have a sentimental value imposed upon intrinsic value. I have, for instance, a breech loading flintlock that was made for Lord Nelson, who it will be remembered had lost an arm. The admiral could not load or cock a pistol for himself until the King's armorer designed for him a pistol that could be loaded, cocked and primed by a hook lever made to fit against the admiral's thigh. The association with the great Nelson would give any piece value but this piece was unique that it has been reproduced in every book on arms published during the past century. It is an individual piece made to meet an individual need, and it has no counterpart in the world.

"I have a beautiful pair of dueling pistols made by Gastinne-Renette of Paris, gunsmith to Napoleon III. They bear the crest of the Comte de Morny. It is evident that this pair was made at the order of the emperor for presentation to de Morny, who was reputed to be the illegitimate son of Hortense de Beauharnois and hence half brother to Napoleon III. The quality of these pistols makes them of outstanding value a value that might be doubled or trebled by their story.

A little while ago the New York Sun published an interesting article on the Brignole. These are shell lighter cases—candle lighters—using the pistol system. In the course of the article a certain type was mentioned and described with the notation: "They are so rare as to be almost mythical." Now, these are not pistols, but as they looked like pistols, that was enough for Charles Daly and he has gathered about him the most comprehensive collection of these interesting Brignoles to be found in the world, among them two perfect examples of the "mythical" pieces.

But you can't get Charles Daly to harp long on value. Ask him and he'll smile and say:

"Well, I've had a lot of fun—am still having it—because to get a worthwhile collection you must always be refining as the interest never lags. Perhaps," he will add, "I've had more fun than most. For most collectors of arms are wealthy men who can pay for what they want. I've never been wealthy. Hard luck? Well, perhaps. But, as a collector, I'm not so sure. After all, the real fun of collecting is in finding things for yourself and buying them at a price below their market value."

# The Future of Medicine

*Continued from page 10*

tation intelligent direction. I are only suggesting that your profession become organized, specialized and intelligently directed. By no other means can it hope to cope with the growing mass of medical knowledge and cheapen and improve its service to the public. By no other means can the full possibilities of preventive medicine be achieved.

*Y. M. G.* I'm not so sure that I understand you. These ideas sound mighty queer coming from the father of medicine.

*AES.* Queer boy? They only sound queer because like most educated moderns, you have had all the horse sense trained out of you. What do I mean by organization? I mean that your profession in combination with the nursing profession, should be turned into a public service where every man will be on a definite salary according to his deserts and will be put to work doing the thing he is best equipped to do. The country will be divided into medical districts supplied with medical men, nurses, hospitals and health centres according to the needs of population. In this manner rural districts will get the medical aid they now do without and the overcrowding of practitioners in the city will be eliminated.

What do I mean by specialization?

I mean that the man with appendicitis will be operated on by a thoroughly qualified and trained surgeon and not by a practitioner who operates because he wants the prestige and the fee. I mean that the woman having a baby will be attended by a thoroughly qualified and trained obstetrician, and not by every Tom, Dick and Harry with a medical degree. I mean that the man entering medical practice will be prevented from doing many of the things he can now do until he has proved himself capable. What did one of the leaders of your profession in the United States write on this subject only the other day? "It is beginning to dawn on many medical thinkers that there is perhaps a little too much democracy in medicine. Men are turned loose on the public with the legal right to do anything even those things of which they are physically and mentally incapable."

What do I mean by intelligent direction? I mean that there will be a body of the best brains in the profession at the head of the organization, directing its activities, increasing its efficiency, planning its future, eliminating the enormous waste of time and energy inherent in the present individualistic system.

### Leaders Needed

*Y. M. G.* BUT WHO will start this ball of organization rolling. Aesculapius? None of my teachers at medical school seemed to think it was necessary. If the leaders are not—

*AES.* If they are not about it, others will be. Make no mistake about that. Unless the medical profession undertakes this reorganization itself it'll wake up one day and find the public doing it.

*Y. M. G.* The public is still pretty apathetic on matters of health.

*AES.* Is it? French Louis thought his public was apathetic, so did Russian Nicholas. Mankind will stand just so much with stowlike resignation, then mankind becomes a tiger. I'm not so sure that it wouldn't be better if the public did take on the organizing of a medical service.

*Y. M. G.* What? You'd turn us into a sort of civil service?

*AES.* Why not? In many ways the Government could organize you more effectively than you could yourselves. It alone could raise the money necessary to bring all the hospitals and medical schools into the scheme as well as pay your salaries and the cost of maintenance. This service would have to be free so far as the public was concerned. Its maintenance cost would therefore have to be raised by some sort of a levy. Why not taxation? Furthermore the Government could alone enact all the necessary legislation.

*Y. M. G.* I have an desire to be handed over to the politicians, thank you. In a government controlled service, all the plums would go to the man on the right side of the fence.

*AES.* I might point out to you my son, that in several countries besides Canada the civil service which is government controlled is run non politically. The same is true of secondary education. Certainly a service where promotion was the football of party politics would be intolerable. It need not be. If the service were managed by a commission composed of two or three of the leaders of your guild a business man or two and a judge of the higher courts.

*Y. M. G.* We-ell, it might be possible to safeguard it that way. How would your scheme work out in actual practice?

*AES.* Something like this my son. We will suppose that it has been adopted and you have entered the service as a newly graduated doctor. You would find that the organization controlled all the hospitals and public health services in the country—all the medical schools and research laboratories. First of all you would be sent as an assistant to some group of men already in practice. You would thus be ushered into the business of healing under the guidance of men already experienced. This would enable you not only to develop confidence in yourself but to gain the sort of practical knowledge that cannot be taught in medical schools. I think you will agree that it would be better for the public that you gained your first experience this way than entirely on your own and without the benefit of tried advice.

*Y. M. G.* I most certainly do.

*AES.* After that you are sent on your own to one of those rural districts not now able to support a doctor. Thus the scattered communities gain the benefit of medical service close at hand and you develop your self reliance. At the end of two or three years you are for an examination. By this I do not mean the sort of examination to which you are accustomed, but something that will really test your ability.

*Y. M. G.* Ye gods, haven't I passed enough examinations already?

*AES.* The public has a right to be constantly reassured concerning the efficiency of those to whose hands it commits matters of life and death my son. If it is considered necessary for a captain in the army to take an examination before he can become a major, it is surely not illogical that the same should be asked of your profession. The business of the army is to destroy life efficiently, yours is the much more important work of saving life efficiently. If you fail to pass your test you return to the hinterland. If you pass, you are now given a year off on full salary to engage in postgraduate study. Returning from this, you are now sent to join the staff of a health centre in some small community. This health centre is an establishment equipped with laboratory and other aids to diagnosis and treatment. Here you and your two or three colleagues have offices. Here you work as a team combating the sickness of the community working not only to prevent it but to cure it. It is here that specialization begins—

*Y. M. G.* But suppose I'd wanted to specialize when I entered the service?

### Promotion by Merit

*AES.* NO PHYSICIAN should be allowed to specialize until he has gone through the mill of general practice. No physician can intelligently specialize without doing that.

To continue. In this small community, working as one of a team of medical men you handle that work that comes under the specialty toward which you are moving. You can see the benefit of this, both to yourself and to your patients. You have here at your disposal equipment you could not afford to have as a rugged individualist under the present scheme of things. You have the willing and eager co-operation of other medical men, some of them better trained than yourself. As a result you are able to practise medicine as you were taught in the medical school, and not as men are now forced to do for lack of help and facilities. Every sick person in your community would have at his disposal the combined skill of every doctor in the community. He would find that medical consultation on his case was the rule not the exception. More than that there would be brought to bear on the diagnosis of his case a great deal more scientific paraphernalia than is now possible in small communities. The difference between the scientific paraphernalia of the ordinary small community practitioner and that available at a place like the Mayo Clinic is fully that between a wheelbarrow and an automobile. This difference would in considerable part be erased under my scheme.

*Y. M. G.* It sounds very intriguing.

*AES.* From this small community you would pass by promotion to a larger one where there was a hospital.

*Y. M. G.* Is promotion by seniority? Would I have to wait for dead men's shoes?

*AES.* Promotion is partly by seniority and partly merit. Under my scheme the retirement age would be sixty. After that age few men have the strength to stand the strain of medical practice the energy to devote to study or the requisite openness of mind to new ideas. It is better for the public that it be relieved of the administrations of those whose hands and minds are beginning to falter. You would, of course, be retired on pension. You can see that a retirement scheme like this would ensure continual and regular promotion.

*Y. M. G.* That's a relief.

*AES.* We left you entering the larger community with its hospital. Here you are able to push further your specializing since you are working with a larger team and with more facilities at your disposal. In connection with the hospital there will be facilities for research to which you will now probably begin to indulge. Every five years you will be given a Sabbatical year on full pay for the purpose of further postgraduate study. By this time you will be publishing papers. From a community with a small hospital you will be promoted to one with a large hospital. In the end and at the top of the ladder you will be called to the staff of a hospital attached to some medical school. At last you achieve a professorate in your special subject.

This, of course, will depend on the value of the work you have done in the meantime and will go only to the very best men. But how much more fully developed is the man who has reached the top of the ladder through this service than the one who starts to specialize in surgery medicine or obstetrics from the very beginning! How much mellower his judgment! How much shrewder his knowledge of human nature! Am I wrong in maintaining that with a service such as this even worked out imperfectly as all human institutions are not only your profession but the public at large will greatly benefit?

*Y. M. G.* Honestly Aesculapius you have me almost persuaded. But there is one thought that strikes me. If the public gets free doctoring won't people tend to call us in for every whipstitch, often unnecessarily?

### Preventive Medicine

*AES.* HUMAN NATURE being what it is, the public will my son. But what you stigmatize as "whipstitches" may be the earliest symptoms of serious diseases which by catching early you may be able to cut short. Many people do not consult you now until they are gone beyond the hope of cure with such conditions as cancer and tuberculosis. Perhaps it is because they do not wish to pay a fee for what seems a trivial thing but is not.

*Y. M. G.* But this will entail a lot of extra work for us. Where will we find the time for preventive medicine? One of your earlier selling points was that under your scheme practitioners would have time to devote to prevention.

*AES.* So they will my son. Since let me repeat, human nature is as it is and you are being paid whether people are sick or not it will be your unconscious desire to have as few sick as possible. The fewer the sick the more time you have for study research and leisure. Just as it is now in your interests to have enough sick to keep your bank account sweet, so in my scheme it will be in your interests to have as few as human frailty will allow. It is a matter of psychology. You will find that the psychology of the public in this regard will be acting as a constant spur on you. It is being taxed to support you and your hospitals and finance the cost of medical treatment. The less sickness there is the less tax it will have to pay. The moment the public discovers this, it will be wanting to know why you aren't preventing sickness. Questions will be asked in Parliament.

*Y. M. G.* But it costs money to prevent disease. When you tell people that won't they prefer to stand the tax they know than fly to others that they know not of?

*AES.* Not if you prove to them that it'll pay in the end. You can do anything with the public if you appeal to its pocketbook. I agree that public health projects cost money. But for every sesterce they cost they save a hundred—with human life and suffering unto them again. It is costing the world untold millions of dollars today to endure even so slightly disabling a disease as the common cold. The total cost of disease runs into billions. Disease and armaments, both preventable, are the greatest crippling factors in your modern economic life.

*Y. M. G.* I don't know but that I'd like to see your scheme tried Aesculapius. I'm afraid however my medical brethren would consider it visionary and impractical.

*AES.* Of course! So have all schemes for the betterment of man seemed to those without vision, imagination and courage. But be sure of one thing my son. Your profession cannot continue to function in the future as it is now functioning. Whether it adopts my scheme or one of its own—or has some scheme thrust on it—change is on the wing. No profession whose work is so vital to the wellbeing of the community can be allowed to remain in a state of rugged individualism. —*The End.*



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Left: Philadelphus coronarius Centre. Double flowering plum. Right: Snowberry.
Photos courtesy William Rennie Co.



# Garden Shrubs

By LAURA ALLAN

THE BEST garden plan gives the most pleasure for the least initial cost and upkeep.

People forget that the burden of gardening may be greatly lessened by wise planning also that each decision has its consequences, which may involve them in work or cost that they had no intention of undertaking. Let us, therefore consider some of the consequences which follow hasty and poorly balanced decisions

For example when you decide to make a flower garden you may have bright colors during the growing season, but a rather unpleasant prospect all winter You may have plenty of flowers but much more work than you bargained for plenty to look at on the ground but nothing at eye height or above that You may see the whole garden at one glance but have nothing to suggest distance to make one curious to walk about nothing to shut out surroundings which may be annoying or even unpleasant

Suppose however that the simplest kind of treatment suits you best, that you decide to leave the whole area in turf have someone mow in a few large trees and call it a job You will have a fine green lawn, but because of the roots and shade of the trees you cannot expect to grow flowers successfully You have eliminated the maintenance problem but at the same time you have practically eliminated the interest, the privacy the pleasure of walking about the fun of working in your garden

Somewhere between these extremes of over indulgence and too much restraint, you will find the garden treatment which you are looking for

What, then, is the treatment that will bring the greatest amount of pleasure for the least amount of work?

First of all the garden should have good year-round effect

Next we need privacy so that we may go into our garden enjoying a feeling of seclusion that it may have its own setting without interference from distracting surroundings.

In the third place no matter how small the area we must recognize the value of space—for example lawn—in its relation to its enframement. This gives roominess, rest for the eye and provides a foreground for the pictures around it.

Finally the garden should be an outdoor place of absorbing interest sufficient to counteract the stress of the workaday world restful rather than exciting.

It may seem heresy to some people to suggest that a garden which is predominantly composed of shrubs, trees and lawn could give us the four desirable qualities just mentioned But let us consider first the year round effect of trees and shrubs. Of course, the greatest weakness of any garden is seen in winter At that time, the garden of flowers presents a drab and monotonous picture. On the other hand from the coming of frost until spring ever greens with their many interesting color effects varying textures and forms, and deciduous trees and shrubs with their branching habits fall and spring coloring fruits and bark bring to the garden a wealth of interest and enjoyment in the out-of-doors. Such perennials as are used should include a liberal number of those having evergreen or nearly evergreen foliage This garden will be attractive even in frosty weather for there is beauty in bare branches against a wintry sky Rich shades of bush and tree trunks, and the cheerful warmth of evergreens give wondrous color to a white landscape

To ensure privacy we must have enframement a wall to shut out the world hedges of evergreens and shrubs Every garden needs a boundary planting Perennials and annuals are not sufficiently sizable and important to make a good boundary Note too that shrubs are the ideal background for flowers because they supply the necessary green. Not the green of a hard surface like a stiff painted fence but a living green in billowy curves varying in intrinsic real shade full of light and shadow heights and depths which hint of mystery Shrubs, then have a twofold purpose. They contribute richly to the interest of our garden and they help to form its strong, high enframement The need for high enclosure is not recognized in Canada as in other countries. In England the walls of even the humblest cottage are commonly ten feet or more high We must remember that a three-foot hedge is not enough It serves neither to keep vision in nor out both of which are necessary



The double flowering lilac

### Space Essential for Success

SPACE, the third requisite of a successful garden is secured by a stretch of lawn Space is a rare quality in small gardens as it is in small houses but in the garden it is possible to capture the maximum amount of it by a good plan which arranges the planting in such a way as to make a vista Besides its space making quality an expanse of fine turf is one of the most beautiful features of any garden. Its changeful coloring in sunlight and shade its brilliant silky texture are attributes worth striving for Have you noticed how the sweep of a fine lawn right up to the edge of a shrub and perennial border heightens the brilliancy of the flowers?

Our fourth quality of interest is achieved by judicious planting The value of shrubs in the garden is beyond price We who think always in terms of annuals and perennials in bloom should not forget that shrubs in their seasons can give us more color than a hundred plants. One must remember that green is a color and that shrubs furnish green in varied tones throughout the four seasons. A shrubbery border of different kinds carefully spaced shows bloom during the entire spring and summer and is bright with berries and red or golden leaves in autumn while colored bark and fruits extend their charm into winter

Notice how naturally perennials nestle at the feet of well nourished shrubs. These shrubs should be left to unrake leaves and not spoiled by misguided pruning. They should be given sufficient space to develop all their natural grace whether spreading low to the ground, or rising in curved mounds or upright spires

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TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

Be generous with the space allotted to the shrub border. Keep them mulched thick with leaves and grass cuttings until they have filled. Judge the mulch and then decide whether you will thin the weeds. Plant them in irregular lines, having shaded bays for shy plants and sunny capes for sunlovers. Be careful in selection. Use only those which have the merit of fine foliage, interesting branching, excellent flowers, fruits and bark.

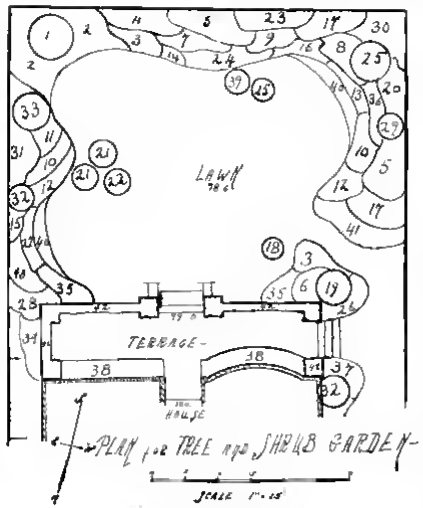
### Use of Perennials

CHOOSE A FEW fine specimens of perennials rather than a large number of common sorts. For example, plant a single lilium auratum against a rich green background, protected on either side by projecting arms of shrubbery. The effect is often better than a whole bed of lilies. A shaded corner will make a good home for six or seven aconitum napellus with the rich L. Henryi or a few tiger lilies in front to give you a color scheme—blue, orange and apricot of distinction and charm.

Shrubbery is often a happy solution of the question of what to do with Oriental poppies, the flame-orange type which quarrels with pink and utterly destroys the effect of other delicate colors near by. Try planting it, singly or in pairs, against soft green shrubbery and note how it lifts into the landscape. The grey leaved rose campion with raspberry red bloom and its relative scarlet lychnis, are all that best in a similar position. Evergreen perennials add immensely to this border. Crocus acaulis scilla and chionodoxa thrive among iberis vinca and phlox subulata which shield them from drying rains and the cold winds of early spring. Pachysandra is the best of evergreen ground covers for planting under trees where grass will not grow. Narcissus and other bulbs naturalized under shrub plantations give spring pictures year after year with no further attention.

Dwarf fruit trees are ideal for the small place from both the decorative and the utilitarian viewpoints. They bear early, the quality is very high, they are easily cared for. Set ten feet apart along one side of the garden, they make an excellent hedge and boundary and as they do well in sod it is possible to have a delightful grass walk. Pears and apples early and late varieties, make a good choice.

In small areas such as the one shown on the plan it is impossible to have large shrubs. trees but we may have some fine flowering trees and the smaller evergreen trees marked in circles on the design. The merits of this design are simplicity and interest throughout the year with special emphasis on low initial cost and maintenance. Deeply enriched soil is, of course a prime necessity. The specimens used are hardy vigorous and for the most part keep-anywhere plants, carefully placed to enhance them individual beauty and to make harmonious groups. There is no construction, arbor, pergola, pool or sundial to increase the initial cost, and no hedges to prune. Beyond trimming off long shoots and withered flower sprays,




Planting plan for a small garden.

the plants require little attention. This is essentially a garden for the person with scant leisure.

### Planting List

1. Picea pungens (green)
2. Group of small evergreens picea excelsa inclinata 2 feet high at maturity thuya occidentalis, 15 to 20 feet high at maturity thuya occidentalis Little Gem 18 feet high at maturity pungens communis, 2 feet highat maturity
3. Cydonia japonica
4. Forsythia intermedia
5. Syringa hybrida
6. Viburnum carlesi
7. Viburnum plicatum
8. Weigela Eva Rathke
9. Weigela Gustave Mallet
10. Symphoricarpos Chenaulti
11. Symphoricarpos racemosus
12. Symphoricarpos vulgaris
13. Spiraea prunifolia
14. Spiraea bumalda crispa
15. Euonymus alatus
16. Spiraea pumila atrososa
17. Rosa rugosa hybrids
18. Prunus americus
19. Prunus triloba
20. Philadelphus coronarius
21. Malus floribunda Scheidsckeri
22. Malus Sieboldi
23. Lonicera tatarica pink and white
24. Lonicera Morrowi
25. Hibiscus (rose of Sharon)
26. Ligustrum regelianum
27. Tamarix odessana
28. Deutzia crenata magnifica
29. Crataegus coccinea
30. Crataegus oxyacantha
31. Cotoneaster meogeensus
32. Juniperus chinensis
33. Helesia
34. Cotoneaster nitens
35. Cotoneaster salicifolia
36. Buddleia variabilis
37. Berberis thunbergia
38. Group of cotoneaster horizontalis. cotoneaster prontrata. daphne cneorum Euonymus. kiwiensis. iberis mahonia. sedum. taxus cuspidata nana
39. Cercis canadensis
40. Perennials aconitum aster amellus. digitalis funkia iris filium. pachysandra. peony. rosa polyanthus tulip
41. Juniperus sabina
42. Juniperus chinensis sargenti
43. Kolkwitzia amabilis



Babies need this daily help to build their bones and teeth

At four weeks, at six weeks, your baby is developing his bones and teeth and must be supplied with that essential factor, Vitamin D. Otherwise he will not have a well-shaped head, fine, full chest, straight legs and sound, even teeth.

And for the essential vitamin, mothers can depend with confidence on Bartled Sunshine—Squibb Cod-Liver Oil. Squibb is guaranteed to supply an abundance of both the bone- and tooth-building Vitamin D and the equally important factor in growth and good resistance, Vitamin A. And because of its guaranteed vitamin richness, Squibb is goes farther and is more economical than inferior oils.

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What a wonderful time many of our Booster Club members are going to have this summer.

You want to be up with them too. If you are from 10 to 18 years of age, write filled apply for membership to

THE YOUNG CANADA BOOSTER CLUB
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Bleach off freckles or pimples over night or even sallowness in a few days. Use Mercolized Wax at night as directed and your complexion will be clear, fresh and lovely. Then as your skin gets whiter, smoother, clearer, you will see how much younger, fresher and lovelier it makes you look. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.






## Sometimes Juries Err

Continued from page 14

The escaped man looked across the table curiously. The hard lines of his face became somewhat relaxed. His man permitted himself something that sounded like an apologetic laugh. He was distinctly struggling on the way toward a return to humanity.

"No maudlin sympathy about you any way," he remarked.

"You're not the man to want maudlin sympathy," was the blunt reply. "As soon as you get to be yourself again you'll resent it. Now tell us the truth about this business in case we should be interrupted. If you didn't kill Bealby, who did?"

The man shook his head.

"Not so easy," he replied. "If I didn't tell Littledale that when I was in danger of being hanged, I'm scarce likely to give the secret away now, to let my six years' agony go for nothing."

"You're running a risk by not telling me the truth, Gossett," warned him.

"I've run greater ones," was the calm reply.

"Can't you give me a line and let me make some investigations for you?" Gossett asked. "As I daresay Littledale told you I am holding five hundred pounds in trust for you—a gift from Lord Harlowe—to try and get at the truth of that night."

There was a momentary gloom in the man's eyes.

"Thank God," he exclaimed fervently, "there was one person in the world who believed in me besides the one who knew. I don't really need the money, Mr. Gossett, but keep it for the present. In the meantime is there any advice you can give me as to keeping out of the way of the police?"

"There certainly is," was the confident reply. "Plenty of advice. As you are dressed at present and judging by your appearance generally, the youngest detective in the Force would have a guess at you. Don't you realize that you have everything new from your shoes and socks to your collar?"

"I couldn't very well help that."

"No, but we can do something better for you," Gossett declared, rising to his feet. "I have three or four changes of clothes in my room here and I should say we were very much of a size. Your present clothes will be perfectly safe here. I don't know exactly where you're staying, but I shouldn't go back there. I'll pay your bill if you give me your address, and collect your luggage and while you're changing your clothes here I'll slip out and buy you a second-hand dressing case and a few toilet things. Mind you, Gossett said, as he took the other by the shoulder and led him toward an inner room, "I don't thank anyone in the world could keep you a free man for a long time but just for the few days you need to clear things up we'll try and manage it."

"I shan't be getting you into trouble, I hope?" the fugitive asked a little awkwardly.

Gossett smiled.

"No, I'm safe enough. There you are—three complete outfits. Help yourself. They are none of them too new and they are none of them conspicuous. I'll be back in a quarter of an hour. If you feel like a whisky and soda, well you'll find everything in that cupboard. A glass of sherry, if you prefer it."

"You're very kind to me, Mr. Gossett. For all you know, I'm still an escaped murderer."

"I'm taking a chance on you," Gossett told him smiling.

A QUARTER of an hour later Peter Morton reappeared looking a very different person. His dark blue serge clothes fitted excellently, the glaring brown shoes were replaced by black ones smartly polished but with some faint show of wear. He carried a bowler hat and in his hand were a cane and a pair of chamois leather gloves not obtrusively new. Gossett set down the telephone receiver which he had been holding and nodded.

"Capital," he approved, "and just in time too."

"Something wrong?"

"I'm afraid they're on your track," Gossett admitted. "That was almost a certainty you know, Morton. I warned you of it."

The latter's face was suddenly the face of a man again.

"What's happens," he said sternly. "I'm going to see my wife again before they take me. It means everything in the world to me, Gossett. Don't try and stop me."

"I'm going to stop you leaving this place for a minute, Morton," was the firm reply. "But I shall do all I can to help you see your wife. Now listen to me patiently. Mr. Littledale has just rung up Scotland Yard has telephoned him the news of your escape. For some reason or other they didn't ask him whether he'd already seen anything of you. They told him that they were having your house in Whiteley Avenue watched and also his offices."

"I don't care. The hunted man said doggedly. "I am going home."

Gossett laid his hand upon his shoulder. "Listen my friend," he enjoined. "You've got to keep your nerve. If you start out from here you'll never cross the threshold of your home. You will be on your way back to Dartmoor before midnight. I am helping you remember. I want to keep you free for a time but you must do as I say. They don't know at headquarters that I am interested in your case or of my visit to Lord Harlowe's. Fortunately I also told Littledale not to mention it. I have been downstairs and I have had a good look round. I have the one man I keep for watching purposes in the street now. This place is free from observation. And listen—Morton. Your wife is in a taxicab at the present moment on his way here. It is the one meeting place possible. She will be here in five or ten minutes. You must go into the room where you changed your clothes—sorry. If's all I have to offer you—and I shall be on the spot if you need me afterward. Now is that all clear?"

Morton was shaking as a man in an ague. "It's clear," he muttered. "I haven't seen her all this time. You say she's coming? You're sure she's coming?"

"She's on her way. She may turn up at any moment. Look here, Morton get into the bank room at once and wait for her. I'll send her in and stay here. Better for you to be alone when you meet. But remember, a good deal depends upon the next few hours. You can do a lot, free that you'll

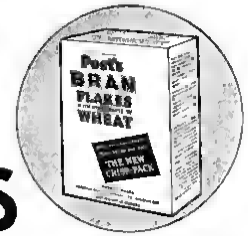
Continued on page 68




MILLIONS of people who are suffering from lack of bulk in their diet need bran every day. If you are one of them, by all means eat Post's Bran Flakes. Not only will you benefit, but you'll enjoy them. The benefit is double!

Eat Post's Bran Flakes regularly. With milk or cream as a cereal. Or, if you prefer, with berries or fruits. Every crisp, golden, toasted flake is deliciously flavoured. Also makes delicious muffins (see recipe on package).

*Constipation due to insufficient roughage in the diet should yield in Post's Bran Flakes eaten regularly. A competent physician should be consulted in cases not corrected in this simple manner.*




POST'S BRAN FLAKES

Made in Canada

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EFFECTIVE - - - DELICIOUS




**Misfit? Laugh this one off But there's one you can't**

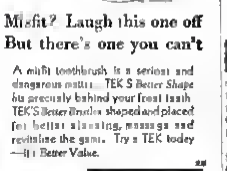
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Use "SERGEANT'S PUPPY CAPSULES" for roundworms and hookworms in puppies. "SERGEANT'S SURE-SHOT CAPSULES" are best for older dogs for tapeworm use "SERGEANT'S TAPEWORM MEDICINE."

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# YOUR SAVINGS

## Financial Independence Through Life Insurance

By KENNETH R. WILSON

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost annually in Canada through careless investment. Fraudulent and worthless security sales are but an occasional product of the market in long life company. A general observance of this simple maxim will assist in the reduction and elimination of this economic waste—

"DEFENDER VAN INVESTMENTISTS"

EVERY DAY in the year 23 000 thrifty Canadian citizens entrust a portion of their hard won savings to the guardianship of the insurance companies operating in the Dominion of Canada. They are depositing this money to keep alive the $7,000,000,000 of life insurance which is in force on their lives.

Some bring but a few cents to maintain a $250 endowment on the life of a small child. Others send cheques for thousands of dollars to keep in force huge policies which will pay perhaps as much as a million dollars in cash either to their estate or to their business associates, if they should die. Midway between these two is Mr. Average Man who pays his annual premium for $2 000 or $100 to maintain a few thousand of protection which he is confident will be used to his wife and family in the event of his death.

Individually these sums are not large. The average annual premium on industrial policies in Canada is about $10. The average premium on ordinary life policies is just over $50 a year. The average for both is about $33.

Collectively they amount to an amazing figure—a sum considerably greater than the total value of our mineral production in 1932 or the value of our wheat production in that year—a sum nearly as great as the total combined note circulation in Canada of Dominion $1 and $2 bills and the lives, tens, twenty-fives and fifties of the chartered banks. In a year the actual figure is about $235 000 000, which means $800 000 a day for every working day of the year.

What happens to all this money?

In theory most of it goes to swell the grand total of assets of these companies—a total which at the end of 1931 amounted to roughly $2 100 000,000. This is because for every dollar received in premium income a certain statutory reserve must be set up as the liability side of the insurance ledger and a corresponding increase made in the assets or insurance fund out of which this liability will eventually be met.

Actually—of course insurance premium dollars become part of the revolving fund of income and disbursements, from which payments are made to policyholders and their heirs and from which the out-of pocket expenses of carrying this nationwide trust fund are met. This is done because insurance assets comprise for the most part long-term investments which will ordinarily not mature for ten fifteen or twenty years. It would be unwise and impracticable to operate in any other way.

In normal times about half the premium income received by insurance companies in any one year—fifty four per cent to be exact—is paid out to living policyholders and their beneficiaries. In times of great stress such as the world is now experiencing the demands on companies by policyholders for policy loans and cash surrender values increase and since under no circumstances can companies avoid setting up adequate reserves against new policy obligations, they are often hard pressed to maintain a proper balance between income and outgo. It is a matter of pride for Canadian companies that in spite of the very heavy demands of 1932 all these obligations have been met promptly and at 100 cents on the dollar without sacrificing at present highly depreciated levels, their invested assets in bonds.

Here, then, is one of the most far reaching and successful types of co-operative financial enterprise ever devised for the benefit of mankind. Far reaching for it affects directly or indirectly the well being of the majority of men women and children in Canada. Successful for it has grown and prospered in its present form for over 170 years, and even within the past two decades has held its ground against the ravages of a world war a major influenza epidemic and a catastrophic depression. Co-operative because almost this entire fund amounting in Canada, as we have seen to over two billions of dollars, is the actual cash marked property of the 7 000,000 policyholders to whom it will eventually be paid.

If for instance the organization through which this saving fund has been accumulated is a mutual organization then the entire fund lock stock and barrel belongs to the policyholders. Mutual companies are those in which the directorate represents the policyholders actively there being no share or stock holders—as in the case of joint stock companies. In the case of savings that are accumulated through a joint stock type of enterprise as is the case with the majority of insurance in force in Canada the net result is virtually the same for the actual stake of stockholders in the funds of these companies is infinitesimal amounting to little more than $40 000 000 out of a total fund of about $1 725 000 000.

**Protect the Insurance Companies**

THUS, when you or I as thrifty Canadians, join the throng of 23 000 citizens who pay their insurance premiums day by day throughout the Dominion we are really adding but another installment to our share of a co-operative fund which belongs to all of us and which it is the business of a life insurance company to distribute in the event of our reaching a certain age or in the event of our death.

This idea of insurance companies as co-operative associations of individuals is an extremely important one, particularly at the present time when so many people are prone to look upon these institutions—largely because they have been so successful—as big wealthy corporations which are fit prey for the tax collector and for any group of legislators who feel that the present distortion between the price of wheat and the price of mortgages, for example can only be cured by permanently writing off thirty or fifty per cent of the mortgage debt.

Life insurance companies in Canada, acting as trustees for 7 000,000 policyholders have invested twenty five per cent of their policyholders' funds in mortgages on if the face value of these contracts is to be written down by half it means inevitably that when you or I come to cash in on our policy contract we will find that instead of receiving $1 000 or $5 000 as we had expected, our share in the co-operative fund may quite possibly have been cut to $875, or $4 375 as the case may be, by reason of the action of these well meaning but misguided legislators.

This does not mean of course that life companies may not eventually have to make permanent arrangement with their debtors nor does it overlook the fact that for several years now they have been co-operating in every way with those who find it difficult to pay their debts on the basis upon which they were contracted. The point is made merely to emphasize the essentially co-operative nature of a life insurance institution and to point to the fact that adjustments of this sort—often talked about so glibly in corner stores and legislative halls—are not taken from the profit and loss statement of wealthy corporations but are really adjustments in the savings fund of those of us who have been thrifty enough to put money into life insurance funds. They should be looked at in this light.

Experience has shown that there is no better way for thrifty men and women to make provision for the future than through joining this increasingly large group of citizens who are using this co-operative method to find a permanent solution of their personal financial problems.

The value of finding financial independence through life insurance is a lesson that has been brought vividly home to nearly all of us in the past few years. In the year 1932 Canadian policyholders in this great co-operative enterprise received no less than $188,000 000 or about $600 000 each working day in disbursements from these institutions. Of this total no less almost $80 000,000 was paid out in the form of cash surrender values to policyholders who had come to the end of their financial tether and as a last resort had to fall back on the equity in their life insurance policies to provide food and clothing pay rent or meet other pressing financial demands. As a result, the value of this type of saving has been brought home to thousands of citizens in a manner never before appreciated.

Next time a life insurance salesman knocks at your door don't feel annoyed. Feel flattered that he has come to see you. Feel pleased if you are physically able to take part in his co-operative plan. Help him to work out for you a way of Financial Independence Through Life Insurance.








TUBE or jar, Ingram's gives a man the best shave he ever had.

For here is a shaving cream purposely planned to take the stinge and smarts out of shaving and to leave the face soothed, refreshed and clear.

Ingram's puts the skin in better shape to "take" the razor. It allows a closer shave without discomfort. And because of three special ingredients, Ingram's is lotion, skin tonic and shaving cream—in one.

*In tubes or jars at all druggists*

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# Financial Queries

**Question**—*I have a few hundred dollars which I would like to invest. Kindly tell me if you think International Nickel bought out right would be a good stock.—A. J. M., Sioux Mtn.*

**Answer**—International Nickel at current prices is clearly discounting its future earnings of the company a feature that has characterized the shares for the last four years. Whether or not they will decline below current levels is a conjecture but for a stock that is not paying dividends it has shown remarkable resistance to lower prices. The lowest price recorded in 1932 was four dollars a share.

The company is one of Canada's leading mining and metallurgical enterprises is firmly entrenched and controls approximately ninety per cent of the nickel production of the world. It is also Canada's largest copper producer. Given a return of improved industrial conditions it should be one of the first companies to show improved earnings and it has been earmarked as one of the stock market leaders of the future. It enjoys excellent management, has its production tuned to meet current demand with the result that inventories are not mounting. Its cash position remains fair and it has no excessive funded charges to meet. In the last quarter of 1932 a profit was shown after meeting all losses. This was a reflection of improved sales of nickel.

Whether or not it marks a turn in the affairs of the company we are unable to state but it indicates quick recuperative powers.

The expansion programme completed more than a year ago places the company in a better position than ever before to produce greater amounts of nickel and copper at substantially lower prices, and it is now only awaiting improvement in general industrial conditions to take full advantage of its facilities.

**Question**—*Will you kindly tell me what you think of Ventures Limited? Is it a good investment to hold say for about five years?—G. A. R., Edmonton.*

**Answer**—Ventures is as the name implies, a venture in a widespread mining exploration undertaking headed by the Lindsley interests. The company holds share interests in many prospectings and is aggressive in development. To date none of its holdings have demonstrated outstanding success, and a profit for the company will depend on some one of its undertakings coming through in a big way. Whether or not the company will ever pay a dividend is a conjecture, and dependent on the success met with in its programmes. A factor governing dividends, too is whether any profit will not be poured back into exploration work, the same as has been done with the initial dividends received from its interest in Falconbridge, Nickel and Consuarum.

**Question**—*Will you please give me the financial standing of the Granada Gold Mines?—E. H., Ontario.*

**Answer**—For the past two years Granada Gold Mines has been making a courageous fight to win profits from erratic ore shoots, while pioneering development in that section of Rouyn Township Quebec where it has extensive holdings in a favorable geological formation. The company recently arranged with New York brokers for further funds making possible an exploration programme that it is hoped will be productive, of commercial deposits able to enhance the company's position. At the present time the important ones of these developments can not be appraised and the shares at present prices are discounting potential earnings and reflecting the buoyancy in gold stocks.

**Question**—*What is your opinion of Hydro-Electric? I have fifty shares earned for some years on which they have always paid them dividend. As their annual statement shows their earnings are practically three times their dividend requirements. I have been wondering if a further investment of fifty shares at present low prices would be advisable.—R. S. Charlottetown, P.E.I.*

**Answer**—Canadian Hydro-Electric Corporation derives the major portion of its income from its investment in Canadian Power Co. Earnings of the latter have been well maintained and income of Canadian Hydro-Electric Corporation has been ample to cover preferred dividends to date.

The high yield on the preferred shares of Canadian Hydro-Electric however may be chiefly attributed to the unsatisfactory situation in the newsprint industry. Among Canadian Power's large industrial outlets are Canadian International Paper Co. and New Brunswick International Paper Co. If these organizations were not able to maintain their position and go into financial difficulties, earnings of the Canadian Power Co. would be affected with subsequent repercussions in income of Canadian Hydro-Electric Corporation.

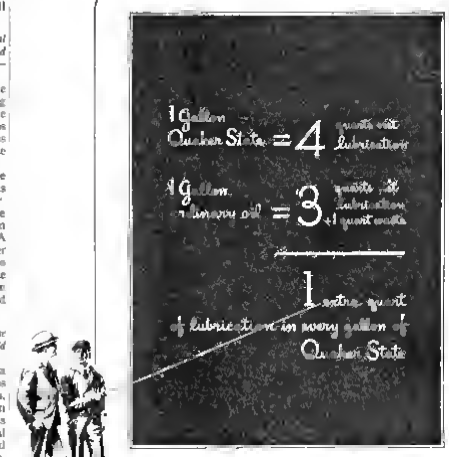
**PERSONAL SERVICE**

*Subscribers to Maclean's Magazine desiring advice in regard to Canadian industrial investments or life insurance problems, will be answered freely. Enquiries should be addressed to the Financial Editor of Maclean's Magazine and if stamped, addressed envelope enclosed.*

If your enquiry concerns insurance please give full details of your own financial and family position so that definite and individual suggestions can be given.


# Motor Oil?

## . . . just use this simple arithmetic!






**HOW YOU GET THAT EXTRA QUART**

**·1·**
**25% more lubricant in every drop**

It's not a claim. It's a fact. Put in 4 quarts of ordinary oil and about one quart will be "light end" oil that breaks down in high-speed high compression motors—blows away.

Put in Quaker State and you put in 4 quarts of motor lubricant net. No light-end material. That's all taken out in the refinery. Nothing to vaporize here up and blow away.

**·2·**
**Oil-level stays up**

Motors lubricated with Quaker State don't suffer from scanty lubrication due to vanishing oil. You find your oil level stays up—and you repair bills stay down—when you have that extra quart of lubrication in every gallon.

**·3·**
**Extra mileage, too**

Amazing what a difference good lubrication makes in car life. If you want to get maximum mileage and minimum trouble out of your car use Quaker State. That extra quart of lubrication on the job all the time adds thousands of miles to the happy operation of your motor.




Look for the Quaker State sign. Automobile dealers, service stations and garages throughout Canada have selected Quaker State Motor Oils and Superfine Greases. They are ready to serve you today. Quaker State Oil Refining Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

**QUAKER STATE**
*Motor Oils*
AND SUPERFINE GREASES

# Sometimes Juries Err

*Continued from page 59*

never be able to do once you've had that little tap on the shoulder."

Morton nodded.

"I understand," he said. "Don't be afraid, Gossett. I won't let you down."

The latter took him by the arm and almost pushed him into the back room. He heard the sound of footsteps on the stairs.

"You won't keep him," Morton begged.

"Not a second," the other promised.

Gossett had not expected to see a beautiful woman, but there was no time for surprise. He tried to keep his tone as emotionless as possible.

"I am Mrs. Morton," she began eagerly, holding out her hands. "I want to see my husband."

"You are going to see him at once," Gossett promised. "Come with me and listen carefully while we cross the room. It is most important that you should have a conversation with him." You see, his escape was rather a miracle, but he may be recaptured at any moment. It is best for you to know that. Say what you have to say to him as quickly as you can and then we will all three talk together."

"Yes, yes. Let me see him please," she faltered.

He opened the door and pushed her gently in. He closed his ears to the little cry which broke from her lips as it turned the handle.

GOSSETT sat down at his desk, mopped his forehead and lit a cigarette. Then he summoned the boy from the small office outside.

"Go downstairs, Richard," he directed, "and get me an evening paper. You'll see Stringeways about somewhere. Ask him whether anyone was shadowing the lady who had just arrived, and get back as quickly as you can. Don't answer a single question of any sort from any stranger."

"That's all right, sir," the boy promised, hurrying away.

Gossett sat alone within a few feet of drama; his ears resolutely closed to the rise and fall of voices. The boy returned with the paper and made his report.

"The lady wasn't followed at all," he announced. "Stringeways told me I couldn't answer you that every thing is okay."

"Fine," Gossett murmured. "Give me the paper."

He read the first news of the escape of a convict from Dartmoor with the addendum that the escaped man was supposed to have reached London. Presently the hum of voices from behind the door ceased. The door itself was opened sharply. Gossett swung round to face the two approaching figures. He found in their attitude something incomprehensible. The traces of tears were still on the woman's cheeks but she was dry-eyed now and clutching feverishly to her husband's arm. Peter Morton walked like a man in a dream, yet to Gossett he seemed to have gained an inch or two in height. The latter sat on the edge of the table and tried to keep his tone as matter of fact as possible.

"Look here, you two," he began. "I want you both to make an effort. We are perfectly safe where we are, for some time to come. Now, Mrs. Morton, you sit down there—pointing to a chair—and you, Morton, by her side. That's right. I wish you'd smoke. It all helps, you know, and we want a few minutes of plain sensible talk."

"You're right, Gossett," Morton replied, a new agitation in his tone. "But let me tell you that no two people in the world have ever gone through what we have gone through in the last five minutes."

Gossett strolled across the room with the cigarettes.

"Well, it's up to you both to tell me all about it," he declared. "Your husband has a very powerful friend, Mrs. Morton. Now then, please, your story."

In those first few moments it was the woman who was the more self-possessed. It was she who replied:

"Mr. Gossett," she said, "on that hateful afternoon, as was proved in court, my husband entered the block of flats where Mr. Bealby lived and was established on the first floor with the object of paying him a visit. His story to his lawyer was true as far as it went. He found the flat door open and walked in. Mr. Bealby was lying dead, half on the floor and half against the divan. A revolver belonging to my husband was found thrown into a corner of the room. A telegram addressed to me was found in my husband's pocket, making an appointment for me to be at Mr. Bealby's rooms at four o'clock. Furthermore, although my husband never mentioned that even to Mr. Littledale as he mounted the stairs he passed a woman rushing down. That woman was me. As I passed I said one thing, a thing which has always puzzled him. I sobbed out: 'Don't go back!'

"Wait a moment," Gossett said. "Let me get this. Your husband received a telegram addressed to you, inviting you to call at Bealby's rooms at four o'clock. He went there at about that time and passed you coming out. When he got to the rooms, the door was open and Bealby was dead. What was your idea of the situation, Morton?"

"I thought that my wife was having a slight flirtation with Bealby, had indiscreetly promised to go to his rooms. I went there to fetch her away, knowing what sort of a man he was. When I met her coming down the stairs she seemed agitated. I didn't stop to speak to her—I meant to have it out with Bealby. When I got to his room I found him dead and my revolver lying in plain view."

"What did you make of the situation?" Gossett asked.

"I took it that there had been some sort of affair between my wife and Bealby and that she had shot him."

"And that was why you were so dumb all the time?"

"Naturally. I didn't wish Florence's name brought into it. My business quarrels with Bealby were quite sufficient motive for anything I might have done. The man was dead. I believed that Florence and shot him. That was the end of me."

"And when you passed your husband on the stairs coming up when you were going out, Mrs. Morton, what was your idea?"

"I knew that Peter had had the telegram," she replied. "I knew that he was inclined to be jealous, although there was never the slightest cause for it. I was to have met Cecil Bealby that afternoon. He owns the King's Theatre. I thought that Peter had visited Bealby before I did and shot him; then suddenly remembered his revolver and was going back for it."

"Then neither of you shot Bealby?" Gossett exclaimed.

"I didn't," the woman cried. "He was on the floor dead when I got there."

"And I didn't," Peter Morton declared.

"And you both believed the other had?" Gossett concluded. "Now this is important. I believe your words. You neither of you shot Bealby. Then who did?"

GOSSETT and Mr. Littledale spent a somewhat distracted hour together on the following morning. Littledale especially seemed to find the situation almost impossible.

"Granted all that you say, Gossett," he pronounced, "Granted that Peter Morton is innocent—that Florence his wife is innocent—we are still face to face with the fact that within a few minutes of their hurried departures and arrivals at the flat the man Bealby was murdered. Now in the building—I have it all here in the papers—then, should have been present the following people: The hall porter and his wife; General Glide, who had a hospital nurse with him at the time and was unconscious incapable of movement; and who died three days afterward; and Miss Maureen Fitch, on the top floor; the deformed typist who did a little work for Bealby now and then; or anyone else in the building, but who very seldom left her room owing to her infirmity; and who hadn't been downstairs except for me to be at Mr. Bealby's rooms at four o'clock. Furthermore, although my husband never mentioned that even to Mr. Littledale as he mounted the stairs he passed a woman rushing down. That woman was me. As I passed I said one thing, a thing which has always puzzled him. I sobbed out: 'Don't go back!'

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THE GIRL was seated at her desk typing, when Gossett entered the room. There was a rubber-shod stick by her side, and while she was actually typing her eyes seemed half-closed. She was terribly thin, her black hair was streaked with grey, her cheek bones protruded, her chin was almost pointed, her dark eyes had a starved look, as though the light of life were only a flickering thing. She left off typing as Gossett entered and turned her head.

"Who are you?" she asked. "I haven't worked for you before, have I?"

"I haven't come to see you about work, Miss Fitch," Gossett replied. "I have come to ask you a few questions about a very sad event which took place here some six years ago."

She looked at him strangely.

"You will please wait five minutes," she begged.

She finished the page that she was typing, collected the loose sheets, pinned them together and covered up her typewriter.

"Now what is it you wish to ask me?" she enquired.

"I want to know whether you can tell me who killed Mr. Bealby?"

"Aren't you a little out of date?" she asked.

Not at all," he assured her. "Peter Morton is out of prison and the whole case is being reopened."

She sighed.

"I suppose it had to come some day," she remarked. "Well, if you want to know I did."

Gossett had been standing with one hand leaning on the edge of her desk. He was conscious of a sudden shock. He almost collapsed into the cane chair by her side.

"You?" he exclaimed. "But why?"

"Quite sufficient reason," she answered. "In those days I used to do some typing for him. Once he was in a hurry and came up for the copy himself. It was seven years ago, and my shoulder wasn't so bad then. I remember she went on dreamily, I had on a summer frock and someone had sent me some red roses. He patted me or pretended to, and asked if he could take me out in his new car. No one had asked me such a thing before. It was like heaven. He took me out four or five times. Then I went down to a little cottage he had in Sussex."

There was a silence. Gossett was looking out of the window vacantly and hopelessly.

"After that," she continued, "I saw less and less of him. There came a day when I wrote him a foolish note. I told him I couldn't live unless he came to see me sometimes. You know his reply. Of course you don't. He sent me up a terrible looking weapon and a few joking words. 'I am sending you a present,' he said, 'which was given to me a few days ago by a friend, but for which I shall never have any use. It is my idea of a suitable reply,' he went on, or something of that sort, 'to anyone who says they can't live any longer without a certain thing.' He didn't mean it, of course, or he wouldn't have dared to write it, but I took off my shoes, and with my stick I went down the few flights of stairs by myself—a thing I hadn't done for a year—and I went into his room and shot him. Then I came upstairs again, leaving the door open, I remember, and went on with my work. My shoulder was bad, however, and I had to go to hospital a few weeks after that."

"But, Gossett exclaimed, "do you realize that if it hadn't been for a judge who had a presentiment, a man would have hanged for the crime you committed?"

"I didn't much care," she answered indifferently. "No one has ever shown me any kindness in life. I have done nothing but suffer since I was born. Why should I care about other people? However," she went on after a moment's pause, "you see I hadn't the courage of my convictions."

She opened a drawer and threw two packets upon the table.

"If the man had been sentenced to be hanged," she proceeded, "there is my confession. You see it is addressed to the Home Secretary and was to be sent in the day after the trial. In the other envelope is a copy of it. That was to be sent in seven years after the first day of his imprisonment, provided he went to prison. That was quite a fair bargain, you see. I was willing to share what was left of my life. There you are." She tossed the packets to him.

Mechanically he thrust them into his pocket.

"What are you going to do?" he enquired.

"Oh, I shall stay around until something happens," she replied. "Life went out for me the day I killed him—although God knows he deserved it. I am tired of typing."

THERE WAS no trouble about the free pardon for Peter Morton, but the question of Maureen Fitch was a little more difficult. She settled the matter for herself, however, by voluntarily entering a mental sanatorium under criminal supervision. The whole affair forms a startling episode in Lord Harlowe's forthcoming memoirs.

It will give people a loose idea of what goes on behind the scenes, I'm afraid," Lord Harlowe protested mildly.

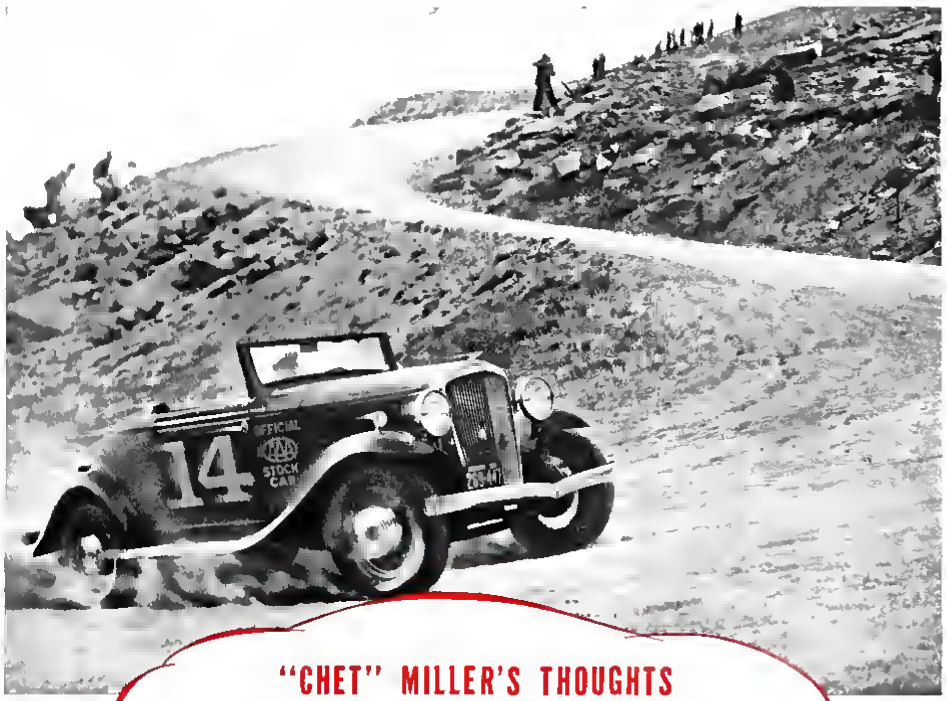
"But after all, your lordship," Malcolm Gossett pointed out, "it would be hard luck to try two different people for the same offense, and capital punishment for a cripple would be quite out of the question."

"You detectives always get the last word," the judge sighed.—*The End*




# AS YOU DESIRE ME






"CHET" MILLER'S THOUGHTS
WHILE SCALING PIKE'S PEAK IN RECORD TIME
• • IN A TERRAPLANE SIX • •

They tell me Terraplaning's next to airplaning · · all right, baby, you've got to live up to that name · · the gun · · boy · · feel those Champion Spark Plugs bite into that mixture · · no wonder all these hellbenders around here use 'em · · up we go · · there's more driving in this 9000 foot climb than in 100 miles at Indianapolis · · Champions have all the records there, so we've got to break this one · · listen to those tires scream · · and the Terraplane engine sings an airplane song · · I'll throw her into this curve hard · · squeal you climbing Terraplane squeal · · what a murderous test of a car this is · · here's that wicked switchback · · bend yourself around this one · · and the Terraplane zooms on and up — look where we are · · air's a little thin · · guess those Champions would fire any mixture, though · not a sputter or a split second miss · · we're almost there Terraplane · higher in high gear than any car has ever gone before on this little old hill · the top's in sight · fire away Champions · another wicked turn · · the flag · · we're over the top · · with Champion plugs this car climbs like a mountain goat · · what's my time? · · What? · · 21 minutes, 20·9 seconds · · whoopee, a new all time stock car record for Hudson. And another record for Champion · · here boy, take a wire to the Champion Spark Plug Company "· · the Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario·






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# Wit and Wisdom



—Drawn for *Maclean's* by Jack A. Thur

"By Jova, de Brissac, that's splendid—will you desh one off for me?"

**Admission**

I rant and rave in lurid rhyme
And women I deplore as
The stupidest of sheep to wear
Those feminine ledoras.

I pen these passioned lines to say
None but a fool would try one
And if the rhyme's accepted, I'll
Most likely go and buy one!

—Helen Sangster




—Drawn for *Maclean's* by Graham Hunter.

"But I tell you I'll clean up the balance next week!"

## In Fewer Words

**Service**—Western butchers selling turkeys, will now stuff and roast the bird for $1 For an extra nominal fee we hear the delivery boy will eat the neck.—Toronto *Star Weekly*.

**The Perfect Workman**—As we understand it to be a good Communist a working man must protest violently when he has no job and go on strike the day he gets one.—Kitchener *Record*

**Different Reasons Same Effect**—Joan Crawford declares she's gone without a full meal for three years because she has ambition. All of us know a lot of folks who have done the same thing—because they haven't —Edmonton *Bulletin*

**Affluence**—Our idea of an affluent citizen nowadays is the fellow who can save a little money by paying his taxes in advance. —Fernie *Free Press*

**Picking On Japan**—It seems now that the Great Wall of China has also attacked poor little Japan.—Prince Rupert *News*

**Lacking in Harmony**—If, as someone has said architecture is frozen music, it seems to us that many of our streets are lined with what must be considered frost bitten finger exercises.—London *Advertiser*

**Hopeful**—As the result of experiments in Israel an illuminant gas has been produced from coffee beans. What experimenters in our kitchen still hope to produce from coffee beans is coffee.—Sarnia *Observer*

**Non-Support**—Mrs. ——— had the misfortune to slip on her cellar steps last Saturday night and sprained her wrist badly by falling to the cement floor in the cellar. She put out her hand to save herself but open space is simply nothing to lay hold of. —Brussels *Post*

**The Pig Objected**—Sixty sat down at the euchre tables in the hall on Tuesday evening last. A strenuous fight was put up for the division of the hog put up as a prize. Another pig will be played for by the men on Monday next.—Tillsonburg *News*

**Getting It in the Neck**—Board of health at Worcester, Mass., reports that a kiss on the back of the neck is preferable, if people must kiss, in order to avoid spreading disease.—Sudbury *Star*

**Sign of Age**—A man isn't old until he begins to talk about the great ones who did their stuff after forty-five—Toronto *Globe*

**Humble But Effective**—Moths observes a London entomologist are among the least aggressive and assertive of insects. A casual view of the trousers of the old evening suit convinces us, also, that they are not averse to taking a back seat —London *Advertiser*

**The Perfect Barber**—A gold medal is being offered for the perfect barber. It is understood that he must be both deft and dumb.—Wetaskiwin *Free Press*

**Politeness Pays**—Confiscation of property is wicked Bolshevism. The nice way is to make the tax too high and then take it for taxes.—Port Arthur *News-Chronicle*.

**Crowded**—Recent advices from Aberdeen bring details of the sad accident there when two taxis collided and twenty-eight of the passengers were injured.—Montreal *Star*

**Pin a Medal on Smithville**—Smithville has the unique record of not having one application for relief.—Brantford *Expositor*

**With Engine Attached**—Modern girls have something in common with their grandmothers they love spinning wheels. —Ottawa *Journal*

**Coincidence**—Speaking of Government economy isn't it strange that the employees needed least are the ones who have an influence"—Vancouver *Star*

**A Hard Job**—It's about as difficult and expensive to keep an automobile from sounding its age as it is to keep a woman from looking hers.—Rosetown (Sask.) *Eagle*

**Everything Goes**—Modern plays are alarmingly frank, says a critic. There was absolutely nothing reserved about a recent production except the seats.—*The Humorist*

**Why Indeed?**—Why should a farmer get it into his head that a guy can help him because the latter can stand on his feet before a crowd and holler?—Medicine Hat *News*.

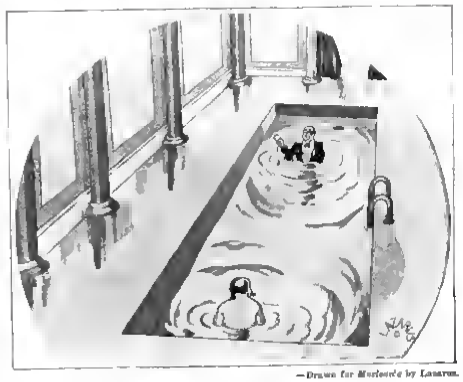
**A Lesson in Etiquette**—While passing out of the stable he was going by a colt without speaking. The colt kicked and striking the man near the heart, broke a rib —Wallaceburg *News*

**The New Drama**—Farmers collusion on forced mortgage sales may have far reaching effect on the drama. Imagine the villain's chagrin when the long lost son bursts in just in the nick of time—dramatically bids $1 98 and burns up the mortgage on the old home place.—Saint John *Times-Globe*



—Drawn for *Maclean's* by Neta Bassett.

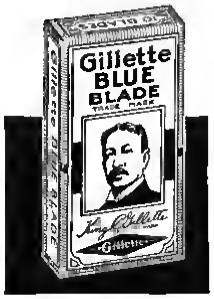
"Gentlemen, here's a laugh. This is one of our competitor's jig-saw puzzles."



—Drawn for *Maclean's* by Lasarus.

"I've found the soap, sir!"

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A deeply moving narrative of men who go down to the sea in ships by Bill Adams, acknowledged master writer of the deepwater sailors. . . . the old West when men made the law with his Colt . . . the jungle and the British South African Police . . . humour and excitement with a South American Navy . . . the Mississippi and the most dangerous of human debris . . . thrills with the Indian Secret Service . . . Mexican Bandits and border battles . . . all written for you by clever authors and presented for your entertainment in . . .

APRIL 15TH ISSUE — AT ALL NEWSDEALERS

15c ★ Adventure ★ 15c


## Renewed Laughter

**Premature**—Mrs. Brown was spending a day in bed with a bad cough and her husband was working in the garden hammering nails in some wood.

Presently his neighbor looked over the fence.

"How's the wife?" he asked.

"Not well," Brown told him.

"Is that her coughin'?"

"No, you fathead. It's a new henhouse."—*Farm and Ranch Review.*

—

**Slightly Different**—Mary: "Reggie seems to have the air of a Man About Town."

Mamie: "Maybe so, but he's got the bank account of a Man Absent Down."—*Foreign Service.*

—

**Boys Were Always Boys**—Buried at least 2,500 years a Greek tablet was recently unearthed in the Aegean Islands which bore an inscription, the complaint of a mother about her schoolboy son. Translated, it read:

His marbles are polished with use, but he scarcely knows where the schoolhouse is. And when he tosses his waxed tablets aside to recite a piece, he squeezes the words out as though through a sieve. When we scold him, he runs away to his grandmother.—Montreal *Star*

—

**Different Signature**—A negro woman came into the office to collect her monthly wages. As she could not write, she always made her mark on the receipt—the customary X. On this occasion she made a circle instead.

"Why don't you make a cross as usual?" asked the man in charge.

"Well," Linda exclaimed earnestly, "Ah done got married yesterday an' changed mah name."—*Moose Jaw Times Herald.*

—

**New Occupation Needed**—Stopping to pass the time of day with a Missouri farmer a tourist learned the farmer's father, who was ninety years old, was still living and working on the farm where he was born.

"Ninety years old, eh?" asked the tourist.

"Yes, father is right close to ninety," the farmer replied.

"Is his health good?"

"Taint much now. He's been complainin' for a few months back."

"What's the matter with him?"

"I dunno. Sometimes I think farmin' don't agree with him."—Montreal *Gazette*

**The Clue**—Mrs. Jones rushed into the dining room.

"Oh, Henry!" she cried. "I've dropped my diamond ring off my finger, and I can't find it anywhere."

"That's all right, my dear," her husband told her. "I came across it this morning in my trousers pocket."—Montreal *Herald*

—

**Useless**—Young Author: "The art in telling a story consists of knowing what to leave unsaid."

Married Reader: "It doesn't make any difference, my boy. My experience is that she finds out, anyway."—Sydney *Post-Record*

—

**Sure Sign**—Mrs. Brown: "I saw a young man trying to kiss your daughter in the park last night."

Mrs. Green: "Did he succeed?"

Mrs. B.: "No."

Mrs. G.: "That wasn't my daughter!"—Halifax *Star*

—

**Happy Father**—She watched him gazing down on their first born. Wonder, admiration, rapture incredulity chased across his face. She stole up and said tenderly: "Tell me your thoughts, dearest."

"Darned if I can see how anyone can make that out for $3."—Ottawa *Citizen.*

—

**Front-Page News**—"We'd better make a front-page story of this wedding," remarked the editor.

"Why?" asked the society reporter in surprise. "They aren't very prominent people."

"That may be," he replied, "but this is the first account of a wedding you have turned in for ages that hasn't had as a last line, 'They will reside with the bride's parents.'"—Toronto *Globe.*

—

**Misnamed**—"You've been tearing along at about eighty miles an hour, miss, and I'll have to report you. What's your name?"

"Prudence."—North Sydney (N.S.) *Herald*

—

**She Certainly Would**—"What would happen if this elevator should drop to the bottom?" asked the nervous passenger as they drew near the top of the skyscraper.

"Gosh," exclaimed the elevator girl, turning pale at the very idea, "I'd lose my job!"—London *Free Press*



—Drawn for Maclean's by Larlar

This is Junior's 'Free Express an' room."





Wife of Motorist (as victim slowly recovers): "Here are your hat and umbrella. Just fancy, they were wedged right under the car!"
Victim: "But these are not mine!" —The Humorist.

## Maybe Adam Laughed at These

**Not in the Act**—"Aren't you the thought reader who was entertaining the company a couple of hours ago by finding needles and other small things they had hidden?"

"Yes."

"Well, what has kept you here so long?"

"I'm looking for my hat."—*Tit-Bits*

—

**No Wonder**—Policeman: "How did you knock him down?"

Motorist: "I didn't touch him. I pulled up to let him go across and he fainted!"—Dundas *Star*

—

**Shocking**—A professor, of absent-minded habits, fell in love with a young graduate and married her.

They went on their honeymoon and in the morning the professor awoke, looked at the other occupant of the bedroom and said in a shocked and incredulous voice:

"Miss Grey, what are you doing here?"—Guelph *Mercury*

—

**Modest**—"Is this train ever on time?"

Boy: "I replied the guard, "we never worry about her being on time. We're satisfied if she's always on the track."—Edmonton *Bulletin*

—

**The Attraction**—Brown and his wife were at a local concert and Mrs. Brown loudly applauded one of the singers.

"Why are you clapping for an encore? Her singing was terrible," said Brown irritably.

"I know it," replied the wife, "but I want to have another good look at her frock."—Fredericton *Gleaner*

—

**The Perils of Peace**—Sweet Young Thing: "Colonel, you must have had some narrow escapes in your time."

Colonel Tiffin: "I did, my dear."

Sweet Young Thing: "Did you get that scar during an engagement?"

Colonel Tiffin: "No. I got that when I broke it off."—Moncton *Transcript*

—

**Why Increase the Risk?**—A life insurance agent approached Rastus the other day.

"Better let me write you a policy, Rastus."

Rastus (emphatically): "No, sah! Ah ain't any too safe at home as it is."—Huntsville *Forester*

—

**A Unique Joke**—Visitor: "What a unique town!"

Brushville Citizen: "Unique?"

Visitor: "Yes, taken from the Latin *Unus* meaning One and *Equus* meaning Horse."—Grand Forks (B.C.) *Sun*

**Going Down**—Too had absent the disappearance of Professor Smith. He was a profound thinker.

Yes, he was always thinking, no matter where he was. The last time I saw him he was in swimming, and he suddenly called out, "I'm thinking I'm thinking!"

"You fool!" Professor Smith spoke with a lisp."—*Literary Digest.*

—

**Exploited**—Daughter: "Papa went off this morning in good humor."

Mother: "Mercy! That reminds me, I forgot to ask him for any money."—*Stratford Expositor*

—

**Recommended**—Brown: "Did your last employer give you a reference?"

Johnson: "Yes, but it didn't do me any good."

Brown: "How's that?"

Johnson: "Why, he said it was one of the best men his firm ever turned out!"—Quebec *Chronicle-Telegraph*

—

**Suitable Quarters**—A chap was arrested for assault and battery and brought before the judge.

Judge (to the prisoner): "What is your name, your occupation and what are you charged with?"

Prisoner: "My name is Sparks, I are an electrician and I am charged with battery."

Judge: "Officer, put this man in a dry cell."—Fort William *Times Journal.*

—

**Pleasant Surprise**—A patient rang the bell of a young dentist who had just started out to practise. The dentist's wife opened the door. "Can I see the doctor?" asked the patient.

"Couldn't you come tomorrow night?" asked the wife.

"Is he that busy?" enquired the patient.

"No," said the wife with a winning smile, "but you are his first patient and I'd like to surprise him tomorrow, as it's his birthday."—Winnipeg *Tribune*

—

**Scrambled**—During the battle the officer on the extreme right sent the message to the officer on the extreme left: "Send reinforcements. We are going to advance."

Slowly the message passed from mouth to mouth and as is not uncommon its wording became slightly altered. The officer on the left was extremely puzzled to hear: "Send three and fourpence. We are going to a dance."—St. John's (Nfld.) *Telegram*

—

**Slight Damage**—Miggs: "I hear your wife was driving the car and had an accident. Much damage done?"

Hubby: "No, just a little paint off both."—Welland Port Colborne *Tribune*

## AS OTHERS HAVE IT



"But, Captain, it's practically a brand-new hat!"—London Opinion.



"I think that I shall never see-ee a Po-em lovely as a tree-ee."—Judge.

### Realization

I long—at the first faint touch of
Spring,
A longing each spirit hath—
To seek for a strangely elusive thing
Far from the beaten path.

I'd see to the bottom of rivers wide,
I'd climb to the top of a hill,
And all these desires are satisfied
Chasing a little white pill.

—Joseph Dwyer

# ★ SEE THE BIG NEW DODGE "DQ" SIX ★ PRICED RIGHT DOWN AMONG THE LOWEST PRICED CARS







4-door Sedan

# PLAYS LEAP-FROG IN TEST PIT...



HANDY INSTRUMENT PANEL: It's satin finished, with indirect lighting. Amazingly complete.



★

SPEED TO SPARE—ALWAYS! Smooth and quiet in every speed—even when demon race-drivers get her up to dizzy paces.

WATCH that nervy test-driver put this big new Dodge Six through its paces! See it take those nose-dives, smacking down to earth with a thump that would send many cars to the scrap heap!

But it's all child's play to the new Dodge Six. This is only one of the tough tests to show that this amazing car can laugh at the cruelest punishment . . . and to show that it's every bit as good as it looks!

### *A beauty if there ever was one!*

Society's younger set everywhere are raving about the big new Dodge Six. Its sleek, swagger lines have won their hearts. It takes a real car—a thoroughbred—to be the playmate of smart debutantes and still be the tough, rough-and-ready conqueror of the toughest roads the world over. "How can the Dodge people do it?" everyone is asking. "How can they give you so much for so little money?" For it really is the finest Six that Dodge ever built.

Nothing's been sacrificed, nothing's been skimped. It has all the quality you'd expect from the experienced, master craftsmen who have made the name Dodge a synonym for dependability for nearly twenty years. Yet it is priced right down among the lowest priced cars! Only the combined creative genius of Walter P. Chrysler and the great Dodge organization makes this seeming miracle possible.

### *Wait till you drive it!*

Just give it half a chance, and the big new Dodge Six will win your heart, too. Drive it and see! It's thrilling, and yet so easy to handle. Gets away fast, in a wink—flashing speed in second, like a shot in high. But smooth—all the way, all the time, no vibration, thanks to Floating Power engine mountings.

There's no surplus weight—that's one reason why the new Dodge Six can be so fast. You don't need excess weight and size for smoothness with this new Dodge. And it's a Six—you know what that means in economy!

When you drive it, you can relax! Its luxurious interior is roomy and comfortable. The clutch is entirely automatic . . . lets your left foot be lazy. The gears are quiet in every speed . . . even in reverse. Special "Oilite" springs—prevent squeaking. And the body is insulated against cold . . . heat . . . and noise. Shockproof steering makes driving easier!

# ...WINS HEARTS OF DEBUTANTES

### *Every safety feature!*

This big new Dodge Six gives you the safety you need in this age of speed and crowded highways. Its body is Mono-piece steel. Only steel is used for bracing—no joints to loosen. Its double-drop X bridge type frame provides a low center of gravity. You can sweep around sharp curves with safety. And it has hydraulic brakes with Centrifuse drums. You'll wonder you were ever content with any other kind. They're always equalized, always in adjustment, can't be otherwise. They stop on a dime. And they do not swerve. Windshields are Duplate Safety Plate glass—shatter-proof, non-glare.

### *A new value!*

From the trim tilt of its radiator to its gleaming metal tire cover, the new Dodge Six has style . . . quality . . . personality. It sets an absolutely new standard in motor car value. It makes your dollar bigger.

You won't believe it possible till you actually see it . . . drive it . . . test it yourself. Go to your dealer today. You owe it to yourself to see what revolutionary progress has been made in the automobile world. Don't take anybody's word for it . . . but you must believe your own eyes!




VIBRATION makes the car "jitter". It is hard on your nerves. It tires you out.




NO VIBRATION with Floating Power engine mountings. Dodge is smooth at every speed.

## $730 and up F.O.B. Factory, Windsor, Ont.

SO LITTLE TO PAY TO OWN A BIG NEW MODEL "DQ"

# DODGE "6" *with Floating Power*

*Dodge "6" Model "DQ" Coupe $730 — Coupe with rumble seat $780 — 4-Door Sedan $800 — Convertible Coupe $840 — Dodge Model "DP" Coupe with rumble seat $895 — 4-Door Sedan $925 — Brougham $925 — Convertible Coupe $955 — Dodge "8" $1590 to $1945 — All prices F.O.B. factory, Windsor, Ont.—freight and taxes extra*

# Firestone




## 25% to 40% Longer Tire Life

### AT NO EXTRA COST

THAT Firestone High Speed Tires out-value and out-perform other tires is no secret to the thousands of car owners who use Firestone tires year after year.

They *know* from actual experience that only Firestone tires have all these extra features which provide the extra strength and extra safety so vital for today's driving conditions — *at a cost no greater than for ordinary tires.*

GUM-DIPPED CORDS — each cord coated and insulated with rubber to prevent internal heat and friction. Gum-Dipped cords have 58% longer flexing life.

TWO EXTRA CORD PLIES UNDER THE TREAD give 26% extra protection against punctures and blowouts and make the tire safe at any speed.

BALANCED CONSTRUCTION — holds the tire on the road at high speeds and assures you of long, even wear.

SCIENTIFICALLY DESIGNED TREAD — made wider, deeper and of toughest rubber to give 25% longer non-skid wear.

Replace dangerous worn tires *now.* Go to your nearest Firestone Dealer today and equip your car with the safest and most economical tires you can buy.

*New Guarantee*

Firestone tires for passenger car use are now guaranteed for 12 months against injuries caused by blowouts, cuts, bruises, rim cuts, under-inflation, wheels out of alignment, faulty brakes or any other road hazard except punctures — *another good reason why you should buy Firestone tires.*

## THE TIRE *that* TAUGHT THRIFT *to* THOUSANDS